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PHILIM O'PHLYN.  
THE CATASTROPHE.

LONDON: W. KENT AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.





# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL



LONDON: W. KENT AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

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PETER  
PARLEY'S ANNUAL

FOR

1865.

A Christmas and New Year's Present

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLIDAY BOOK,"  
"ILLUSTRATED NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," "INTELLECTUAL  
CALCULATOR," ETC.

LONDON:  
WILLIAM KENT & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW,  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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M. DCCC. LXV.



LONDON :  
BENJAMIN PARDON, PRINTER,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

## PETER PARLEY'S ADDRESS,—1865.

If my name is unchanged,  
If gayer my dress,  
I trust that no reader  
Will like me the less.

A fund of instruction  
I still shall supply  
For all who can read  
And have money to buy.

For thirty-five years  
My stories I've told,  
Yet still I am ready,  
Nor yet getting old.

I am a good Rambler,  
As all people say,  
Through heat and through cold  
I still keep my way.

From the lakes and the bays  
Of the hard frigid north;  
To the warm lands that lie  
In the sun-scorching south.

From the shores which the ocean  
Wasb far in the east,  
To plains where the savage  
Roams o'er in the west.

Wherever the laughter  
Of childhood resounds  
With my casket of jewels  
I'm sure to be found.

In the halls of the wealthy  
You'll find me crossed,  
In the cot of the peasant  
I'm no less a guest.

I visit all people,  
All sexes and ages;  
The schools and the parlours,  
And sometimes the sage.

To each and to all  
I have something to say,  
As I stop for a moment  
To talk on the way.

And fastly I fly  
With the wings of the brain,  
Half over the world  
In the cheap "Parly." train.

You will see in my budget,  
Arranged with great care,  
Whatever is common,  
And much that is rare.

And right funny anecdotes  
There you will find,  
To brace up the spirits  
And wake up the mind.

I can tell of wise horses  
And dignified cats,  
Of contrary donkeys,  
And wonderful rats;

Of dogs that are famed  
For sagacity rare;  
Of monkeys whose gambols  
Would make you all stare.

Of all kinds of insects,  
Of bird and of beast,  
From the biggest in size  
To the meanest and least.

From the mammoth so high  
To the emmet so small,  
From the pert little wren,  
To the ostrich so tall.

I can tell, too, of girls,  
And of good and bad boys,  
Their plays and their playthings,  
Their clatter and noise.

By way of variety  
Often I've sung,  
That those who like music  
May sing all day long.

I think that for most  
I do something supply;  
And I hope I shall please you,—  
At least, I will try.

In the volume before you  
There's much that will charm,  
And throughout its pages  
There's nothing to harm.

So, thanks, my dear children,  
For years that are past,  
With hope that in future  
Our friendship may last.

*Holly Lodge, October, 1864.*

PETER PARLEY.



## INTRODUCTION TO ANNUAL,—1865.



BOYHOOD, of all the stages of life, is the sweetest and the best. Manhood has nothing to compare with it. What is its age? When does it commence, when depart? It has several stages. The beau-ideal of boyhood is somewhere between eight and twelve, though it exists before and after that age; but when within these years it is invested with its greatest charm. There is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates due wonder; then the feelings are tender, and there is just so much sweet, natural helplessness remaining as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demands upon our care.

If you would know what a boy is, find him alone—win his confidence; there is a depth in him worth studying; and if he hath been well brought up to love all creatures, and hath not fallen into birds'-nesting, the thrush and the blackbird will not shun him; the little wren will come out from her hiding-place to look at him, for his eye hath not yet acquired the look of command or cruelty that any living thing should fly from it. He bears about him much of the sanctity of purity that Adam had when all the creatures of earth came to him for their names.

Childhood to grown man is much a sealed book; but he who has studied them in his love, and knows them as reflected in the crystal mirror of affection, sees in their noise and uproar, their fun and mischief, even, something far better than in the doings of men. Though they love riot, and confusion and madcap jollity,—

“Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can.”

Yet when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering by green lanes or village hedgerows, they show no signs of mirth.

Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye inquiring ; there is then a look that might be taken for pensive. Boys in masses we seldom notice ; but when alone, if they have not been early spoiled, they excite our wonder and admiration. What a fair index of the mind within is the shining morning face. Shakespeare was the best of portrait painters here. The mother-sick age not entirely past, who would not be a boy again, to carry the shining morning face : who has the blue summer sky for his canopy, and the green fields for his carpet, and buttercups and daisies for the embroidery thereof. O ! happy, enviable age ! Beautiful boyhood ! Age of hope and order, of generous emotion, of heavenly disinterestedness ; age when the thirsty soul, through eye and ear, is drinking the fine essences of the virtues which, by God's blessing, will become perennial fountains of love and magnanimity in manhood.

It is to this age that we write—'tis of this age that we would make a record, and re-echo the joyous mirth of boys, their hey-day frolics and mad-cap achievements ; nor would we forget their noble deeds of daring, of high enterprise, and generous sympathies, their victories over self, and their triumph over difficulty and danger from which the living boyhood of our own days may take example ; and manhood may still derive wisdom from the pleasing recollection of bygone boyish days.

And so it is that in this Annual, of which the Editor has written almost every line for more than a quarter of a century, it has been the object to develop the feelings, sympathies, and affections of boys,—aye, and of girls too, not unfrequently, although our business has, for the most part, been with the boys. We have sought on all occasions to inspire them with noble ardour and manly sentiment, to teach them moral daring as well as physical daring, and to show them that the world is not one vast hollow ball, and that virtue is not merely a tinkling cymbal. In this course we hope to continue so long as we remain full of health and hope, and of that love for children which has sustained us through so many years. Boys of twelve or fourteen, for whom we first wrote are now old boys of forty, and they will recur back to their boyish days, and to our yearly volume, which they can give even to their grandchildren, and find by its pages that we have all along "stuck to our text," the making of children happy by imparting to them in a pleasing manner lessons and stories of truth and goodness calculated to make them love each other, and to find delight in the simple pleasures or heroic exploits of their playmates and schoolfellows.

*Holly Lodge, 1864.*

PETER PARLEY.





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[A LONG WAY AFTER TENNYSON.]

## THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR 1865.

INSCRIBED TO "FLORENCE," OF ST. MARGARET'S.

Call me early, dearest mother, tho' the snow be on the ground,  
And skies are dark and dreary, and no flowers can be found ;  
Though the frost has chained the brooklet, and quite fettered the old mill,  
And the earth around seems deathlike, and the winds blow harsh and chill.

Call me early ! call me early ! call me early, mother dear !

For I'm to be the QUEEN, you know,—  
The Queen of the happy New Year.

I sleep so sound at night, mamma, that I shall never wake  
Unless you call me very loud, and give me a good shake ;  
Perhaps I might be dreaming of what I am to be  
When I am crowned with sparkling gems from our gay Christmas tree.

So call me early—very early, my mother, mother dear !

For I'm to be the QUEEN, you know,—  
The Queen of the happy New Year.

Though many bright and happy days may still remain in store—  
The sweet spring-time, the azure skies, the glorious summer o'er—  
Yet none to me can ever be so bright as that dear one  
Which makes me Queen of all the mirth, the frolic, and the fun.

So call me early ! call me early, my mother, mother dear !

For I'm to be the QUEEN, you know,—  
The Queen of the happy New Year.

And when I'm Queen I'll something do right worthy of a Queen ;  
I'll be as good as I can be, and in "good works" be seen,  
For to the ankles up in snow I'll go from door to door,  
And with a meek and gentle voice tend kindly on the poor.

So call me early ! call me early, my mother, mother dear !

For I'm to be the QUEEN, you know,—  
The Queen of the happy New Year.

I'll not go empty-handed, but take my walks abroad  
Having good things of all sorts and kinds within my basket stored,  
And words of friendly comfort I'll speak to those who pine,  
And for the sick and very ill I'll take some cheering wine.

So call me early ! call me early, my mother, mother dear !

For I'm to be the QUEEN, you know,—  
The Queen of the happy New Year.

Thus shall my home-spent day be bright as any of the days  
That glitter in the revelry of fashion's foolish ways,  
And thus I'll be so glad, mamma, every morning to appear,  
The Queen of "little charities," as well as of the year.

So let me be the QUEEN—THE QUEEN !

The Queen of the happy New Year.

# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL

FOR

1865.

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## BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

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MOST pleasant sight to see, on this discordant earth of ours, is love between brothers and sisters. It is not so rare as some people think, although I am forced to admit that we oftener see jealousies, discords, hatreds, and the like, among different branches of a family, as well as the individual members of it. Then there are often quarrels or disputes about the merest trifles, and many an unkind turn takes the place of a kind one; and sometimes parents are made very unhappy through the mutual discords among their children; and a family fireside, which, next to God's own altar in a church or a chapel, ought to be the focus from which all good things should emanate, is often but a shrine of the wicked one.

B

of real affection, and the congenial tastes. Lionel is fond of his work, and often will he go out with Marian to the spot and paint to the life. Marian will take her work to the needle. Often will they sit pleasantly, while Marian sings, and Lionel looks to his lines, and when evening they go out together in a boat, his own, and Marian can row and he can fish, and she knows how to mend the jib and pull in the net, and is useful to each other; and when they have a haul of mullet or codlings they sell them to the fishmongers and sisters!

And her youngest brother, who is a fishmonger and sister,

Lionel is a fishmonger and sister, for love is the bright sun of a life, and has no setting. It is love that makes the sick, and the side of the sick, to both put and to bathe the soul; and where love is, there are thousand spirits of the birth listening to every word and every anxious thought. Our labours are not in vain, though they may not be appreciated on earth, but they are known and rewarded in heaven; for the love of God is the love to which we are called, and the love which we are to give.

Love is not a word, but in deeds; and it is the love of God which has life for that other love, and the love of God which has life for that other love, and the love of God which has life for that other love.





day, when a sudden squall upset the boat in which they were. Marian sank into the deep waters ; twice she rose and twice she sank, and each time Lionel dived for her. There was no one near to help. He was nearly exhausted as he dived again,



MARIAN AT THE SICK BED OF HER BROTHER.

because he was ready to die for her. The last time he dived he was successful, and brought her up from the bottom of the river safely to the shore.

In a book I once read, there was a story of seven sisters, six of them very unhappy, although they had their own way in everything, but the seventh was happy, although



she administered to them all. They were vain, silly, overbearing, envious, malicious, proud, and, what was worse than even pride and malice, they were fond of a foul and dangerous reptile called a *lie*. The seventh sister was open-hearted,



LIONEL RESCUES MARIAN.

truthful, and of course cheerful ; you may see it in her looks and in her acts, for she is now doing a good turn for them ; but in their looks there is not much beauty, as you may easily observe. Those young ladies who are desirous of beauty should know that there is no beauty of the face without beauty of the mind ; and that the loving heart throws its

sunshine into the face and makes the most homely coun-



BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—THE SEVEN SISTERS.

tenance loveable. If you want to be beautiful, let the mind and

heart be cultivated, and the kindly affections matured ; every good thought stamps itself on the countenance ; every holy and pure feeling has an echo in the face ; while, on the other hand, every wicked and malevolent feeling brands the face with ugliness, which not all the arts of dissimulation can conceal. "Good heart good face," says the Spanish proverb, and so good hearts and good faces to all my dear readers.

---

### THE DEVOTED SISTER.



It was in the reign of Louis XV. of France, that wickedness may be said to have been in its zenith. The love of glory and show, of luxury and pride, had corrupted the higher classes and the clergy ; and of course the people, following the example of their betters, were corrupted also. There was no right, no law, no justice, for anybody.

Men were daily thrown into dungeons without trial, seized perhaps in the middle of the night, taken from their families and friends, and immured in the horrid prison of the Bastille, and then never heard of more. One young nobleman, so unfortunate, is the subject of these pages. He was a native of the south of France, the son of the Marquess of Châlons, and being of an ardent temperament had signalized himself in the defence of an aged friend who had been suddenly seized and lodged in a prison, without knowing the nature of his offence. At a dead hour of the night, when all were quietly asleep in the

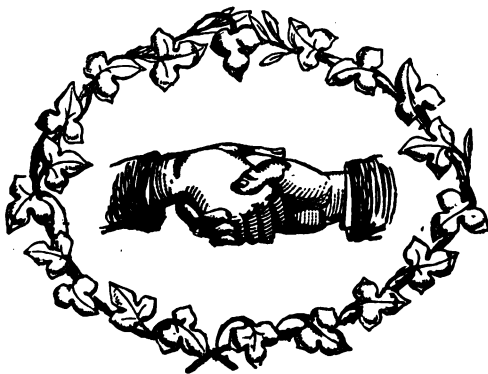
Château, a noise was heard at the gates, and men demanding admittance. They rushed into the room of Armand, seized and bound him, and, placing him on horseback, bore him to Paris. He suffered much on his journey, never having been allowed to dismount during the whole time, and the cords that bound him cut his arms and waist, so as to raise large festering sores. On the sixth day after his seizure he reached Paris, and was immediately thrust into the Bastille; and the gates, through which those that passed rarely returned, were closed upon him like the doors of a sepulchre. But there was one near him who followed the troop that bore him away, and that was his dear and devoted sister Blanche, who secretly stole out from the Château, mounted a horse, and followed him in the hopes of being able in some way to afford him succour. She hovered near him all the way, and when at nightfall he was turned with the horse on which he rode into some outhouse or stable, she found means to communicate with him, and to assure him of her devotion and love.

When he was thrown into the Bastille, she determined to implore the king on his behalf. She had her case drawn up by a lawyer, and also a petition to the king, begging that her brother's life might be spared. But it was difficult to get to the king's presence. Here, however, fortune befriended her. She made acquaintance with a young man, and through him she had the means given her of appearing at Court. Here she boldly threw herself into the king's presence, and demanded her brother's release, declaring that he had been guilty of no crime. The king, alarmed and incensed at her boldness, abruptly ordered her to be taken away, and she was then dismissed the royal presence without the least chance of redress.



farther go: the people were starving, and, led by infuriated women, rushed towards the Bastille.

Blanche, who had never forgotten her brother, was at the head of them. The ponderous doors were beaten down, the governor, De Launy, and the soldiers massacred, the dark dungeons were thrown open to the light of day, the victims of kingly cruelty crowded out, blind, lame, haggard, woe-begone, some having lost the use of their speech and of their faculties. Among them, almost sinking into the grave, came Armand: although sadly changed, his devoted Blanche knew him and sprang into his arms. He was quickly placed in safety, while the mob, continuing their destructive progress, levelled the famous Bastille to the ground.





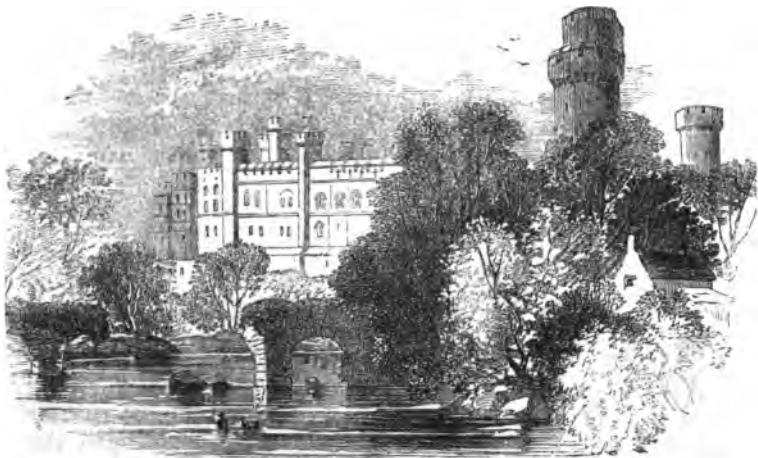
## TALES OF THE CASTLES.

### WARWICK.



WARWICK CASTLE is one of the most interesting monuments of feudal grandeur in the kingdom. The city itself is full of historical interest; having passed through it, we come suddenly upon the Castle, and find ourselves in a spacious area, where we are surrounded by ancient fortifications and Gothic buildings of a recent date, now devoted to the peaceful occupation of the descendants of the old chieftains who once held a stern and bloody sway over their trembling dependants. The Keep, erected in the days of the Anglo-Saxons, is now only a picturesque ruin. But two towers of high antiquity are still entire, and those are associated with days of baronial splendour. Caesar's Tower is said to be coeval with the Norman Conquest, and although eight centuries have passed over its grey embattled head it still looks hale and strong as the old porter

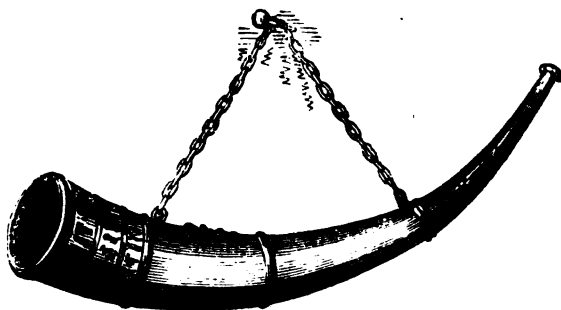
beneath at the gateway, who will show you a great variety of curious things, all warranted genuine, among which is Guy Earl of Warwick's porridge-pot, about the size of an ordinary copper. He will show you also his spear and sword and



WARWICK CASTLE, NEAR THE RIVER.

helmet, some of which seem to match with the same mighty man. The entrance-hall is also a curiosity, being seventy feet long, with a richly carved oak ceiling, the walls being hung with curious ancient armour and all kinds of machinery by which in former times "murder was made difficult," and not considered, as it now is, one of the "fine arts." The warder's horn is an object of much interest: it measures two feet two inches from tip to point, and three inches and three-quarters diameter at the mouth, and would, if filled, contain enough wine to make a man feel as bold as a lion, although he might be stupid as an ass. Close to the Castle are the remains

of an ancient bridge, and there is a story told of this bridge worth remembering. It is said that it was erected by King Alfred, on the occasion of his marriage to the daughter of



THE WARDER'S HORN, WARWICK CASTLE.

Ethelfleda; and that some years after the king was passing over the bridge, when two Danish assassins intercepted him, intending to kill him and throw his body into the Avon. But the king, calling upon his patron saint, drew his sword and slew both his assailants, and gave their bodies to the fishes instead of their giving his to the crows.

The crowning subject of interest, however, at Warwick, is the history of its favourite, Guy. He is said to have been so strong as to carry his own horse; that nobody could carry his armour and no one bend his bow. Various feats of strength and of valour are recorded of him, both in prose and verse.

There is an ancient ballad which contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, entitled "A pleasant Song of the valiant deeds of Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for



the love of fair Phillis," became a hermit and died in a cave of craggy rock, a mile distant from Warwick."



#### THE TALE.

An English-man I was by birthe,  
In faith of Christ a Christyan true :  
The wicked lords of infidells  
I sought my prowess to subdue.

Nine hundred twenty yeere and odde,  
After our Saviour Christe His birthe,  
When King Athelstone wore the crowne,  
I lived heere upon the earthe.

Sometime I was of Warwicke Erle,  
And, as I said, of very truth,  
A ladye's love did me constraine  
To seek strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes,  
In strange and sundry heathen lands,  
Where I did win, all for her sake,  
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,  
And there I stoutlye won in fight  
The Emperour's daughter of Almaine,  
From many a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I thro' the seas to Greece,  
To help the Emperour in his righte,  
Against the mightye Souldan's hoste  
Of puissant Persians for to fight ;

Where I did slay of Sarazens  
And heathen Pagans many a man ;  
And slew the Souldan's cousin deere,  
Whose name was Doughty Coldran.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,  
To death likewise I did pursue ;  
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, also,  
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the Souldan's hoaste,  
Being thither on embassage sent ;  
And brought his head away with me,  
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that lande,  
Most fiercely mett me by the waye,  
As he a lion did pursue,  
Which I myself alone did slaye.



I slew the giant Amarant,  
In battle fiercely hand to hand ;  
And doughty Barknand killed I,  
A treacherous knight of Pævy land.  
Then I to England came again,  
And here with Colbrand fierce I fought,  
An ugly giant which the Danes  
Had for their champion hither brought.

And close by Winsor I did slay  
A boar of passing might and strength,  
Whose like in England never was  
For hugeness both in breadth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet  
Within the Castle there doth lye ;  
One of his blade-bones to this day  
Hangs in the town of Coventry.

At Dunsmore Heath I also slew  
A monstrous wilde and cruell beast,  
Called the Dun Cow of Dunsmore Heath,  
Which many people had oppressed.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yet  
Still for a monument do lye ;  
A dragon in Northumberland  
I also did in fight defy.

For after that in holy ground  
My worn-out body I did lye ;  
And all the folk that saw my tomb  
Cried out in grief, " Here lies poor Guy."

But angel spirits brought me up,  
And set me on my ancient steed,  
And round me pictured in my praise,  
Every bright heroic deed.





## **PHELM O'PHLYN.**

**THE LEGEND OF A REAL IRISH BOY.**

**A VERY TRUE STORY.**



### **CHAPTER I.**



HERE is a popular superstition respecting May-day in Ireland, to the effect—that if you dream of the fairies on the eve preceding that eventful day good fortune will smile upon you the remainder of the year. The hero of our tale lived close to the ever-famous Lakes of Killarney—a place which has furnished more incidents for fairy tales than any other spot in the three kingdoms. Now on this eventful eve our hero had been out to a merrymaking—and



the hour being late at which he started for his journey home he fell asleep by the road-side under a hedge. Now, whether his brains were overstocked with fairy lore, or muddled with the fumes of the generous things he had partaken of, suffice it to say, the events here narrated took place in his imagination, on that May eve. But to our story.

Phelim O'Phlyn was born, as



they say, of very humble parents, who lived in a mud hovel. They had one porridge pot which they used to boil the real Irish fruit in; one table made of turf, in the middle of the cabin; one seat to sit on, which was the glorious "ould arth" itself; one bed to lie upon, which was a good bundle of straw. But this singularity did not go much farther; for although old O'Phlyn had only one pig, that had no less than thirteen little ones, and he and the pig and his wife and seven children and the thirteen pigawiggies all slept together on his one bundle of straw and the ground floor of old mother earth, aforesaid,—happy in their gruntings, squeakings, and hullabooings of each other.

The eldest son, the real O'Phlyn, was named Phelim. He was a lovely boy from the first moment he peeled a potato with the nail of his thumb. He was fond of butter-milk; but, alas! his parents kept no such a piece of furniture as a cow; but so good a boy was he that when he was thirsty, and retired himself in the cool places of some big bog among the brambles, the fairies used to come to him and talk with him, and tell him stories, and, what was better, they frequently brought him a large bowl of butter-milk. Phelim liked the fairies and the butter-milk; and his love had all the milk of kindness in it. The more he drank butter-milk the fatter and more like butter he grew, and the fatter he grew the kinder he grew; and he used to love everything he saw, and especially was it his delight to go into the woods and play with the young fawns, which he would deck with garlands of sweet flowers and turn them off again to their rural haunts. Ah, it was a sad thing for Phelim that there were no snakes or toads in Ireland, for he would have petted even toads, snakes, or vipers, and have forgiven them too, had they bit or stung him, so forgiving was his nature. Of course he

was equally fond of little children—for who can help being fond of little children, when they are innocent and well-behaved? And when a young man it was Phelim's delight to get a cluster of them together, under the shade of some



PHELIM AND HIS FAWN.

noble oak-tree; and there he would not only play with them, but, what was far better, he would tell them pretty stories of ould Ireland, and of the fairies and of the old witches, and of their good and evil deeds; always pointing out that the good deeds of children would be followed by good luck, and



their evil deeds by bad luck, although he could not exactly prove it; but it was good to teach it, although now-a-days people will have it that such teaching is all a myth.

But Phelim was a firm believer in this myth himself, and, what was much to his credit both as a young man and a Christian, he acted up to it, and determined to do all the good he



“HE WAS FOND OF CHILDREN.”

could, not only to himself, as most people do, but to others. He first began, as every person ought to do, to be good at home; to his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and to the

pigs. He was especially fond of the pigs, and took them many a nice walk to the wild places of the banks and forests, where they would grub up pig-nuts with their noses or rub the young oak-trees with their backs till the acorns fell in showers, thus scratching their backs and filling their bellies



PHELIM AND THE FAIRIES.

by the same operation. Phelim would sit down in some comfortable place where he could see the pigs, and listen to their melodious music, with the invisible fairies all round him taking note of the noble deeds he might perform. One day, as he was quietly sitting beside the dilapidated gable of an

old cottage, a window suddenly opened on him and a very odd old woman thrust her head out of a small casement and cried, "Phelim." "It is here that I am," said Phelim; "what can I do for you?" "Oh!" said the old woman, "I am in a sad plight, for sure the rope is run off the wheel, and my bucket is dropped down to the bottom of the well; and if I



PHELM'S BLOODHOUND, PATRICK.

don't get it up somehow, sorrow the bite of a bit of water shall I get to drink unless I trudge to Swalkey-bottom, which is two miles off, to get a drink of mud." "But how am I to get your bucket up," said Phelim, "if the rope is run down with it?"

"Sure I have a cord, and we can tie that on the wheel, and you can slide down it with your hands." "Then sure it is," said Phelim, "and I am not the boy who would see an old woman in distress and not relieve her; so bother the cord, let us have it, and I will see what I can do." So the old woman and Phelim went to the top of the well. The old woman brought the cord, and Phelim tied it to the wheel, and down he went, stripping all the skin off his hands long before he got to the bottom of the well. "My hands are as hot as fire," he cried out, "and I have got one foot in the bucket and can't get it out; and besides there is a big dog in the well, and he wants to be taken out as well as the bucket. So I tell ye what ye must do; I will take the well-rope from the bucket, and you can haul it up by the cord, and then you can put it over the wheel again, and you can pull me up in the bucket, and the big dog too." So after awhile the old woman got up the well-rope, put it over the wheel and let it down; and Phelim thinking more of the dog than he did of himself, as was his custom, put the dog into the bucket as well as he could, for he was a very big dog, and sent him up safe and sound. Then he put himself into the bucket, and the old woman hauled him up as she had done the dog, and he was very soon at the top of the well; the old woman embracing him in her arms and kissing him all over.

When Phelim got clear out of the well, of course he looked for his pigs. "By pippins!" said he, "they are nowhere, and therefore they must be somewhere. Oh dear! oh dear! I have lost the natest set of pigs that have ever been born since last St. Patrick, who was their dear patron saint, and who promised me that every one of them should pay the rint in a drame I had. Oh, Bubbabo, what shall I do! My saint has decaaved me." And, so saying, off he ran after the

pigs, and he went through many a bog, and over many a moor, and through many a quagmire, and scratched nearly all the clothes off his back by rushing, like a mad boy as he was, through brambles and prickles; but he could not see any of his pigs, not even the tip of one of their corkscrew tails, and after the whole of the day spent after the "porkipines," he came back in the evening, tired and jaded and bruised and scratched all over, to the place where he had lost them, and there sat the old woman as before, looking out of her side window. As soon as Phelim saw her, he began to take on and lament, and to say that all his pigs were run off to Nova Scotia, or to Liverpool, or London, or some other place, perhaps to the bottom of the "say," and that he was a ruined lad, and that his father and mother and all the "childer" were ruined too, and that he could do nothing; for if he were to go home, he should be "kilt" entirely, and if he stopped where he was he should starve entirely; and therefore he would beg to borrow that bit of old rope she had, and he would go and hang himself on the most "convanient" tree that could be found, and so put an end to the noose of his misery.

"Boy, don't say that," said the old woman. "Take courage: I will go with you to look after the pigs; put your hand under my arm, and be sure you keep a big heart, and I will give you as nice a ride as you ever had in your life, and as swift a one too." So Phelim put his arm into that of the old woman, and she gave a bit of a jump, and up they went into the air. "Hold on," said she. "It is hold on,ould un"—said he, and away they flew. Phelim felt no weight in his body, and floated like a feather or a soap bubble. Then a cloud came under them, and the old woman sat down upon the cloud, and told Phelim to do the same, which he did. "Now," said she, as she took out her worsted and darning

needle, and a pair of hose to mend, "Play me a tune," said she, "for I am going to mend St. Patrick's hose." "Oh, bad luck to him, he's my patron," said Phelim, "and he has let my pigs go—the runaways." "Sure, if you pray to him,



"HOLD ON," SAID SHE.

he will bring them back, so play a tune to St. Patrick, while I mend his stockings." "I have no pipe," said Phelim. "Then play upon your swine stick," said she; "put it up to your mouth, and play away." So Phelim did as he was bid, like a good boy, and as soon as the stick touched his lips, it

began to play "St. Patrick's Day in the morning," which was followed by "Plantax Kelly," and then by a lot of Irish jigs, one after the other, till all the clouds began dancing and tumbling about in a very comical manner.

After the old woman and Phelim had been sailing about in the air for some considerable time, and she had mended the stockings of the saint, and he had played all the tunes out of the stick, she said to him, "Now, my boy, you must prepare to descend, for I think I smell the pigs not far off, and, if you listen, you will hear them grunt." So Phelim listened, and he heard the pigs grunt, sure enough; and he heard something much more boisterous than the grunt of the pigs, and smelt a strong smell of fun, but he could not see a great deal, seeing he was very high among the clouds. "Now let go," said the old woman, "you shan't be hurt; commend yourself to St. Patrick," and Phelim crossed himself, and she slid her arm away from him, and down he went, wiggle-wagging about, like the parachute let loose from a balloon; then he turned three or four summersaults, and then went straight down towards the earth, till at last, whack—no, not on the ground—but into the branches of a tree, from which he was held suspended by his coat tails for some time.

When he looked down from the top of the tree, Phelim did not see the pigs. But he saw a very odd set of people on the ground beneath him, having a glorious carouse, as happy as a drove of pigs in a bean-field. Of course, they were much surprised at seeing Phelim hanging by the coat tails amongst the branches. A fat man seemed struck with a fit of the comicals; another of the party held out his cap and called on him to jump into it; while a more ancient individual sat shrivelled up on a stone, fearing that Phelim should fall on him and flatten him like a sixpence; and all showed the

greatest consternation. "Make a lap," said Phelim to the ladies, "and I will come down to you like a shower of blessings," and then he made a spring, and came down into the midst of the company with a whack, a tumble, and a roll over, which scattered them here and there in a curious manner. He then crawled over one and then another, and began to make himself mightily at home. The first thing Phelim called for was the whiskey bottle, and straightway a score of whiskey bottles rushed out from among the party; and when he had tasted a drop or two of the "cratur," he began to feel mighty happy in himself, and well disposed, as he always was, to make others happy also. And so they all got sociable together, and they smoked their pipes, and made free with the poteen, and danced an Irish jig, and disported themselves very pleasantly indeed; but at last Phelim thought of his pigs, and of the big dog he drew from the well, and wondered what had become of them. By and by, just as he had put up a prayer to St. Patrick, what should he see but the old woman hovering over them up in the air, mounted on a broomstick. She cried out in a loud voice, with a most benignant smile on her countenance, "Here is your dog, Phelim; make good use of him,—he is worth ten thousand pigs;" and then the dog dropped from under her petticoats, and came tumbling down first upon the branches of the tree, which broke his fall, or he would have broken his neck. And he began to bark and scamper about at such a rate that the whole party, alarmed at so ferocious a looking beast, fled in terror from the spot, leaving Phelim all alone by himself, wrapped in the shades of evening then coming on, and the rising clouds big with events for the future.





## CHAPTER II.

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**W**HEN the hilarity of the preceding scene had passed away, and the fumes of the whiskey had passed away with it, Phelim began to think of his pigs, and of the ride in the air with the old woman, and of the big dog which had never returned from his chase of the whiskey party in the dingle ; and so, mounting up a rock which commanded an extensive view of bog and potato bits, he sat himself down to look about him, not having the least idea into what place he had dropped, or whether he was at the top of the globe, or at the bottom, or at the other side. He thought, however, that he was somewhere not very far from the “auld” earth, for there was the moon and a mighty big star within sight, which told him that he was in the land of the living. While he was sitting there, and pondering over the past and the future, his big dog Patrick—for he had christened him Patrick in the mountain dew—came bounding up to him, and crouching at his feet, in token of obedience, seemed to say, “Your sarvent, sir ; is there not a big bone in your leg, or somewhere, that I may gnaw at ?” With that Phelim patted him in token of his

new name ; and while he was doing so, who should rise up out of the big bog close by him but the old woman. " Good even to you," said she to Phelim. " The same to you," he replied, " and good luck to you for the ride you gave me after my father's



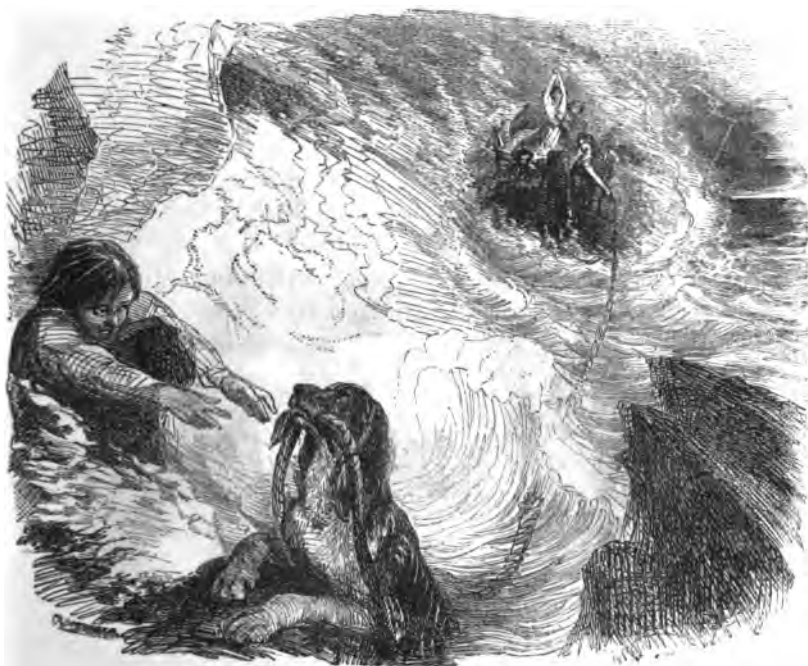
PHELIM REFLECTS.

pigs, but the deuce of a sight have I had of them at all, at all ; what will I do?" " Do !" said the old woman ; " do you think there is any luck in this bog-bottomed place? No, it is your fate to go upon foreign travel, and so I have come to give

you my blessing, and send you off." "You had better lend me your broomstick to ride on," said Phelim. "Not I," said the old woman; "that is the real Irish Pegasus. Make use, my lad, of Adam's original ten-toed machine, and go down the hill, and cross the bog there, and through the dingle, and across the moor, and swim over the river, and go up by the mountain, and down by the valley, and—" "Hold on! hold on!" said Phelim, "I am off, if ye will promise me good luck." "That I will," said the old woman, "on condition that you go right away, and the way I told ye towards the salt say, and you will find there is a great storm brewing, and you will have work to do of the right kind, and your dog Pat will share it with you. So good luck to you," said she, and waved the stump of her old broomstick over his head, and it was then that Phelim felt inspired; so away he went down the mountain and over the bog, and through the dingle, and into the water: but here he would have been sorely bothered but for Pat, and he was well-nigh sinking, but Pat lent him the loan of his tail for a minute, and drew him safely to the other side of the river, and ran before him barking till they both came to the sea-shore.

And a dreadful howl of a tempest was there on the sea shore. The sky was all whirlwind and the sea all whirlpool, and the waves were rocking, and the land seemed sea-sick, and the lightning grinned from the sky, and the thunder bellowed from the clouds, and afar off heaved and groaned a ship with people on board, with all her sails split and her ribs beat out. "What shall I do?" said Phelim: "I am determined to save somebody—that is, if I can;" and so he boldly plunged into the waves to swim to the ship, and Pat the dog followed him. They floundered about in the froth and yeast of the waves for some time, and Phelim got on

board the vessel, and it was not long before he sent Pat on shore with a stout rope in his mouth ; but before those on board could make any use of it, the ship went suddenly down, and all hands with it, Phelim and all. When the hero felt himself under water, he tried to get to the surface quite



"THE SHIPWRECK."

naturally, and in doing so he came into contact with something plump and soft, and at first thought it must be a porpoise, or some other delicate fish ; but it was not, but two poor drowning children, who were clinging to a portion of the

wreck, which he soon took in tow, and after being well pummelled by the waves and the rocks, got safely to shore.

But it was some days before he was able to stand or walk, and he crept into a cave and lay himself down, but the children he had saved from a watery grave soon made him a bed and spread a sail over him, and they went daily down to



“AND THE LITTLE GIRL SPREAD A SAIL OVER HIM.”

the wreck to pick up some of the things that had been washed on shore; and it was a fine cargo that ship had, for she was coming home from the Indies with some of the riches



**PHILIP AND DYTTON.**

**D**

of that sunny clime; and there were lots of good things belonging to the cabin folks, which they brought to Phelim, such as Bass's ale, old Madeira, potted meats in great quantities, rice biscuits, and I know not what. So Phelim fared sumptuously every day, and soon regained his strength, and the children grew stronger also—and grew as good as they were strong; and often when Phelim returned from his walks along the beach in search of valuables that might be thrown up by the waves, which might help to better his fortunes, he found Marie and Dytton—for so they were named—busily employed: Marie in making their quarters as comfortable as she could under their forlorn circumstances, and Dytton reading to her from a good book which had drifted ashore. At times the children would sing together, and Pat used to join in with a hideous howl: for dogs do not like music, as every one knows. And so they passed many days together very sweetly, till one day, when the tide was very low, Phelim going down a long way on the sands towards the sea, picked up a strong, big box. It was so heavy that he could scarcely carry it; but by the help of Pat it was at last got to their resting-place. Phelim got a big stone and hammered away at it till he had stove in the lid, and there he found a great store of guineas—real golden guineas. “My fortune is made,” said he, “my fortune is made;” and then he danced, and capered, and sprang about like a frantic goat, and sung and shrieked till the rocks echoed with his voice.

“What will I do,” he said to the little girl, “so that we may be happy for ever?” “We must get away from this place,” said she. “And so we will,” said Phelim; and so they buried their treasure beneath a great tree, and went down to the shore again, to see what they could pick up, but the waves had overflowed all again, and nothing was to be

seen but small bits of the masts of the ship sticking up some distance off; but looking into a little cove or bay just round on the other side of a jutting rock, what should they see but one of the ship's boats high and dry on the beach, where the storm had washed her. Phelim shouted with delight when he saw the boat, and leaped into her. He found she was not much damaged, except having a hole in her bottom. This he soon stopped by some plank and canvas, with which the beach was strewn. There were oars and a sail in the boat; Phelim soon managed to launch her, and, rowing up to the place near which he had buried the guineas, he dug them up and put them in the boat. He brought down a store of provisions from the cave, and then, with the children and Pat the dog, all got into the boat and sailed away into the middle of the salt sea. As they pursued their journey, Phelim endeavoured to ascertain some particulars of themselves from the children who had been so providentially rescued by him. Little Dytton began by telling him that his home was far away, and that there a strange language was spoken, for a dear lady (not his mamma, of whom he talked affectionately) who was called Gar-Gar, and her husband Hoo-Hoo, gave him books and toys, and was tender and loving to him and to his brother Hoo-isboy, and allowed them to run about his large garden, and gather his nice fruit and lovely flowers, and to play at his beautiful fountain.

"And where is it that we shall go to, Marie?" said Phelim. "There is a country from which I came," said she, "a long way off; it is in the direction of the place from which the sun rises in the morning." "That's the east," said Phelim. "And there," she continued, "is where my father lives, who sent me to England to get my education, and I should like to go back to him. My father is an Eastern prince, and will



reward you well if you take me back, for he will think I am drowned," said she, "as he will be sure to hear of the loss of the ship." "What's the name of the place?" said Phelim. "Wangee," said Marie. "Wangee, Wangee? I have heard of one Wangee Fum; he is king of the Cannibal Islands, and



he eats roasted natives as we do roasted praties. I should not like to go there, for fear he would eat me; and if he once tasted a ripe young Irishman, he would be sure to invade ould Ireland with a large army and eat the whole of us up altogether. No; I will not go Wangee Fum way, depend upon it." Marie then told him that her papa was no such a person as he had represented, and that he ate turtle and peacock, and Lama bulls, and nice little ring-tailed monkeys.

Are there any praties there?" "Yes," said she; "ten

times bigger than any I ever saw in this country,—as long as your body; and when you dig them up they are black, and look as if they were roasted.” (These were yams.) “Then,” said Phelim, “I will go to that broth of a place. It’s where the sun comes from in a morning, is it?” “Yes,” said Marie. “Then to it I will steer.” And so, putting up a bit of a lug sail and steering directly towards the east, away went the travellers, full of hope; indeed so full, that fear could find no lodging in their hearts, for want of room.

And so they sailed and sailed for many a long day and many a long night, and many a case of potted meat, and many a tin of biscuits, did they consume. As to *Pat*, he often went fishing, and now and then brought up a young seal for his own dinner, which saved the potted meats. At last a storm came on, which lasted several days, and they came to a place called the Cape of Good Hope, and saw ships struggling there with the tempest, but Phelim’s boat was driven by the fury of the gale further and further eastward, till at last, after another big tempest, they were cast ashore on a wild rocky coast, at a place they knew nothing of. The boat was broken all to pieces by the fury of the waves, and the travellers would have been drowned had it not been for *Pat* the dog, who carried one to the shore and then the other. They lay exhausted on the beach for some time, but afterwards revived, and when the morning broke they found a number of natives crowding to the spot, who carried Phelim and the shipwrecked youth and maiden to a small town not far from the sea, and gave them food and drink, and rested them very comfortably for several days.

Phelim, as soon as he got better, thought of the box of guineas at the bottom of his boat, and he determined to see if he could find it; but fearing the natives might rob him of

it. he invented a bit of romance, by saying that he was the bearer from the King of Kilkenny to the king of the country where he was, of a present of golden guineas, and requested that he might be taken to him forthwith with the box of guineas on his shoulder. The box was soon found among the



rocks where it had fallen as the boat capsized, and when Phelim showed the "authorities" the precious gold, they thought him a respectable man; and a "convenient conveyance," a Wangee Fum tumbrel, was provided; and Phelim, Marie, Dytton, and Pat the dog, escorted by a numerous retinue, were soon on their way towards the chief city and the palace of the king.



**BOWERS OF ECSTASY.**

When they got there, they found the king sitting in great state on the top of a high hill, with all his counsellors and nobles, and heralds and trumpeters, before him. He was a very jolly-looking native, and became the sceptre he held, the arm-chair he sat in, and the footstool he rested his gouty leg upon. Hong received Phelim in a gracious manner; he condescended to receive the box of golden fruit, and looked very pleased—but far more so when he beheld in Marie his dearly beloved daughter, Hiawatha, who, rushing up the steps of his throne, fell into his arms. The nobles and attendants were loud and earnest in their congratulations on her safe return to the palace, and with whom Phelim and Dytton were objects of special attention. Many and anxious were their inquiries about their adventures, and for the moment our travellers were the most important personages in the kingdom. Festivities befitting the occasion were ordered, and general joy prevailed. The king, attended by his nobles, and having grouped around him the heroes of the day, made a circuit of the city, and amidst the booming of cannon and the crash of music, presented his long-lost daughter to his people, by whom she was much loved on account of the simplicity and goodness of her character. The king, who had long desired to possess a heir to his throne, adopted Dytton, and to Phelim and his dog Patrick he assigned splendid quarters in the Palace, where, surrounded with every luxury, and free from care and anxiety, he could pass his days as best suited his caprice. But unfortunately for our hero, just as he had reached the summit of his desires,—this “Temple of Ecstasy, in Fairyland”—the break of day summoned forth the song-birds, who in turn awakened Phelim from his delightful “drame.”



# THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LITTLE TOMMY CRASKE.

BY JOSEPH SOUL.



Little Tommy Craske  
Got into a cask,  
And then he shut the lid :  
    When he this work had done  
    He thought it glorious fun,  
He was so nicely hid.

Then little Tommy Craske  
Began to rock the cask,  
And some boy saw it rock ;  
    He thought it funny too,  
    And rocked as boys will do,  
Then gave it *such* a knock !

Poor little Tommy Craske  
Now trembled in the cask,  
For it began to spin ;  
And all the boys saw this  
Who never fun would miss,  
Though Tommy was within.



Dear me ! the boys were glad  
To see the cask go mad,  
It ran along so fast.  
And every one, *and more*,  
Rolled on the cask before :  
How well it trotted past !  
It rolled along the *quay*,  
Along now by the sea,  
Along now by the *Dene*,  
On the Parade makes way,  
And on the sands won't stay—  
It was a *moving* scene !

The cask still onwards ran,  
As only hogsheads can.  
It rolled towards the pier.  
And now for one good shove !  
Away it rolls above,  
Then downwards, don't you hear !

And now poor Tommy Craske  
Was shut up in the cask,  
And that was in the sea !  
The waves were rolling there,  
They will when all is fair.  
Poor Tommy ! where was he ?

But all at once the lid  
Got loose where Tom lay hid,  
And he held up his hand.  
His weight the cask set right ;  
He cried with all his might,  
While crowds all list'ning stand.

They looked—a wondering crowd,  
And not a little cowed,  
When they heard Tommy's cry—  
But when they saw his face,  
And thought about the race,  
They hoped that Tom was dry.

Then some put off a boat,  
And came 'longside the craft,  
And found poor Tom afloat,  
Within his funny raft



And soon they drew him out,  
And brought him safe ashore,  
Well bruised, we cannot doubt,  
But found him nothing more.

O, funny Tommy Craske,  
To get into a cask  
And then shut down the lid !  
You will do so no more—  
For all your bones are sore,—  
Unless—when you are bid !





## THE TOPER.



HERE is in the Colonna Palace at Rome a very fine picture, a copy of which is given on the next page. It is called "The Toper." It is beautifully painted, but the subject is only fit for us to draw a

lesson from, and not to adorn a tale. "And what is a toper?" do yon say. He is one who is fond of the bottle, or rather what's inside the bottle, who tries to keep his spirits up by taking spirits down. This love of drink is a rock which thousands have split upon. The "toper" in the picture was the son of a noble family in Ravenna. He had the finest education that could be given him, the noblest stud of horses, a

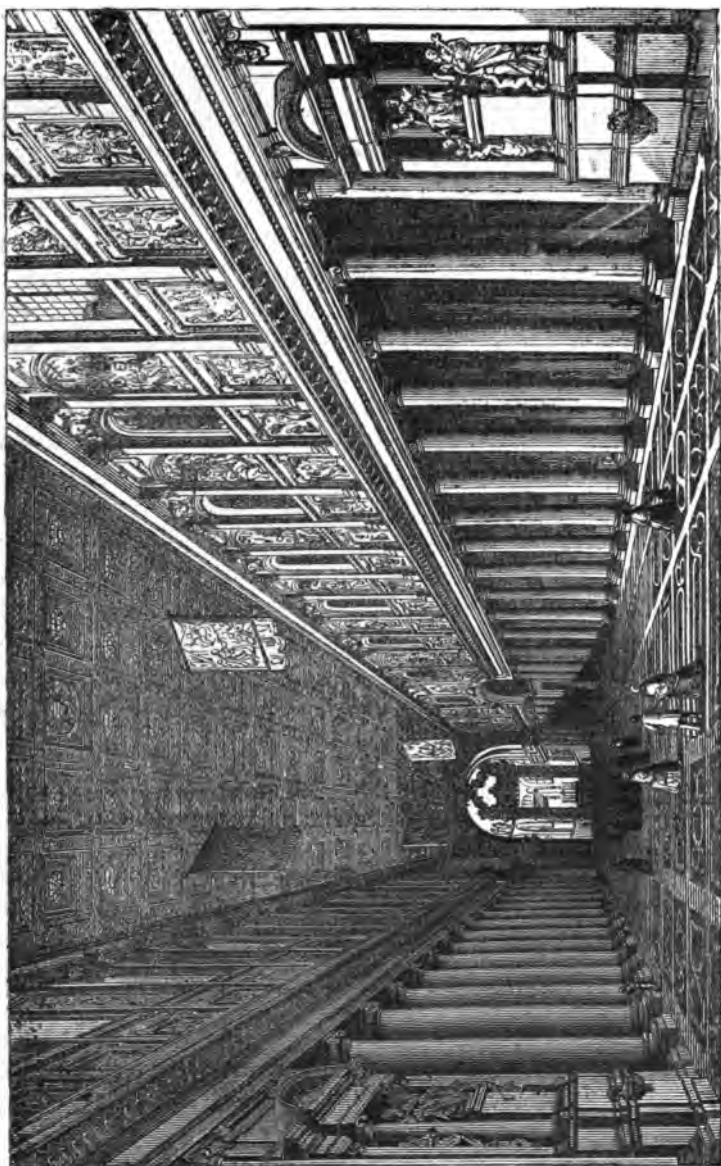


"THE TOPER," FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLONNA PALACE, AT ROME.

fine palace to live in, and lots of fine things to amuse him. He was tall and handsome, and genial and witty. He was admired by many and courted by all; but, alas! he was a "toper." Wine was his chief delight, and when once it got thoroughly hold of him, it speedily extinguished all his good looks and good qualities. After he took to drink, the first thing he lost was his appetite, the next his temper, then his good looks, then his taste for the good, the pure, and the beautiful; and having lost these, the door was open in his heart for the entrance of all kinds of evil, and so it was that the demons of greediness and of other evil passions came one by one on him, till they had filled his heart and mind with wickedness of "all forms and sizes."

"Wine, wine, so ruby bright, fills the heart with choice delight," says the old song; but, for my part, I would rather drink a glass of pure Adam's ale, which has been three thousand years in bottle, and which descended from the clouds of heaven to gladden the heart of man. There is more cheerfulness in a glass of water than in a pipe of port; and there is more of health to be obtained from a well than there is in a fountain of beeswing. I would have my readers take lessons from this picture of the "toper," and to remember the words of the wisest of men: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." He who drinks wine, or other fever drinks, puts "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains"—not only his brains, but, as I have averred, every good thing which ought to belong to the heart of man.

It was in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome that in the innocency of his youth the "toper" used to walk, and even the Pope is said to have smiled on him and blessed him;



THE BASILICA OF ST. MARIA MAGGIORE, AT ROME.

and it was in the same Basilica, or hall, that, enfeebled by disease and sinking to the earth, he crept towards that famous altar, and there on its steps expired, seeking that mercy which, although he deserved it but little, is yet denied to none.

What a sad picture to contemplate! A young man cut down in his prime from the effects of his own misconduct; abusing those gifts which a bountiful Creator had so lavishly bestowed upon him. What an amount of good he might have done!—what happiness disseminated by applying his wealth to the amelioration of the miseries of the poor and friendless, instead of ruining both body and soul in seeking only the gratification of a vitiated appetite. Let my young friends think, when they are tempted to do wrong, what a pang they inflict upon the tender hearts of loving parents; and, above all, as they grow up and mix in the busy world to avoid the companionship of those who would lead them from the paths of duty into scenes where “the unhallowed cup,” and all its attendant evils, is the principal source of attraction.





## TALES OF THE CASTLES.

WINDSOR.



THE great glory of Windsor is its Castle, for it is not only ancient, but beautiful, and gives us an idea of those times when the feudal barons lorded it over the land, as they do not now, and brings us back to the ages of romance, lawless violence, superstition. It is often instructive and interesting to go back to those days: for from them we may sometimes spin a tale of wonderment, although none the less true.

Windsor Castle was originally built by William the Conqueror, soon after his being settled on the throne of England, as well on account of the strength as the beauty of its natural situation. It was greatly improved by his



ENTRANCE TO THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

son Henry, who added many buildings and surrounded the whole with a strong wall. He kept his Christmas here in 1105, and his Easter in 1107, and his Whitsuntide in 1110. King John, during his contest with the barons, made it his place of residence. Our great king Edward III. was born here, and it was he who caused the ancient building to be entirely taken down, and a stately castle to be erected on its ruins, with the chapel of St. George; and here also he instituted and



established the Order of the Garter. William of Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who was principally employed by Edward III. in building this castle, upon its completion caused to be cut on one of the towers this seemingly ambitious sentence, "This made Wykeham," which was reported to the king as if that bishop assumed to



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE THAMES.

himself the honour of building this royal castle ; and had not the prelate with ready address assured his royal master that he "meant no harm," and only "did it for fun," as the boys say, and only as an acknowledgment that the building of the Castle "had made him," that is, given him riches and fame, there is no knowing what might have been the result. As it was, the king laughed, and very likely, like Dr. Ollapod in the play, said, "Thank you, good bishop ; I owe you one."

The Keep, or Round Tower, which forms the west side of the upper court of the Castle, is now devoted to the Prince of Wales as Governor, who has a residence here. The ascent is

by a flight of high stone steps, which it is said no one can ever count exactly. The apartments are noble. The mound is neatly laid out in sloping walls round the hill, and at the bottom is still a garden. It was in this garden, so it has been said, or one like it, that James I. of Scotland, about the year 1412, after he had been taken prisoner in his boyhood by Henry IV. of England, and who spent nineteen years of his life in the Round Tower above it, saw a young English princess walking. This lady, a daughter of the Earl of Somerset, was afterwards married to the young king, and accompanied him to Scotland. In a poem on the subject of his seeing his lady-love, he says:—

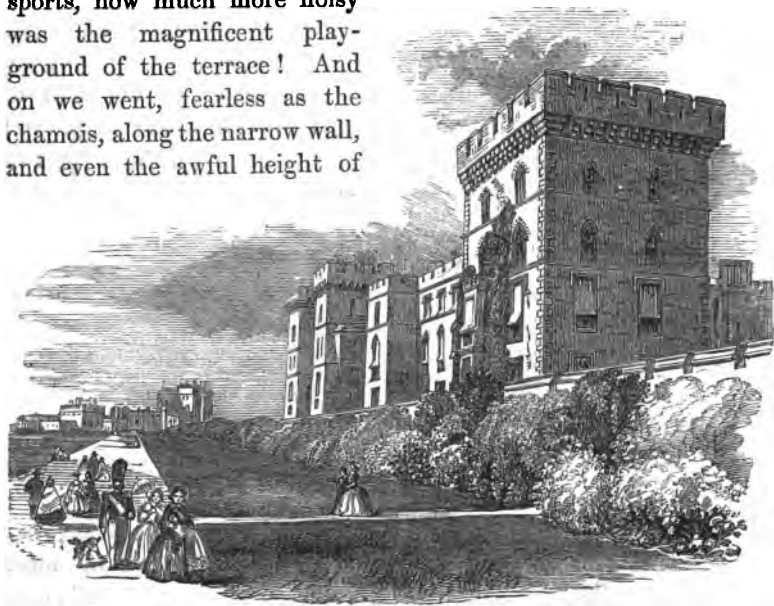
“Cast I down my eyes again  
Where as I saw walking under a tower,  
Full secretly, now coming here to plain,  
The fairest of the freshest of young flowers  
That ever I saw, methink, before that hour.”

Aye, and it was on a fresh May morning too, with both prince and princess, with young hearts like May.

But better than to hear a young king sing and make love, is it to hear a worthy Knight, who has been one of the most august princes of our literature, talking about old Windsor in his young days. He says he was born within a stone's throw of the Castle gates, and his whole boyhood was spent in and about the Castle; but then, some sixty years ago, the whole range of the Castle, its terrace and its park, were places dedicated to the especial pleasures of the schoolboy. Neither warder, nor sentinel, nor game-keeper, interfered with their boisterous sports. “The deserted courts re-echoed on the moonlit winter evenings with our whoo-whoop; and the delight-

ful hiding-places there were amongst the deep buttresses and sharp angles of these old towers. The rooks and the old dowagers we molested by our noise ; but they, bless them, both rooks and good old women, never molested us.

“But if the inner courts of Windsor Castle rang with our sports, how much more noisy was the magnificent playground of the terrace ! And on we went, fearless as the chamois, along the narrow wall, and even the awful height of



SOUTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

the north side, where we looked down on the tops of the highest trees, could not abate the rash courage of *Follow my leader*. In the pauses of the sport, how often has my eye rested upon that magnificent landscape which lay at my feet ! My thoughts were then all fresh and vivid, and I could enjoy without a pang all I saw.

“The Park—what a glory was that for cricket and kite-

flying! No one molested us. The king—that is, good old George III.—would sometimes stand alone for half-an-hour to see the boys at cricket, and heartily would he laugh when the wicket of some too confident urchin went down at the first ball. But we did not heed his Majesty; he was a quiet, good-humoured gentleman, in a long blue coat, and whose face was as familiar to us as that of our writing-master; and many a time has that gracious gentleman bidden us good morning when we were hunting for mushrooms in the early dew.”

I was not boy enough—that is, I, Peter Parley, was not old enough to play as the noble Knight played on the terraces and in the quadrangles, but I once did see King George III. sitting in an inner apartment of the Castle in a dark *robe de chambre*, his beard falling down over his breast like a cascade of bright silver. I saw him alive, and I saw him dead, lying in state, and saw his funeral. I saw, too, the funeral of George IV., a piece of tragedy, comedy, farce, and pantomime mixed. I saw the funeral, too, of the sailor king, William IV., but I hope I shall never see the funeral pomp of our dear good Queen Victoria. Long may she continue from these terraces to show her bounty and love to the poor, the unfortunate, and the deserving, is my sincere prayer. There needs no romantic history to embellish her reign, for it is full of the heroism of goodness and of devotion to her high station, and so we say, “Long live the Queen!”

Now come we to the Park, as great an attraction as the Castle, for here the giant monarchs of the woods, some of them coeval with the “Conqueror,” are yet in the glory of their old age. Nothing can be finer than the Long Walk, as it is called, consisting of a magnificent avenue of trees, extending for three miles to Snow-hill. There is nothing

more captivating to young or old than "ancient woods." How beautiful are they when the fresh burst of spring opens their green leaves and delicate buds! how glorious in their full summer verdure, as contrasts to bright sunshine and clear blue skies! how solemn and full of divine teachings are they in their time of fade, when the same leaves falling momentarily, tell us of our sad life's decline, and so preach leafy sermons to us. Among all the trees in Windsor Park, there are none more celebrated than that which once was called Herne's Oak, because it was thought to be the tree under which Sir John Falstaff received his plaguings and pinchings by the fairies, as set forth in the play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." It is said that the veritable tree was cut down by mistake long ago.

Not far from Eton is Datchet and Datchetmead, subjacent to the Thames, famous as Herne's Oak was and is, for it was here that Shakspeare laid the scene of Falstaff's overturn from the buck-basket into the Thames. We think we now see the fat, jolly old knight being *heaved* into the water, and floating like a porpoise down the stream. It was impossible for him to sink, so huge with fat, and so puffed up was his carcase with the good things of this life; his body, a sack filled with sack; and his head so stuffed with windy blank, as to float like a bladder on the top of him, all a-down, not the Thames only, but the noble stream of Time, among the rocks and shoals of Ages. When our boy reader is older, he will study the writings of William Shakspeare, and learn all about the merry knight Sir John Falstaff, but will find nothing to imitate if he wishes to be a good man, and this should be the desire of every boy.



## ETON COLLEGE AND ITS VAGARIES.



URRAY! Hurray! Hurray!  
The boys are just out of the College in their trencher caps and gowns, and ancient clothing of the past. It is a noble foundation, this Eton College, and instituted by Henry VI., in 1440, for the support and education of *poor, indigent boys* intended for the Church; but the intention has been frustrated, as it has been in Christ's

Hospital, the Seckford Grammar-school, and others, where the rich have swallowed up the inheritance of the poor. But let that pass. A great many good men have been schooled at Eton; Boyle, the philosopher, and Gray, the poet, being

among the number. And the boys, the present boys, are a noble race of spirited fellows.

One of the most stirring events of Eton used to be the Montem. It was a glorious gala day for high and low, rich and poor, young men and maidens, old women and children, carriages, curricles, dog-carts, tandems, omnibuses, cabs, and coster-carts. The Montem used to be triennially celebrated on Whit Tuesday; its origin is involved in doubt, but it is supposed to be coeval with the history of the College, and that it derives its title from a monkish procession, which took place annually, to a small mount situated on the Bath-road, called Salt-hill, and that, by the monks composing this procession, was then and there sold consecrated salt, whence the name of the place. Up to the year 1844 the spectacle consisted of a procession of boys to Salt-hill for the fun of collecting salt.

The students used to assemble at about nine o'clock in the morning. The boys marched three times round the yard. At ten they began to move, and dire was the rout, and dreadful was the scene, each striving with each to be out first, since the only permitted way was through the cloisters, and thence into the playing fields, and the last passage is narrow in the extreme. When once fairly out, the pole-bearers dutifully held out their poles to be smitten in twain by the valorous swords of the fifth form, girded on for that sole purpose. Their march was then performed two and two, but before they got half-way all were higgledy-piggledy, but they arrive at the mount, and are once more marshalled.

But the most prominent personages, and whose duty was the most trying, were the salt-bearers. Their proper number was only two, but they were assisted by many others called scouts or runners, whose duty it was to collect salt, that is,

money, from all the passers-by and all strangers who flocked together, as they did, from all parts to see the fun. When salt had been purchased, the seller, and he who comes down with the dust, received a ticket, which exempted him from further tax. The ticket had on it "Mos pro lege," "Custom in place of right." When the salt collectors



ETON COLLEGE.

reached the mount, the college flag, inscribed with the motto "Pro more et monte," was bravely waved by the ensign standing on the summit of the hill.

The officers, and the order of the grand procession, were as follows at the time I saw it some twenty years ago.

1. A marshal. A boy dressed in a full marshal's uniform, bearing a bâton on his right hip, at an angle of forty-five degrees.
2. A captain, one of the king's scholars, in a captain's suit, a cocked hat; sometimes booted and spurred.
3. A lieutenant and an ensign—and beside them a great



many serjeants and corporals, all in their proper uniform, rendered gorgeous by various gold lace embellishments.

4. The boys of the ninth form, attired in military coats, cocked hats and feathers, white trowsers and boots, girded also with swords. Others, such as the lower boys, were dressed in white waistcoats and trowsers, silk stockings and pumps. The salt-bearers, scouts, and runners, in every variety of costume and colours, and carrying a large embroidered bag for the salt and other things, were the gayest of the gay. And then the company that used to come from all parts to the Eton Montem. In early days there were comparatively but few, but when the railroads from London came down to Windsor the Cockneys were brought in such prodigious numbers that no one was safe from being plundered, not by the Etonians, but by the backslumarians of the metropolis. It was computed that on the day of the last Montem that no less than two hundred thousand persons were present, and the number of robberies committed, and the accidents that occurred, were "prodigious."

Among all the characters of the Montem, Herbert Stockhome was the most celebrated, and was to be seen dressed like the laureate, with a garland of laurel on his brows, jack boots on his heels, and all his middle garments of the field-marshal character. The poem—that is, the ode he sold, was always written for him by one of the geniuses of the College. It was quite in the Hudibrastic style.

#### MONTEM. ODE.

"Lately as I lay upon my bed,  
And snugly dreamed upon my pillow,  
Old Phœbus stood at my head,  
And said, 'Get up, you silly old fellow,

And sing of Montem and salt.  
So I rubbed my red nose,  
And up I arose.  
First snatch my lyre, and put on my clothes,  
Harnessed my steed  
I did indeed.  
And as I drank a pint of purl, I  
Wrote upon the hurly-burly.  
“Listen to the drums, the marshal comes,  
And with him Master Hughes,  
In boots instead of shoes;  
And then comes Captain Brown,  
With his breeches not made in town,  
And his pages dressed as Greeks,  
I’ve not seen for many weeks.  
See they walk so nobly—*Humph!*  
Fit to grace a Roman triumph.  
Then comes Jemmy Barret,  
Dressed as fine as a parrot,  
In his clothes of brilliant red,  
With his hat upon his head.  
But only see, sir,  
Serjeant Measer.  
Just look at him, if you please, sir;  
See his coat-tails how they dangle,  
Each quite out of its “right angle.”  
Then comes Creasy,  
Don’t he please ye?  
Lo, as bright as is the night,  
By the honest moon or star lit,  
With gloves on his knuckles,  
And shoes and buckles.

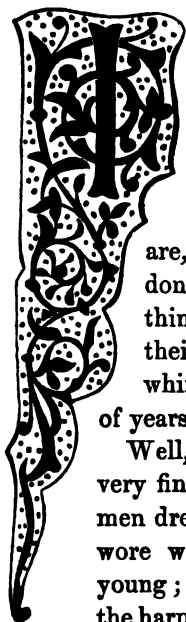
Then comes Mr. Snow,  
Whose red coat, you know,  
Is as fine as can be,  
With lace very handy,  
With old Daddy Keeble,  
Looking much like a she-beetle ;  
The very pink of fashion,  
With breeches, shoes, and sash on,  
With old beldames to lead him,  
And good thoughts to shield him.  
See his sword upon his thigh,  
See his feathers towering high.  
Methinks I hear each lady cry,  
As the old veteran marches by :  
To say the truth,  
He's a noble youth.  
So full of grace and dignity.  
And thus ends the pageantry  
Of our Montem's holiday,  
With my donkey, best of asses,  
Whose food the green grass is.  
And so farewell  
To our jollity,  
With a single bright tear,  
And a glass of good beer ;  
So cheer, boys, all cheer,  
Hurray for the Montem !  
Hurray and hurray !"





## THE TWO PUPPIES.

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



T was a long time ago, when ladies did not dress as they do now. They then wore high-heeled shoes, very fine petticoats, elegant aprons, fine mantles, hoops, and bonnets, with great plumes of feathers in them; but puppies were almost the same as they now are, according to the breed they are of. They don't alter with the fashions, and it is a good thing for them. Their ears are long or short, their coats sleek or curly, and they yelp and whine, and are fat, just as they were hundreds of years ago.

Well, there was a very fine lady who lived in a very fine house, at the time when ladies and gentlemen dressed very fine, and powdered their hair, and wore wigs and silk stockings. This lady was very young; she could work, embroider satin slippers, play the harpsichord—for there were no pianofortes then—and her papa and mamma were very rich, and kept a coach to ride in, and had men-servants and maid-servants, and everything else to make them happy. And they were all as happy, as you may suppose, but Arabella—but she could not be happy, because she wanted a pet.



ARABELLA AND HER PET DOG.

At last her cousin Marmaduke made her a present of a young "puppy." He was very ugly to look at, and not very good tempered. He would have been, no doubt, had he been brought up in some poor man's cottage, and made to rough it; but being brought up by Miss Arabella, and stuffed and nursed from morning till night, and kissed and cuddled besides, he soon began to think a great deal of himself, and showed his airs, and began to show his teeth also, and to snap now and then. But still he was a pet, and he used to go out in the carriage with his mistress, and put his two paws out at the carriage window, and eye all the passers-by—he ought to have had an eye-glass—and then he would have looked like a pup of fashion, but he could not hold it.

One day as he was walking in the park with his mistress, another fine lady came by. She had a pup too. He was a great deal handsomer than Arabella's, and so the ladies looked at each other, and then at each other's dog, and the dogs looked at each other, and at last they fell a fighting. There was a tall footman behind each of the ladies, and they tried to part the dogs, and they fell a-fighting too, and used their long canes very dexterously about each other's backs; and then the ladies—they did not go so far as to fight—but they gave each other very scornful looks, and while they were doing this, Arabella's cousin came up, and at the same moment the other young lady's brother came up, and they had high words, and at last one gave the other the lie, and so, as nothing could wash out the stain of a lie but blood, they both drew their swords, and they fought till one of them dropped down dead, and the other fell mortally wounded. The two footmen also fought till one of them fell, sorely bruised, and the other came off with a broken head; the pups, they fought of course, and one lost his ear, and the other had his fore paw bitten through.

As to the ladies, although they of course did not fight, they both lost their tempers, so upon the whole, these two pups managed to set a good deal of misery agoing. It would have



been much better for them if they had grown up in some poor shepherd's cot, into good useful honest dogs, such as you see here.



## THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

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**W**HAT boy knows not the history of Mary, Queen of Scotland, one of the most unfortunate of women? The times in which she lived were very sad ones. The Roman Catholics and the Protestants were struggling for supremacy, and no art or contrivance was too wicked to be used by either party as a means for obtaining their ends. There can be no doubt whatever, that so great was the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic religion on the mind of Mary, that she entered into a plot for the dethronement and murder of Elizabeth, and the setting up of the ancient creed in England.

Mary was shut up in a prison in Loch Leven, and was here compelled to sign a document, by which she renounced the crown in favour of her son, but from this place she made her escape through the aid of a youth named Douglas, and fled to Hamilton Castle, in Lanarkshire, where she was soon joined by thousands of her adherents, but being defeated at the battle of Langside by the regent Murray, she fled to England and claimed the protection of Queen Elizabeth, who for a long time refused to institute any proceedings against



her, although she was assured by her ministers, that she was plotting to dethrone her. The queen said: "She is as a dove which, to escape the power of the hawk, has thrown herself at my feet, and I will do all I can to protect her from her enemies." A loving, noble sentiment, worthy of the queen of any country.

But alas, so bitter were the enemies of Mary and so reckless of her fame and life, that they lured her into more than one plot of a fearful character by false representations. One of their statements was, that her keepers, Sir Drew Dray and Sir Amias Paulet, were suborned to murder her in cold blood at the instigation of the Privy Council of England; and to prove this showed her a letter of Sir Amias, which was intercepted by the queen's Confessor, to the following effect:—"My answer I shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, as that I am so unhappy as living to see this wretched day in which I am required by direction of my most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. God forbid that I should make so foul a wreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot on my poor posterity, and shed blood without law or warrant." This letter put Mary into a state of great alarm, and it was no wonder that afterwards she should have been induced to give herself up to the counsels of those who were desirous of Elizabeth's dethronement and death. There is little to mistake in the character of either of the poor queens, but the noble conduct of Sir Amias Paulet will ever be remembered, and is worthy to be taken as an example of one who, in the words of the Bible, "would not lift his hand against innocent blood," or peril the salvation of his soul even at the command of his sovereign, preferring the law of God to all other commands in the world.



THE INTERVIEWED LEADER.  
THE SCENE IN THE STUDY.

[illegible]



THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.  
THE SCENE IN THE STUDY.





## THE COCK AND THE PEACOCK.

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HAT a fine bird am I!" said a peacock who had perched himself on the wall of an ancient mansion. "Do look at me, master cock; did you ever see a finer bird than I am? Do I not look glorious in the sunshine?"

"You are all very well to look at," replied the old cock, hardly casting up his eyes to the place where the peacock stood. "You are all very well to look at; but the use of you I can't see."

"Oh! but I am ornamental," said the peacock, "and everybody that comes on to the lawn, comes to admire me, and I hear them say, 'what a beautiful bird!'"

"Can you sing?" said the cock. "I hope you can sing. I should like to hear you sing."

"Oh, yes! I can sing," replied the peacock. "Did you never hear me sing on the approach of wet?"

"Yes, I have heard you sing, if you call that singing. It's a most wretched, fearful, melancholy screech. Can you do anything else?"



"Don't you be so impertinent. Don't you know I am one of the aristocracy, and don't belong to dung-hills and stable-yards, as some people do? And—fancy!—what have you to brag of, that you are so slow to see my good qualities?"

"I have nothing to brag of," said the cock. "I strive to do

my duty as a cock and a barn-door fowl. I take care of my family ; I scratch for my hen, and when I find a good fat worm, I do not eat it myself, but give it to her for the chicks. I am a good husband, and a good father, and that is the principal thing I crow about."

"Can you sing," said the peacock, "as well as I can? I think I have heard your song, which is so loud and noisy, that it wakes people out of their beds, in a morning. And the servants of the hall hate you, and some day will wring your neck, depend upon it."

"Then I shall die in a good cause. It has been given to me to rise early, and to crow loud, that others may rise early and go to their work. Then some of them, that is, some of the farm servants, go and get you a handful of corn, for you are a fine bird and don't care to scratch for yourself. If they did not get up to give you the corn, you would go without your breakfast."

"But what of that? Nobody likes you ; this I am sure of. Else why are you stuck upon a pole as you often are, or upon the top of a steeple, just to show which way the wind blows?"

"And a very good thing to know, which way the wind blows in this stormy world. It sometimes blows you over, owing to that splendid tail of yours. And as to my being a 'weather-cock,' my service to you. And when you hear me crow early in the morning, look out for the fox, and be upon the watch, for watchfulness is equal to beauty any time, and a sharp beak is as good as a fine tail :—

So cock-a-doodle-do,  
I am as good a bird as you."





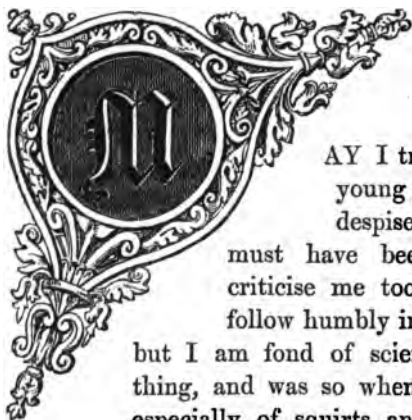
## AMUSEMENTS OF SCIENCE.

BY

PETER PARLEY THE YOUNGER,

SON OF THE EDITOR.

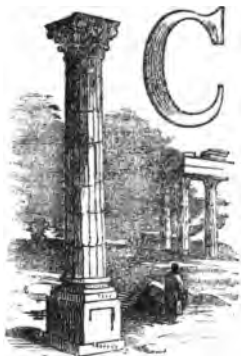
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AY I try my hand? I am but a young stager you will say—don't despise me for my youth, for all must have been young once. Don't criticise me too harshly, I only wish to follow humbly in the steps set before me; but I am fond of science and all that sort of thing, and was so when I was a very little boy, especially of squirts and pop-guns, my juvenile hydraulics and pneumatics. I was fond also of a shadow glass when I was at school, and often have I, shame to me,

flickered its shadows over my good magister's spectacles. That was my optics—as to my mechanics—bird traps, and I am ashamed to own it, for how had little birds ever harmed me? Acoustics, aye, you should have heard me blow my horn, that would have given you an idea of that science you would have never forgotten. And my chemistry, oh the fun I have had in making dangerous compounds of detonating silver into crackers; and did not I electrify the bell-handle, and knock the postman almost to the other end of the street? But I am glad to say my practical jokes are now at an end, and I will try and make up for it by affording my young readers a little scientific information after my own style. Nothing is more interesting than science when it is not put in repulsive form by hard words. Nature does not talk in hard words; her speech is plain and simple, and easy to be understood; and almost every part of science may be illustrated by the days of our infancy or childhood. A slight knowledge of scientific matters, always possesses the tendency to act as a warning against hastily drawn conclusions without careful examination; it makes a boy reason, and deduce conclusions from well-established data; and that one may be just, it is essentially necessary that we do this, and we are told that “the path of the just is as a shining light.” My late master at school was a just man, and was fond of giving to the boys writing exercises from Ps. cxix. 121; Prov. xxi. 15; Ezek. xviii. 8, 9; and several other portions of the Bible—and he told us that Aristides was designated the Just, and thus we were favourably inducted into our first lessons in science; and the following may be taken as some of the results of the pleasing tasks I grappled with, and shall first proceed to say—

## SOMETHING ABOUT MATTER AND MOTION.



AN you tell me "What is matter?" you may truthfully answer, everything you see, hear, taste, feel, or smell, is matter. The winds, the waters, the trees, the stones, the earth, houses, men, women, children, birds, beasts, fishes, insects, worms, all are matter.

All matters possess certain properties, such as solidity or weight, length, breadth, thickness, some are brittle, some elastic, some are hard, some are soft. India-rubber is elastic, so is a steel sword or spring. Some kinds of matter are transparent, as glass; others opaque, such as wood and stone.

There is another property of bodies which is called inertia, which is the tendency they have to continue in the same state into which they are put, whether of rest or motion, unless prevented by some external cause. Let a small card be placed upon one of the fingers of the left hand, and over the card and immediately above the finger, a small piece of money.



If then a smart fillip be given to the card by the fore or middle finger of the right hand, the card will pass from underneath the money, which will be left on the finger.

In the same way if a thin, smooth piece of wood be laid over two wine glasses, and immediately over the glasses two pieces of money, then upon giving one of the ends a smart blow in a lateral direction, the slip of wood will pass from under the pieces of money, which will accordingly fall into the glasses.



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#### THE POKER'S BATTERING RAM.

Place two chairs near to each other, and place a stick from the back of one to the other; from the stick suspend by a string a poker, and move it backwards and forwards against any object. This will give an idea of a battering ram or a ram steamer, and show with what ease a vast weight may be moved with great velocity and certain damage.

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#### MOTION.

What is motion? Whence comes it? These are two very simple questions. When we throw a stone up into the air, the stone is said to have motion in it. Whence comes it? from the hand; and how does the power that gives the stone motion come into the hand? because we will it; whence comes the will? from the mind; whence comes the mind? from God; so all motion comes from the Cause of causes.

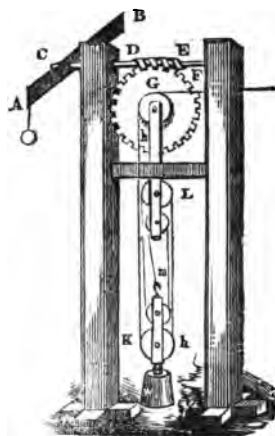
You cannot understand this I dare say, but you may get some notion of motion which you had not before, and if you were to study mechanics you would learn the laws of motion, which may be quick as the electric telegraph, slow as a

circumlocation society It may be straight or curved, and by means of machinery one kind of motion may be transferred into another.

#### THE MECHANICAL POWERS.

All machines are composed of what are called the five mechanical powers; namely, the lever, the wedge, the inclined plane, the pulley, and the screw.

These mechanical powers combined and applied form machines, and are employed to measure time, to raise weights, to move ships and carriages, to weave with, and to spin with, in short, to do every kind of labour. The mechanical powers although stated to be six, are to be reduced to two; the three are assemblages of levers, and three but inclined planes.



Let the reader point out from the diagram at the head of the page the different mechanical powers as they are there combined, which will be an amusing exercise.

There are a great many experiments which might be found with regard to the subjects of matter and motion.

#### LEVERAGE.

If a stick be put between the bars of a chair, and two boys lay hold, one at each end of the stick; if the chair be suspended from the middle of the stick, they endure equal weight, but if it be shifted nearer to one than the other, the one to whom it is nearest feels the greater weight and the

other feels less, the one having the advantage of a long lever and the other of a short one. Two men carrying a weight on a pole, may so arrange it that one may carry a greater proportion of the weight according to his strength.

#### STOPPING A RUNNING WATER.

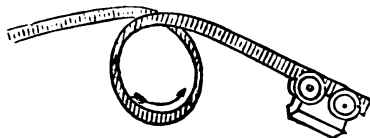


ET a boy take in his hand a glass of water, and should he, on running along, suddenly stop, he will feel it quite impossible to keep the water from flying out of the glass. This experiment will impress on the mind the fact, that a body in motion has a *tendency to continue that motion*, and indeed would go

for ever, but for the earth's attraction. If a glass of water be placed on the table and a boy lay hold of it, and suddenly snatch it away, the water will fly out of it on the table, because matter being at rest has a tendency to continue so.

#### TO MAKE A CARRIAGE RUN BOTTOM UPWARDS WITHOUT FALLING.

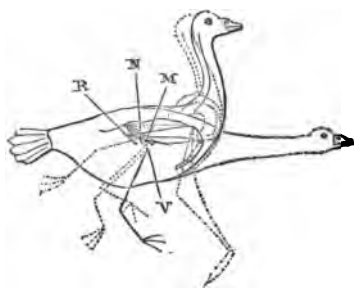
It is a well-known fact that if a tumbler of water be placed within a broad wooden hoop, the whole may be whirled round without the glass falling, owing to the *centrifugal* force. On the



same principle if a small carriage be placed on an iron rail, it will ascend the curve, become inverted, and descend without falling. A new London line, called the centrifugal railway, with a carriage sufficiently large to hold two persons, was once exhibited, by which any one might perform, if he liked the experiment, part of his journey with his head downwards.

#### THE MECHANICAL GOOSE.

When a body alters its form it changes at the same time the position of its centre of gravity. In the figure the line



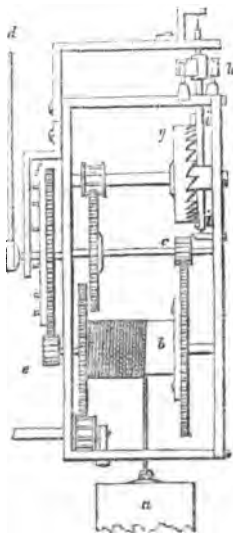
drawn from B, directs the eye to the position of the centre of gravity when the bird is *standing*, being then immediately above its foot. When he *swims*, the only alteration in his position is the elevation of his legs, accompanied by a corresponding elevation of his

centre of gravity, whose position is now shown by the line from N. When he walks, his head is thrown a little forward, and his legs are alternately raised, but not so much as in swimming. When he flies, his neck is thrown forward and depressed, his centre of gravity advances and sinks, as seen in the drawing.

## MECHANICAL ENGINES, CLOCKS, AND WATCHES.



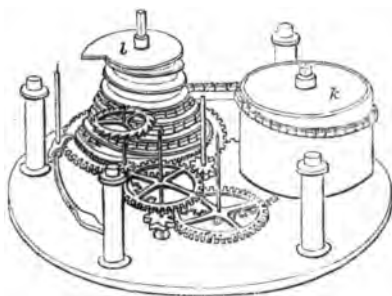
It is well for every boy to understand something about clock-work or watch-work, for most boys are wonderfully proud of a watch, although they frequently know nothing about the principle of its construction. Here is the figure showing the construction of a clock. The maintaining power, or weight *a*, is seen suspended beneath, it acts on the barrel *b*, to which is attached a large wheel. The bulk of the barrel wheel gives motion to the pinion *c*, which carries the minute hand *d*. A small nut at *e* gives motion to the hour wheel *f*. Having thus obtained the division of minutes and hours, the next step is to regulate the motion of the train of wheels and pinions. This is effected by the escapement, which consists, in the present case, of the wheel *g*, and the balance *h*. The pulleys *i i* are intended to take alternately the teeth of the wheel in which they act. This produces the ticking sound so well known. The balance *h*, with its weights continually oscillates backwards and forwards, and by its slow regular motion gives uniformity to the operations of the wheel-work of the clock.





## A PORTABLE CLOCK.

A portable clock is here shown, which is similar to the action of a watch. In this machine a bent spring is substituted for the weight. The spring is coiled in the barrel *k*, and the chain being wound round the fuzee, gives motion to

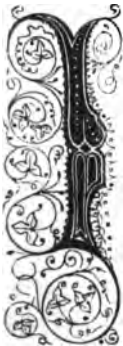


the train as in the former case. The fuzee is tapered from the bottom upwards. This is intended to equalize the power of the spring, which when wound quite up, pulls with greater force. When the coils are so tightened, the rest of the machinery is similar to that of the former diagram.

In 1676 a London clock-maker named Barlow invented the repeating mechanism, by which the hour last struck may be known by pulling a string; but the most important invention of this period, was the Anchor escapement, the inventor being Dr. Hooke. In our next volume we purpose introducing a long and most interesting chapter upon clocks and watches, with many pictures.



## SOMETHING ABOUT ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.



It is ascertained that besides the better known attractive force, there is also a sphere of repulsion, that extends to a small distance round bodies, and prevents them from coming into actual contact with each other, except some force be exerted to overcome this repulsion. Accordingly, bodies which appear to touch each other, are not in actual contact, and it requires some force to bring them together, and then the attraction of cohesion takes place.

If two pieces of lead with flat surfaces be scraped clean with a knife, and squeezed together, they will adhere so firmly that they can scarcely be separated. The same takes place with plates of glass or marble, which have been wetted with water. The force required to separate bodies which cohere after the attraction of repulsion has been overcome, is very great.

## HOW TO WEIGH THE EARTH, SUN, MOON, AND PLANETS.



EARLY everybody knows that the world can be measured. We have the diameter and circumference and the square contents of it in books of geography. But how shall we *weigh it*? It would require a large pair of scales you say,—aye, and some pretty big weights too; but before I tell you about the way the world was weighed, you must make up your mind to pay great attention to what I say, for certain things can only

be explained by the use of *scientific* language, and although this need not be *abstruse*, it must be *exact*, and expressed in a manner suitable to the subject.

You must first know, then, that all bodies have a mutual attraction for each other, just as iron has for a magnet, although this attraction is not so easily seen; but if we suspend from a line a leaden weight by the perpendicular side of a mountain, it will be seen that the line will be *deflected*, that is, drawn out of its straight or perpendicular course, and that the weight will be drawn towards the mountain; by the attraction which the large bulk of it has on the small ball of lead. On the sides of Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes, by observations made with great difficulty, it was found that

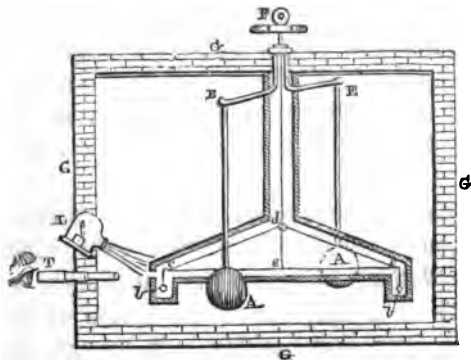
this mountain attracted the plumb line seven or eight seconds from the perpendicular, and observations made upon several other mountains, proved that this attraction varied according to the size of the mountain.

These experiments enable us to compute the mean density of the earth, for by observing of what material the mountain is composed, and measuring its bulk, we are enabled to tell from comparison what is the actual quantity of the material matter of the earth. Knowing, therefore, the quantity of matter in the earth, and knowing also from astronomical admeasurements its bulk or volume, we can tell its mean density, which, by other experiments, has been found to be about four times that of water.

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#### EXPERIMENT OF CAVENDISH.

Cavendish was a great natural philosopher and experimenter, and determined to weigh the world as in a balance, and this



he did by means of the contrivance I shall now explain. In this contrivance, A A are two balls of lead, weighing about

three hundredweight each, fixed on the extremities of a lever, and capable of being put in motion round an axis above; *b b* are two smaller balls, suspended by slender silver wires from the extremities of a rod *c*, which meet at *d*, and are carried upwards, where, by a delicate arrangement, it is suspended in such a way as to be susceptible of motion by the least conceivable force, which it communicates to the rod and its suspended balls.

The whole of this last arrangement was suspended on a case marked by the shaded line, that the motion of the balls might be preserved from the impulses of the air, while all the machinery was enclosed in a room of brick-work, G G G G, without door or window, and into which was no other aperture but the one at T, where a telescope, lighted by a lamp above, was fixed into the brickwork, by which the extremity of the rod might be seen.

The lever or arm which carried the balls A A were turned by a lever above the chamber at E, and when this arm was thus turned, its position was, of necessity, made to cross that of the light rod *e e*, carrying the small balls *b b*, and the greater balls were thus placed in such a position that their attraction upon the lesser balls, should both conspire to turn the rod *c c*, to which motion of the rod no other force would oppose itself than the feeble resistance to torsion of the wire *c c*.

The attraction of the *greater* upon the *smaller* balls was sufficient to cause a deflection of the rod *d e*, which, *after a number of oscillations on either side*, at length took up a position nearly in a line, giving the centre of the greater balls, deviating from that position only by the amount due to the torsion of the wire *c c*. The line of the oscillation

before the rod eventually rests, being a measure of the attraction of the balls, and sufficient to determine it.

Determining, therefore, the attractions of the greater balls upon the less, Cavendish compared it with the attraction of the earth upon these lesser balls; and thus he was enabled to compare the mass of the earth with the mass of those greater balls, and knowing the *size* of the earth and the size of the balls, he thence obtained a comparison between the densities of the two, that is, between the densities of the earth, and the densities of the lead. He thus found the density of the earth to be 5.48 or about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times heavier than water. The apparatus of Cavendish is therefore *a scale in which the earth, sun, moon, and planets may be weighed*.

Mr. Baily, the well-known astronomer, weighed the earth upon another principle, but with the same results, showing most clearly that the world had within itself about 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000 tons of matter. A railway train going at the rate of 25 miles in the hour would require just six weeks and four hours to go round it; and now we dismiss the subject with the recommendation that our young readers will read some interesting works relating to "our planet."



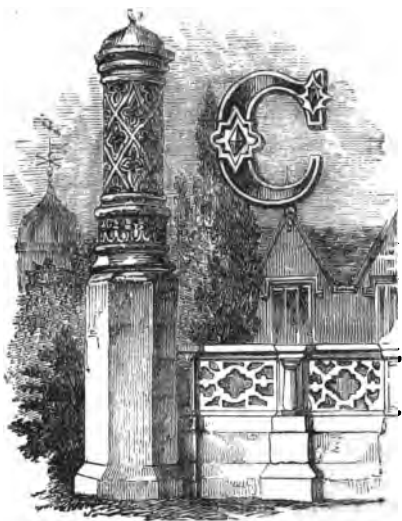


## A BOY'S "LITTLE-GO" AT OXFORD;

OR,

HOW TO TAKE A DEGREE.

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COME let us take a stroll to Oxford—for who does not love his "Alma Mater?" who does not love his second mother—the mother not of his physical but of his intellectual being? who does not like to look back upon those scenes of adolescence when the boy merges from the callow down of his youth into the featherhood of manhood, and ventures upon the incipient "crow" when some

degree is won by the struggle and contention of some noble compeers; he avoids *plucking* by means of sheer *pluck* and honest endeavour; and what an incentive is it to chicks just

out of the egg to take a prospective view of the noble halls and colleges to which perhaps some day they may resort, as to a nest of felicity. For there can be no doubt that much of happiness is to be found under the eyes of Magdalen and Merton, or on the banks of the Cherwell or Isis; for it was here that our great Alfred resided with his three sons, the



CLIFTON HAMPTON CHURCH AND FERRY.

nobility of whose youth and their youthful sports are evermore in remembrance. With Oxford in prospect, therefore, and with a desire of learning, as wings to our speed, when the down on our chins hardly exceeded the down upon a fair peach, we set off to Oxford.

It is some few years ago—the way had just began to be one of iron—the old coaches had ceased to run, and the railway had crazed the old coachmen—poor old dears! it was a sad blow to them. Their teaming was done, for the world was teeming with rails not to be set aside. With the old coaches also went away to a great extent, the coaching system of the



would-be-graduates, and a vast quantity of learned lumber.



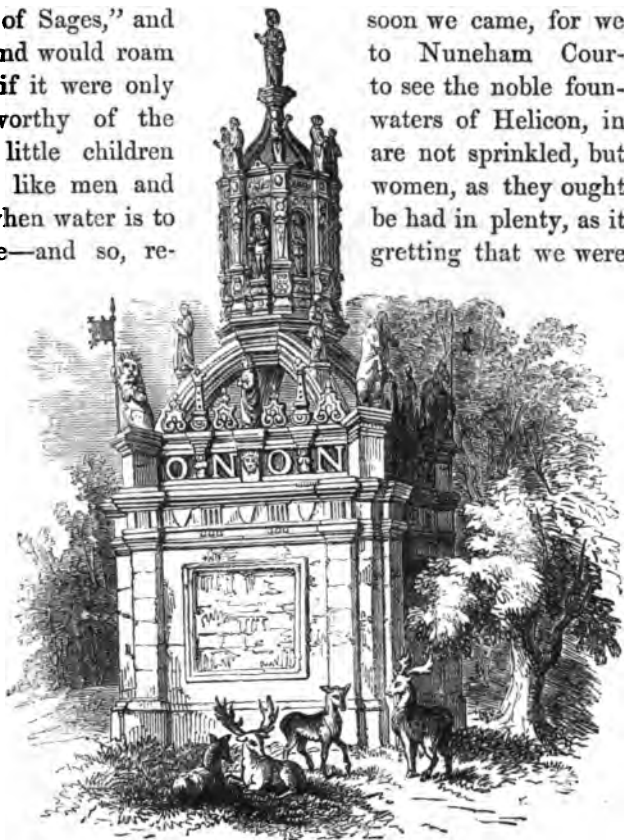
One of the most celebrated old "coaches," — or coachmen, if you will have it, was Dr. Reginald Crauford, long remembered, and not even now forgotten. There is learning in his looks, and dignity in the very wig of Dr. Crauford.

Things had just begun to be substituted for words, and the real for the ideal, and legitimate, everyday, ever useful, knowledge was being substituted for what Bacon called the idols of the mind, although Homer, and Horace, and Virgil, and Herodotus still handled the whip.

Well, it was in our boyhood that we went to Oxford—not to matriculate, for we hardly knew then what was our destiny, but we were old enough to know that it was something to say that we had been to Oxford—and so on a fine September morning we found ourselves, after a short nap, on the way through a country full of sylvan and pastoral beauty, and diversified by "wood and water," hedge-rows and coppices, or shaded by gardens with pastoral glebes and

undulating hills, upon one of which stood Clifton Church, from the tower of which we obtained the first view of the "City of Sages," and could and would roam tenay, if it were only tain, worthy of the which little children dipped, like men and to be when water is to is here—and so, re-

soon we came, for we to Nuneham Cour- to see the noble foun- waters of Helicon, in are not sprinkled, but women, as they ought be had in plenty, as it gretting that we were



CARFAX CONDUIT.

not dipped in that fair pool, we at last came to—

“That fair citie wherein make abode  
So many learned impes that shoote abroad,  
And with their branches spread all Brittany.”

This city of learning is situated on a gentle eminence in a rich valley between the rivers Cherwell and Isis, and is surrounded by highly cultivated scenery, and from their neighbouring heights it presents a very imposing appearance, from the number and variety of its spires, domes, and other public edifices, while these structures, from their magnitude and



splendid architecture, gave it, on a nearer approach, an air of great magnificence.

The High-street has a very cosy look, and extends westward, under different names, the whole length of the city, and is justly considered one of the finest in England, from its length,

breadth, and the number of its noble buildings, and many of its colleges here shew their noble fronts. One of the first is Christ Church, whose grand front is, however, in Aldate-street. Over its principal gateway is a magnificent tower, containing the "stunning" bell, called the Great Tom of Oxford, which weighs upwards of 17,000 lbs., and is more than seven feet in diameter,

and nearly six feet high, and whose tongue weighs 342 lbs., and tells when it is eight o'clock every night.

Queen's College is a noble college which fronts in the High-street, and its library is a large and noble apartment. The book cases are delicately covered, and the books, the outsides of which are more frequently seen than the insides, comprehend a good collection. Among other curious things in this room, is a much approved portrait of Fuller, the painter, taken when in a state of intoxication—so much the worse one would think; and another portrait, supposed to be that of a member of this college, who killed a wild boar in Shotover Forest, and upon whose exploits was written—

“ He was full well most skilled,  
And destiny fore-willed,  
And so the boar he killed,  
Which then no further swilled.”

We soon came to the cathedral, whose exterior is by no means equal to that of some of our other cathedrals, but its interior is handsome.

One of the noblest institutions in Oxford is Magdalen College. It was founded by William of Waynflete, in 1458. Magdalen College is bound by its statutes to entertain the Kings of England and their sons, when at Oxford. The tower, which is sure to attract notice, is said to have been designed by Cardinal Wolsey, who is supposed to have been Bursar at the time, and who is represented to have referred all his greatness to his residence here.

Brazen-nose College received its name from the circumstance of its standing on the ground formerly occupied by Brazen-nose Hall, which had a large brass knocker on the gate, in the shape of a nose. In the centre of the large quadrangle

is a cast generally called Cain and Abel, though supposed by some to be Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. The hall is a fine room, containing portraits of the founder, King Alfred, and others. Over the door, towards the quadrangle, are two very ancient busts of Alfred and John Scotus, said to have been discovered when the workmen were digging the foundations.

Wadham College is entered by a handsome gateway, with



BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

a tower rising above it. A hall and chapel are on the eastern side, in the centre of which, and forming an entrance to the hall, is a portico, enriched by the statue of King James I. in his robes, with the royal arms over it; that of Nicholas Wadham in his armour, holding on his right hand the model of the

College, and on the left is a figure of Dorothy his wife. Between Wadham and his lady, is placed a tablet with a Latin inscription, recording the date of the foundation.

New College is also interesting to the would-be student, It was founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor, in the reign of Edward III., one



of the most illustrious characters of the age in which he lived. All Souls College was founded in the year 1437, by Henry Chichely, who prevailed upon King Henry VI. to assume the title of founder, and his statue with that of Chichely are over the gateway. The library of this Col-

lege was founded by Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," but it owes its books to the munificence of Colonel Codrington, who left ten thousand pounds in its aid besides.

Pembroke College is celebrated for being the place from which Dr. Johnson obtained his degree. He entered as a commoner in 1728. His apartment is that upon the second floor of the gateway. Jesus College is entered by a handsome gateway.

It contains in its library many printed books and MSS. of great value; among the latter are those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, also a fine one called the Red Book, written in the fourteenth century. This curious MS. contains many ancient histories, poems, tales, &c., all in the Welsh language. Among other curiosities is shown a metal watch, presented by Charles I., also one of Queen Elizabeth's enormous stirrups, and a silver gilt bowl containing ten gallons—I suppose a *stirrup cup*, the gift of Sir Watkin W. Wyan, in 1729. The ladle which accompanies this *capacious* bowl weighs thirteen ounces and a half, and will hold a pint. In the library is a good portrait of the virgin Queen.



FREWEN HALL, OXFORD.

One of the most interesting of the Colleges is Frewen Hall, for it is here that our Prince of Wales took up his residence when pursuing his university studies, and he pursued them

with avidity and with great credit to himself, pointing out the way to others, and affording to the meanest in the land the lesson that neither riches, greatness, nor power can exempt any one from the labours of learning. All, from the very highest to the very lowest, if they mean to take up a proper position on the stage of life, must do it through education, and those who wilfully neglect these studies and run wild after pleasure and excitement, must assuredly come to nought by their naughtiness.

There is a vast deal more in Oxford to excite the youthful mind—the University Museum and the Radcliffe Library,



VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

the former of which contains a rare collection of objects connected with the natural sciences, antiquities, &c. Then there is the Bodleian or University library, also the Arundel marbles, and the Pomfret statues. The Arundel marbles



were collected in Asia, and presented by the Duke of Norfolk in 1677. The Pomfret statues were presented by the Countess of Pomfret in 1755.

The University Museum is well worthy a visit from our juveniles. It consists of a library, a show room or hall,



lecture rooms, work rooms, and other rooms for the benefit and use of the professors and others. Here we have an excellent geological and botanical collection. Dr. Acland in speaking of this museum observes: "Our object is first to give the learner a general view of the planet on which

he lives, of its constituent parts, and of the relation which it occupies as a world among worlds; and secondly to enable him to study in the most complete scientific manner, and for any purpose, any detached portion which his powers qualify him to grasp."

This is a sensible idea. We cannot, however, quite forget the time—not very long ago—when the idea of education was to cram the mind with Greek and Latin—with words, words, words, instead of things. But that time is happily gone

by. Ancient learning, classical lore, now take their proper place by the side of scientific and philosophical study. We no longer read only the Greek and Latin historians, poets, and

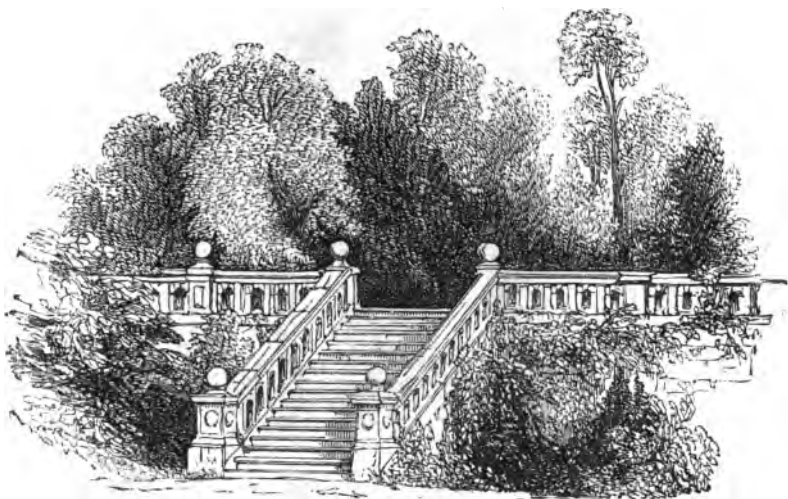


STATUE OF BACON, CONTRIBUTED BY THE QUEEN TO THE OXFORD MUSEUM.

philosophers, but we study at our universities the great English classic Shakspeare, who, mightier than all, exhibits

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human nature in every phase of life, for our study and contemplation. It is well for us that we can now send a young man to our universities with a certainty that his brains will not be addled by the dead and rotten logic of the schools, but that his mind will be enlightened by the living language of the surrounding universe. And we cannot do otherwise than wish that every one, who by his exertions can obtain the means, may "go down" to one or the other of our Universities in the hope of his "coming up" with those honours which can now only be won by untiring effort and assiduity; and we trust our brief sketch of our alma mater will be in some way an incentive to every boy in every school in the kingdom, for, as Lord Bacon says, "knowledge is power."





## PETS AND PETTERS.

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MOST children love something to make a pet of. We have pet rabbits, pet squirrels, pet birds, pet guinea pigs, pet dogs, and pet donkeys. Indeed, I once heard of a little boy who had a pet snake, and of another who had a pet toad; and of one who had a pet oyster, which used to follow him about like a dog, but I do not believe this.

But I do believe that many a boy, and girl too, have pets. They are very fond of them at first, and very kind to them so long as their fancy lasts, but they soon get tired of them, and then the poor things get neglected and die.

I remember that when I was a boy, which is half a century ago, that my first pet was a rabbit. It was a beauty. I think they called it a "double smut;" it had ears big enough for a donkey, and they over-flapped or flapped over his eyes so much, that he hardly ever had a sight of the sun. Well, I petted him, built him a hutch, and used to go out every morning to fetch him clover, and dandelion, and sowthistle,

and I fed him to such an extent that at last he grew what is called "pot bellied," and so he died. He was killed by over-kindness.



GROUP OF PETS.

After this I had a pet jackdaw, and I saved up my money to buy him a cage, but he did not like the cage, and so his wings were cut, and he was allowed to run about the garden,

and a very funny companion he was; he would come at my call, eat from my hand, and ride on my shoulder, and what was best of all, he learned to talk, but his tongue had to be cut for this. He could say a good many words, and got at last quite talkative; but one day as I was with him in the garden, he fancied he could fly, for the wings I had cut grew again, and so off he flew high up into the church steeple, crying, Caw, caw, caw! I went up the steeple, but when I reached the top, away he flew to a wood more than a mile off, and I never saw him more.

After this I had a squirrel, and with him a "round-about" cage, which he used to turn quite merrily. His was an "everlasting round" of pleasure and amusement, and I made a calculation that he travelled seven or eight miles a day, and never stirred from the spot. Ah, how he used to look up at the trees and chatter; and often did he spring against the bars of his prison trying to get out, but he could not; then he sulked—enough to make him—and then he would not eat. I fed him, that is, I crammed his cage full of nuts and other nice things, but he did not care to touch them. Then he sat and moped, till one morning when I went to look at him he was stretched dead at the bottom of his wiry den.

I could say a good deal more about pets, but all I will say now is, that should any little boy or girl have a pet, I hope they will not neglect it. They should remember that although they may like their pets, their pets are not very likely to like them any more than prisoners do their jailers. They may please themselves with their pets, but they do not please the pets themselves, or they would not pine as they do for freedom, and try all they can to get out of their prison-houses.



## SICK CHILDREN.



—●—

WE know that the days of childhood are, for the most part, "happy days." We go back to them in our minds when we grow old, and wish we could have them over again. For then it was that our

hearts were all sunshine, and our tears, if now and then they fell, were like April showers—short, and mingled with rainbows. Then what a joy it was to run and jump and halloo, and leap over stiles and gates and ditches; or if we [belong to that sex—the girls—what a delight it was to us who may now be thought old ladies, to make daisy chains in the meadows, and to roll in the hay, and to work our samplers—yes, we go back to the days of samplers—the cross row four times repeated—the cherry trees at the corners, and the birds intermixed and intertwined in some formal uniformity, very pleasing to the eye, while, at the same time, some noted text informed us that—"Like the bud of the rose that was red, our good works would bloom when we were dead," ended by a peacock in full plumage as a tail-piece, with the

immortal inscription,—Amelia Loveplay, aged nine years and six months, April 1, 1810.

Yes, these are some of the bright deeds of boys and girls at an early age—but it so happens that although youth is the age of enjoyment it is not always so, there are sick children as well as healthy ones. With them all is changed, they can no longer run and skip about like kids or lambs. Their voices, that used to make the air ring with pleasant music, are hushed and low, and if their words rise much above a whisper, they give utterance to pain. It is then that we love them more tenderly than before, and pet them in all their whims and fancies, often to their detriment: and oh how we pray for them, and beg of God to spare them to us, although we know that those whom heaven loves die young.

What mother has not felt all this, and how much more? It is to this maternal love that our beloved Queen yields herself. She, the mother of a large family, whom she has brought up with rare success, by means of the most sensible and judicious training—not only feels for her own children, but for those of the meanest of her subjects. Peter Parley often saw her Majesty when a child, and only three years of age. He saw her when, a woman grown, she went to receive that crown which gives her rule over a kingdom on which the sun never sets. He has seen her also at reviews, at public festivals, and in those scenes where human grandeur is at its highest point. But she never looks so beautiful, never so full of real glory as when she is seen administering at the household hearth of poverty, or distributing to sick children books, toys, and pictures to make them happy; and so it is that little children love Queen Victoria, for they feel that she knows the love of Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”





## THE LED-AWAY;

OR,

BAD COMPANIONS AND THE CONSEQUENCES.



HERE are tares among the wheat, there are wolves among the sheep, there are hawks among the wood pigeons; there is, in short, evil among the good in all places, and have been in all ages.

But nothing is more terrible than bad boys among good boys. The good may and do learn from the bad; but the bad very rarely take example from the good, and thus it is that when once a youth falls into bad company, his case is almost hopeless.

Eustace Hardcastle was an only son, and the son, too, of a widowed mother. How fondly he was loved by her need not be said, for the love of mothers can neither be gauged nor measured, much less described. She cherished him fondly, and he would often sit at her knees, and, with apparent docility, listen to her admonitions. He was her heart's love, her life of life—"the ocean into which ran the river of her thoughts." She only seemed to live for him.

How often is it that a mother's love—so pure, so disinter-



EUSTACE LISTENING TO THE ADMONITIONS OF HIS MOTHER.

ested, so forbearing—is rejected and even scorned by some ungrateful son, who, in his wicked selfishness, never for a moment thinks of the many sacrifices which a mother has made for him; and who looks upon all her cares, anxieties, and sacrifices, as mere womanly weakness, and in spite of them, is determined to run a career of wickedness and folly!

Such was Eustace Hardcastle: he had been wayward, tetchy, disobedient, and wilful in his childhood. He was now in that worst of all, or most dangerous of all periods of life, which is that period between boyhood and manhood—the age of hobbe-de-hoyism—when the judgment is weak, and the passions are strong, and when the youth thinks he knows everything, but knows nothing.

Eustace considered himself a young gentleman. He was born to a good estate, which no one could take from him, and which he was to come into when twenty-one years old: he was now sixteen. “Youth,” said he, “is the time for sport.” So he was slow at his books, and fast at his pastimes. When a child he was over done by playthings, he never had a wish ungratified, nor an imagined want unsupplied. Now, approaching manhood, he had horses and fowling-pieccs, and was anxious for shooting matches, and steeple-chases, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and even wished to be a hero of the turf.

In vain did his mother remonstrate with him, as she observed the development of these evil tendencies. He laughed her advice to scorn, and turned from her proffered love to a band of young profligates about the same age as himself. To him, their mad pranks were far more agreeable than the sober delights of home; with them he engaged in those queer tricks which are sometimes thought to be essential to a young lad’s being thought a boy of spirit. Some even

go so far as to say that the "wild oats" sown at this season of life, are likely to turn into profitable grain as life advances. This is a great fallacy, depend upon it.

Eustace took up with a "set," and a bad set they were. There was the squire's son, and about half-a-dozen others, all, like himself, bent on mischief. They smoked, and they drank, and they stayed out of nights, and wasted their days. Their whole thoughts were for idleness and pleasure, and as the love of pleasure and idleness is the "jossing block" of those who love to ride on a donkey, these young men took the ride of folly in a very perfect manner.

Not keeping to legitimate shooting, they took to poaching, and at last mixed themselves up with some of the most dangerous characters. One night they were out in the wood, when one of the poachers proposed that as birds were scarce and their funds were low, that they should break into the mansion of an old English knight, close to the spot at which they were. The idea was readily seized upon by the party; but just as they were making their way towards the portico of the mansion, they were suddenly set upon by an armed party. Blows fell heavy and fast. The young men were sadly belaboured. Eustace, who came better off than his companions, on finding they were likely to get worsted, in a moment of savage rage, levelled his gun and shot one of their assailants down on the spot. The others fled, leaving the wounded man in the hands of the youths.

Here possibly a murder was committed, and what to do was a difficulty; they dragged the body of the shot man from the place where he fell, and threw it into a gravel pit not far off, and each went home as quickly as he could. Eustace reached his home about twelve o'clock; the house was shut up, and the servants in bed. He saw,

however, one solitary light. It was in his mother's chamber,



THE AFFRAY.

for she was watching for him. He threw some pebbles at her casement. She opened it, and her tears fell upon him as he looked up towards her. She hastened to let him in, and when she did so, found him covered with blood.

Her first thought was that her son had been shot, perhaps mortally wounded, but having wiped away the blood, and finding no marks of injury, she began to return thanks to God for his preservation; but all at once, Eustace, with a wild shout and an expression of horror and anguish gleaming from his eyes, at the same time being struck with fearful spasms, he cried out, "Mother, I am a murderer," and fell senseless on the floor.

It was not long before the sad assertion seemed to be confirmed, for loud knocks were heard at the outer door. Then there was a noise of voices, then a surly voice cried loudly, "Bring out the murderer," and then the mother's heart died within her, and she sunk on the body of her son.

The door was now opened by the domestics, and the officers of justice, who were among the mob, seized Eustace and handcuffed him. When his mother arose from her swoon, her first look was on her manacled son. She shuddered again with horror, and fell into another fit. She was taken to her bed, while Eustace, strongly guarded, was dragged away like a felon to the common prison, charged with the murder of one Joseph Payne, the gardener to Sir Ralph Conyers.

When the mother came to herself, and found that her son had been hurried off to the common prison, and that he was charged with the dreadful crime of murder, for a time her grief knew no bounds; but at last with a strong effort, she summoned up all her resolution, and determined to do a mother's part, whatever difficulties might lie in the way of

her duty. It was yet very early in the morning—the day had scarcely dawned—she walked calmly forth into the fresh air, which seemed to revive her, and the twitter of the early birds seemed to speak of hope. She hastened to some cottages not far off, and aroused the inmates, with one of them, a labourer, she made her way towards the spot where the affray had taken place, after some searching, they found the body of the man who had been shot, he was lying in the gravel pit into which he had been thrown. He was not dead—he breathed—he spoke. Her son was not a murderer.

The wretched man was quickly taken to the labourer's cottage, and ere the sun had risen far above the horizon, he was completely restored to a state of consciousness. His wound was dressed—a severe one in the shoulder—and in a few hours after he was enabled to walk.

The examination of Eustace before the magistrate now took place. The wretched lad was pale and careworn, and dreadfully overcome with the position in which he was now placed. In the middle of the examination, the mother rushed into the justice room, she was followed by the wounded man, whose presence certified that no murder was committed, and after a lengthened hearing, instead of being again consigned to a dungeon, he was set at liberty on bail, and returned to his home.

Then it was that his mother exerted all the powers of her heart and mind to bring her profligate son to a state of repentance, and God blessed her efforts. He fell at her knees, and made a solemn promise that the danger he had escaped, should be a lesson to him through life. As his repentance was sincere, so was her forgiveness full and complete.

“But my forgiveness is as nothing,” said the still anxious

mother, "you have committed a great offence against God,



EUSTACE'S REPENTANCE.



both in your long disobedience to my commands, and to that



THE RECONCILIATION.

law which forbids violence. You have reconciliation to make with your Heavenly Father : come with me to his sanctuary, and there renew the vows you have made to me. You may be assured that those who fly to Him shall in no wise be cast out. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; and the holiest offering is a renewed heart."

So she took him by the arm, and led him across the garden to his rooms, which were in a wing of the mansion ; the next day being the day of rest and peace, she brought him to the house of God. There he heard those truths preached, such as are fit for the offending and the repentant. From that hour the youth became a child of God, and as one of the children of God he pursued his earthly career, looking upon that sad event of his early life as one of those blessings in disguise, which are often afforded us for our ultimate and eternal good.\*

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.  
But health consists with *temperance* alone;  
And peace, O Virtue ; peace is all thy own."

\* The four beautiful pictures in this tale are from one of the many good books issued by Mr. Partridge.



**SUSAN AUSTEL,**  
**THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.**  
**A SEA STORY OF A BABY.**

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THE sunbeams tremble and the purple light  
Hangs o'er the growling ocean. In her caves  
And wizard rocks, and sea-bound fortresses,  
Where sleep the haggard spirits of the storm,  
Lie demon hearts, and nature's holding wild  
The spring of the fierce tiger.—DAVY.



HE above lines apply to the wild, inhospitable coast of Cornwall, which is, as everyone knows, washed on three sides by the roaring ocean, whose fury has been spent upon its granite rocks for ages, and has worn them into hollows, caves, creeks, and bays, at the same time that it has broken them into rocks, which lie out seawards beneath the waves, and upon which many a fine ship has been shivered to pieces and all

hands lost. In winter time, particularly in the months of November and December, the storms from the south-west display their greatest fury, and the sea rises into mountains, and dashing upon the far spread granite, causes such a commotion of spray and foam as to appal the stoutest hearts.



CORNWALL—SOUTH-WEST COAST.

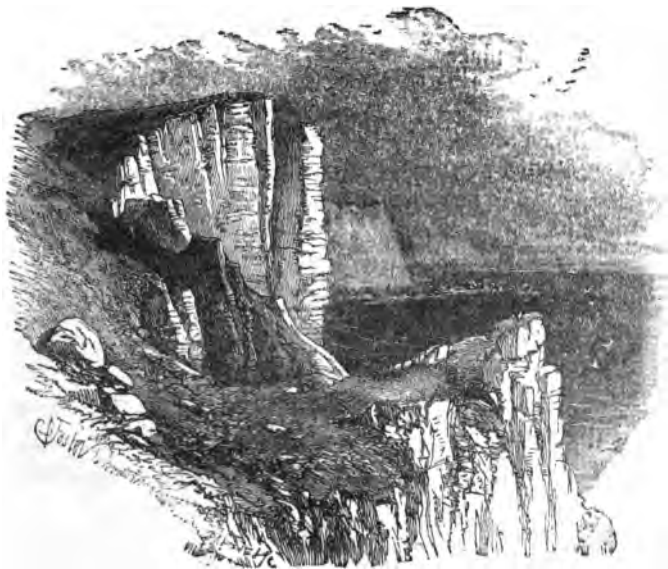
There are, however, on the coast of Cornwall, or there were some years ago, hearts that neither the terrors of the sea nor sky could appal, and what is worse than the terrors of the sea and sky, the voice of conscience. For the fishermen whose huts studded the rocky shores of this county were quite dead to the voice of nature pleading within them. They were fishermen by profession, and in calm weather pursued their avocation with minds as calm and tranquil as the waters over which their little barks glided, but when the storm came on and the sea rose, and the wind blustered, then these

men, hitherto so meek and quiet, suddenly became changed into tigers or sea wolves, and leaving their fishing they would hurry up to the top of the high cliffs overlooking the sea, and strain their eyes over the yeasty deep in search of some labouring bark drifting shorewards, or some more ill-fated craft bumping and straining among the rocks in the distance. Should such a misfortune occur, these fishermen would rejoice, and instead of launching their boats with the view of affording succour to the distressed, they would stand and look on with a fiendish pleasure till the ship should break up, and then with the fury of vultures, they would pounce upon their prey and commence their work of plunder.

Nor was human life considered of the least consequence to the wreckers; indeed, they considered it an unlucky thing to save a drowning man, and it was considered also a breach of faith for any one to spare man, woman, child, cat, or dog of a ship, which, as they said, Providence had delivered into their hands, and many a poor skipper or seaman has been knocked on the head and thrown overboard, upon the maxim that dead men tell no tales, and that without the smallest hesitation or compunction of conscience, so utterly obdurate and hardened had these fishermen become.

It was on a dark November night in the year 1805, that a heavy south-west gale set in to blow. It blew all night with the most fearful ferocity. The sea rose into mountains, and dashing against the rocks between the Land's End and St. Levan, threw its spray above these lofty heads with a hiss and a roar, like that of wild beasts and angry serpents combined. Between these projecting points of land is a small cave or bay, called "Routh Cove;" it consists of a little fishermen's village of about twenty huts and a few gear houses perched on little rocks at various heights above the sea, and at

irregular distances dotted about among the rocks like the nests of wild sea-birds, while below them lay in sheltered



ROCK SCENERY, NEAR PENZANCE.

spots, their fishing boats ready to be launched into deep water whenever the state of the tide or weather permitted.

One of these sea-nests was inhabited by an old fisherman named Richard Austel, a one-eyed weather-beaten man. He had been bred to the sea, having entered as a powder-monkey on board a man-of-war sixty years before. He was in the engagement off the Doggerbank, between Parker and the Dutch in 1781, and with Rodney when he took the *Compte de Grasse*, and his last battle was when he was under the flag of Earl Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794. Here he lost his eye, and otherwise got terribly maimed, retiring to the port

of St. Ives, but being of a daring, as well as of a covetous disposition, he determined to try his luck as a wrecker, and joined a desperate set of people who had gathered themselves together at the place I have described.



THE LIZARD.

I should have mentioned that while this old seaman was at St. Ives, he took to a young girl, an orphan, who had been left destitute by a brother of his who had been drowned while fishing among the Scilly Islands. She was about nine years of age when she went to live with him, and he employed her as a drudge in his cottage at St. Ives, making her perform every menial service for him, and rewarding her generally with blows whenever she forgot to do as he ordered her, or did not do it in the way he thought she should, for he had a strong will and was of a tyrannical mind, desirous of having.

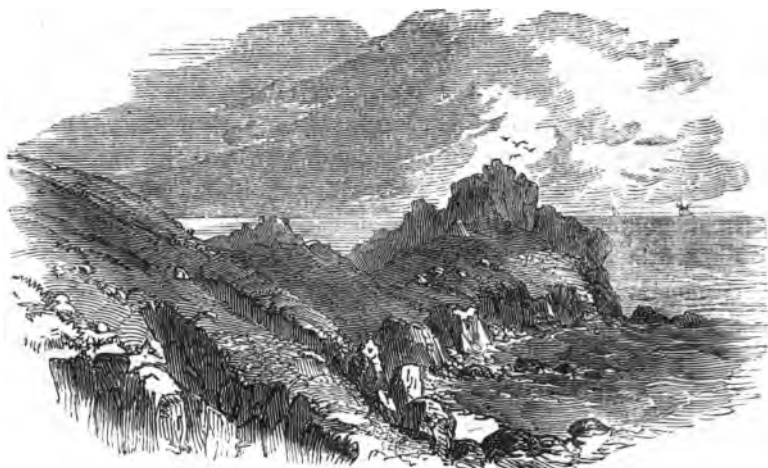
everything his own way. She, poor child, was born at the moment of her mother's death, and hardly knew a parent's care, for her father was a drunkard and cared for nothing but drink. While the poor girl lived at St. Ives, she had a little sympathy from her neighbours, and contrived when her uncle was away to go to a small school, at which she received the rudiments of education; but when she removed with him to the dreary spot called the Wrecker's Home, she found but one or two persons of her own sex, and none who could sympathize with her; in fact, those by whom she was surrounded appeared to have no hearts at all, but were brutal in the highest degree; indeed, they endeavoured to harden their own hearts, to resist all heavenly impulses, and to despise that light within the soul which ever beams through the darkness that surrounds it.

The Wrecker's Home, as has been already described, consisted of a number of cottages set in the crannies of the rocks. Those who inhabited them consisted of, in the whole, eighteen families. Fathers, with one, two, or three sons, or one or two brothers living together, were found in some of the cabins, for cottages they could scarcely be called, while in others were lodged three or four rough desperate fellows linked together. There were only three of these cabins that contained the female form, and the only women among the whole community were an old crone who went by the name of Jenny, and a raw-boned, big, austere, grey-eyed woman, the wife of one of the most desperate of the wreckers, who went by the name of "Black Bill." The other female was Susan Austel.

Susan's uncle had stuck himself in a cleft of the rock some way from the other wreckers, called St. Gurnard's, in a small wooden tenement made of wreck timber, just above the reach of the highest spring tides, and which could barely be



discerned from a distance. It consisted of two rooms, one above and one below, the latter having the bare granite for a floor. It was pitched within and without, and contained nothing more than a fireplace, a bench, and a stool or two to



GURNARD'S HEAD.

sit upon, and a berth for a bed above and below. It had a commanding view of the ocean, and for the convenience of looking farther to the east and north than the situation would allow, old Austel had cut rude steps in the rock to its top above his head, from which he could take a more extended look-out, for a wrecker must be high above all like the eagle, watching with eye intent and outstretched neck for his prey; and often in the coldest winter nights, when the wind roared fearfully around the granite peaks, and made the old Logan-stone rock like a cradle, would the old man command his niece with a voice of thunder to go to the mast-head, as he

called it, and look out for squalls, and to see if there was any luck in the wind's eye; and she would come down after an hour's intent watching, cold and famished, and without a bit of fire, or a kind word to cheer her in her distress.



NEAR THE LOGAN STONE.

Well, it was on one of the darkest nights in November that the wind began to blow, and a furious gale it was that set in from the south-west, and blew all night without a lull, and blew harder and harder in the morning. The sea-gulls were flapping their wings above and below, and wildly screaming. The voice of the winds and of the sea were so loud, that the men could not hear each other speak without bawling out, but all was excitement and activity. Susan and her uncle were both on the look-out at the top of the rocks, as were

some of the men forming the community, while others were getting ready their boats below to be launched at a moment's notice through the boiling surge.

The storm raged on; the sea's swollen cheek seem blanched with rage, and quivered with its passion foam. The telescopes were stretched over the boundless tumult of waters, but all was blank and desolate; at last a struggling sail appeared about four miles from the shore; it was a large barque which had come up the Channel. She had lost her top-mast, and carried away her jibboom, and was with her sails in tatters, drifting before the fury of the gale. Old Austel looked at her intently through his glass. "She is a West Indiaman," he exclaimed. "Signal of distress out; aye, she has nothing to do but run for it, but the wind is on her starboard-quarter, and she may heel in upon the 'jugglers;' all ready, my boys, make all ready."

So saying, the old man, with a vigour far beyond his years, and with the agility of a goat, leaped from rock to rock, to the beach below. Not, indeed, to launch his boat for the relief of the unfortunate ship, but to be ready should any disaster befall her, to despoil her of everything that the sea might leave; there had been a large buoy on the "jugglers," but as soon as the weather portended a storm brewing, this safety buoy had been set adrift by "Black Bill," so that any ship might be wrecked upon these fatal rocks. There was no coast-guard in those days, or such an act of barbarity would have been impossible.

The wreckers were now all busy on the beach below getting their boats ready. But the state of the sea was such that it would have been impossible to have launched them had they have wished to do so. This was not their wish. Their desire was that the ill-fated vessel should strike on the

fatal rocks, and for the sea to sweep the decks clear of the living, that they might fall upon their spoil as a God-send of the sea. So there stood the whole of the wreckers by twos and threes, beside their boats, or singly above on the clefts or steps of the rocks, watching intently. "She is nearing the



THE "ENDEAVOUR" IN A STORM.

rocks," said old Austel. "A ship laden with sugar," said Black Will, "but I am afraid her cargo will be more likely to sweeten the sea than to do any good for us." "Tut, tut," said the old man, "she has got something on board sweeter than sugar. I see she is a mail packet, as well as a trader, and has lots of gear on board, watches, and money, and clothes, and passengers' effects. She'll be a good haul, depend on it."

it, if she does not go down in deep water, which she is like to do, for, I see," he continued, looking at the labouring vessel through his glass, "that her starboard quarter is swept away, and the sea has made cleared her decks of everything. The waves are going over her like race-horses." "There are but few persons on board," said Tom Bowles, a fierce-looking fellow; "that will save us some trouble at all events." This he said with an air of the greatest coolness, as if he was talking upon some ordinary affair of life, while his meaning was that they would have few murders to commit; for it was a common thing for these bad men to murder all they met with on board a wreck; for as they said, and as has been repeated, they considered it unlucky to save a shipwrecked man.

The ship was by this time fast drifting towards the rock. The wreckers could discern that the captain or steerer was lashed to the helm; that one man was lashed to the weather shrouds; and that there was a small cluster of persons close under the bowsprit, but over whom the sea, after sweeping the denuded deck, broke with remorseless fury. Still the ship drifted onward, and at last she came with her broadside full upon the rocky ledge. The moment she struck, the sea flew over her like the waters of a stupendous fountain, high up above her masts into the air, falling upon her in a sheet of foam. Presently, her remaining masts snapped and went by the board as she laboured on the rock, then she heeled over and presenting her keel to the sea the waves rolled over her more smoothly. The tide was on the turn and had begun to ebb, but as the waters went down the breakers became more furious. The day began to decline, and as the day declined the storm began to abate, and just as the sun sunk red on the sea horizon, the ocean itself put on a look of pity and grew calm.

When the wreckers saw the ship strike, and observed her on her beam ends, they turned towards each other with a fiendish delight. "She is safe till the morning flood," said old Austel, for he was the leader of the band; "we may as well turn in till daybreak. I don't think she will break up during the ebb, and as the storm is abating we had better lay by a bit, for we are likely to have some rough work in the morning." So after a little further parley the wreckers divided and went to their cabins. Not so, however, with Black Will, for he, instead of going to his bed, waited till he thought the rest of his comrades were fairly asleep, and then he crept up to the door of Austel's cabin.

Old Austel had peremptorily ordered Susan to bed, and she had already retired to her little upper room; but when she began to think of the poor creatures who were on that unhappy wreck, her eyes refused to close. Often did a prayer arise from her heart towards God, for the safety of those on board, and while her thoughts were heavenward directed she heard the footsteps of Black Will. He tapped at the door and the old man let him in.

As soon as Black Will entered the cabin he sat down on the settle, and charging his pipe with great *sang froid*, said, as he squeezed in the tobacco with his finger,—“I can't make out that there are more than half-a-dozen on board,” he said, “and by the morning tide I don't think they will have much fight in them. Do you?”

“Not a bit,” said the old man, “and if they had I think I have got something here will soon make short work of it,” and here he pulled a terrible looking double-bladed knife from his bosom. “It won't do to do as we did to that American brig. I was too chicken-hearted then. And a precious reward I got for it—six months in jail. I'll take good care

that I never spare another life as long as I live. Nobody would spare me."

"No," returned Black Bill, "and if you want to swing at the top of that jail you are speaking of, you had only need be chicken-hearted ; some of our mates have not got over that yet, and that is what I come to talk to you about, for if we let them do as they like there will be a bother, and somebody will get ashore and inform against us, and make out that we have been plundering the ship, just as they did when we boarded that vessel from the straits. Ah ! there was a haul enough there to have made every man jack of us a nabob. But old Tom Fisher made a mess of it, for letting the mate swim ashore. And so some of us got into limbo, and we lost the best part of our cargo."

"Don't you be afraid of me," replied the old man ; "my hand has been in a good many times, and if you stand by me we can make a sure settlement of those on board before our mates know much about it ; but it won't do to leave it to them ; we must contrive to get our boat in first, and then it's easy to step up to do the needful. So mind you get our boat launched first, and you, and I, and Jack Kertch, and young Bob can pull straight to the wreck and settle things before the other boats come up. So now you had better go down and get a snooze while I do the same, and as soon as the tide begins to flow we will be aboard. The moon, or a bit of it, rises about four o'clock, and then we shall be off the stocks and under weigh."

Susan, from her little room above, listened to the fearful conversation, from which she gathered the murderous character of her uncle, and of the wretch Black Will, whom she could never look upon without a shudder. "Oh," said she to herself, as her eyes overflowed with tears, "Oh, that I should

have for my uncle a murderer. What shall I do? what shall I do?" she reiterated to herself, wringing her hands as she sat up on her little couch. "Oh, that I could save these poor creatures from their sad fate. Oh, that I could get to them and afford them relief; but that is impossible. What can I do? what can I do? I can only pray for them." And then, the poor girl put up a prayer to the Father of all mercies simple, but eloquent indeed. And she continued to pray and pray till overpowered by nature she fell fast asleep.







## CHAPTER II.

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A babe ! an innocent babe,  
Who would not save it ? Who would not  
Dare the worst dangers, brave the elements,  
Set storm and sea, and worse than storm or sea,  
The wicked spirits of bad men at nought,  
To save an innocent babe ?—SOUTHERN.



tide was slowly ebbing as the innocent and the guilty lay in the arms of sleep. The sleep of the guilty they say is troubled and perplexed, while that of innocence is sweet and tranquil. This is a mistake. The murderous wretches, one and all, notwithstanding a terrible work was before them, slept like tops, while the tender-hearted maiden, who was an angel of goodness, had her repose broken

by dreams of fearful agony. Several times she leaped up in her sleep, crying, "Spare him, spare him!" Then she seemed to be wrestling with some one, and then again her imploring accents broke forth. Her whole form quivered; her face was bathed with perspiration; and in a paroxysm of fear she leaped out of bed and rushed to the door of her confined chamber, as if in dread of some one pursuing her. A severe blow on the temple from a projecting beam brought her to her senses, and



"THE STORM HAD ABATED."

she in some degree rejoiced to find herself in her own little apartment. She threw off her drowsiness in an instant, and looked out of her casement, which commanded a full view of the ocean. She soon discovered that the storm had abated, that the sea had gone down, and that the moon was rising in the horizon, pale, and sad, and melancholy. It cast, as it rose, its lengthened beam on the waters, and while the maiden

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looked upon the scene with painful emotion, she observed that the moon's face was darkened by some strange streaks, which barred it across. She looked again, and soon discovered the cause of the curious appearance. The moon had risen just behind the wreck of the unfortunate vessel, whose broken hull and splintered masts stood in full relief before the moon's disc. As she continued to gaze upon this strange spectacle she



“THE MOON HAD RISEN.”

thought she could behold something moving among the rigging of the wreck. Her eyes were strained more and more towards the object, and again she thought she saw the forms of human beings moving on the vessel. There seemed to be four or five persons moving slowly and cautiously, now pitch-

ing and now falling forward as from exhaustion. One form in particular excited her attention; it seemed to be that of a woman, clasping something to her bosom. She saw a little arm put up. "My goodness," the poor girl exclaimed, "it is a baby!" At this moment, the moon slowly rising above the sea, the ship appeared but as a dim speck on the water, and she saw no more.

Presently she heard her uncle stirring, and saw him descend to the beach below. Black Will was already waiting for him, with the boat ready to launch; without saying much to each other, and what they did say was in a low tone of voice, the two wreckers, with Kertch and Bob, pushed their boat from the beach, and taking to their oars with great smartness and agility, were soon far away from the shore. In the mean time the other wreckers turned out from their berths. At last one of them made the discovery that Austel and Black Bill were off—then all was hurry-scurry and confusion. In their efforts to make haste they tumbled over each other, and lost time in their mutual recriminations, for these speedily led to a fight, and one of the wreckers struck down an opponent with a boat-hook, leaving him for dead on the beach, and pushed off with his mates without showing the least concern. After a little time the two boats were launched, but not before the first boat, manned by Austel and Black Bill, were at the lee of the wreck. They soon grappled on the main-chains, and rushed on board. There an awful spectacle presented itself: the whole of the deck was swept clear of its bulwarks, hatchways, and companion-heads. The stumps of the three masts were alone standing, with the exception of the socket of the bowsprit and the windlass abaft it. One poor fellow had managed to lash himself to this, and was at the extremity of death. He cast an imploring look upon Black

Bill as he came towards him. Bill saw that he was alive; but taking out his knife, he cut away the lashings with which the poor fellow had endeavoured to secure himself from the fury of the billows, and without saying another word, tossed him into the sea. Austel at the same time had found a poor little cabin boy coiled up in a kind of hole under the bowsprit. He was alone, and crept out of the place in which he had stowed himself away; but the moment the wicked old man saw him coming to him he threw him overboard. There was a dead man lying in the water of the hold, among the floating cargo, several dead people in the cabin; but what was more affecting than any part of the spectacle which presented itself was the corpse of a lady wedged in between the shank of the cathead and the forecastle, with a living baby at her breast. Old Austel came to it. He saw the mother was dead and the baby was alive. It moved its arms towards him. "Heave it overboard with its mother," cried Black Will, brutally. "No, no; leave it where it is," returned Austel, "that has never done anybody any harm; and it can tell no tales." "You had better take it home for a plaything to Sally," returned Will. "No; leave it where it is; let it take its chance; when the tide comes in again it will soon be all over with it; let it bide; let it bide. We needn't do murder for nothing; our mates can do what they like with it when they come." So saying the two ruffians made their way over the wreck in search of plunder. They went down into the cabin, and took everything of value they could find from the dead bodies of the drowned persons whom they found there, and they had begun to load their boat when the other boats arrived. After a burst of fury against Austel and his comrade for getting ahead of them, the whole party fell to work at plunder, and the ship was ransacked, and valuable was the booty:

coin, wearing apparel, the ship's instruments, rum, sugar, and spices. One of the men belonging to the other boats called the attention of his mate to the baby, which still showed signs of life, but he with an oath declared he would have nothing to do with a baby. There were too many babies in the world already. But none seemed inclined to knock it on the head, or to throw it overboard. There was in those hard-hearted men one slight spark of conscience left. They could not kill an innocent babe, although they had not humanity enough to save it. So the babe was left to its fate on its dead mother's breast, and the plunderers, having filled their boats to their gunwales, made quickly for the shore ere the day began to dawn.



MERLIN'S CAVE.—THE WRECKER'S HAUNT.



### CHAPTER III.

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USAN had from her chamber kept her eyes upon the stranded barque as it lay in the dim and sickly moonlight, but without being able to distinguish anything beyond the going and returning of the boats, which appeared little more than black specks upon the water. At last her uncle's boat grated on the flinty beach, and presently, before the other two boats could reach the shore, Austel and Black Will, having laden themselves with the lighter portions of their plunder, and leaving the other two fellows in the boat, made for the cabin. Susan descended the ladder which served for a staircase, and was quickly in the lower apartment, when she was rudely greeted by the old man, and told to get out of the way, as she was not wanted. "Off to bed, again," said he, "what business have you to be awake

when you ought to go to sleep? Budge, hussey!" and observing that she did not fly at his bidding, he dealt her a severe blow with his thick, hard hand, Black Will crying out, "Give it to the wench; you don't give it her half hard enough," larding what he said with fearful oaths. The poor girl made her way up stairs as quickly as she could; but, excited by curiosity to know who was on board the wreck, and what deeds had been performed there, she laid herself down close beside the aperture into which the ladder staircase was fitted, and listened.

At first she saw her uncle take from his Guernsey frock a handful of trinkets and other glittering articles, then three or four watches, afterwards some silver plate. With these wrapped up in their handkerchiefs, were other chinking articles, which she could not see. These, with still further additions, were bound up in a piece of old canvas, tied round with rope yarn, and the bundle so made was conveyed into a secret cut in the rock beneath her uncle's sleeping-place. When all was secured, the old man brought out a brandy-flask, and both pulling out their pipes, each took a copious draught of the fiery liquor, and began to converse.

Their talk was principally as to what they should do if the vessel held together after the flowing and ebbing of the next tide, and of what further valuables the ship might contain. Also of the best method of tricking their companions, the other wreckers, so that the lion's share of the plunder should fall to themselves. As the liquor began to excite and stupefy them, they spoke more freely, and alluded to the dark deeds they had performed on board the wreck, and especially of the poor little helpless babe they had left behind.

"I would not have left that babe," said the old man, "if it had not been for you. I'd have brought it home here, and



Susan should have brought it up. Do you think it would have lived?"

"Not it!" replied the other, "The mother was dead as a herring, and although it moved its arms a little, it was as good as dead."

"It was quite warm, though," urged Austel, "quite warm, and I don't think the mother was dead many minutes before we got on board, and she was warm too."

"Ay, well, it is dead enough now, and a good job; a pretty thing for you to hamper yourself with a baby. If you really want a baby, I'll undertake to go and steal you one, any market day, at Jew Marizon. There's plenty of mothers there would be glad to get rid of them." And then the human savage took a long and deep swig at the brandy flask. "But come," said he, making a drunken stride to the door, "if we don't be off, our mates will think we are after no good." "Right," said the old man, and immediately the twain descended the steps that led to the beach, and got to their own boat just as their companions were hauling their boats ashore.

The listening girl was overpowered with horror when she heard these details of the cruel and murderous conduct of her uncle and Black Will. From that moment, she felt afraid to behold either of their faces, or to consort with them in their doings, and she resolved to take the first opportunity of running off. But what affected her most, was the situation of the poor babe which had been left so barbarously upon the wreck. "Perhaps," as she said, "at this moment alive, and endeavouring to draw sustenance from the breast of its dead mother." And here the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed loudly. At last her sobbings grew less, and her tears dried up, and she became calm. She cast her eyes over

the dark waters of the sea ; the day was beginning to dawn in the east, and the ship again lay, as she had laid, in the moonbeams, with the first rosy streak of the morning behind her, showing her in dark relief. She thought she could discern the dead mother and the living babe. "I will save that babe," she said to herself—"I will save that babe, or I will die to save it ; God give me strength," she continued, and fell on her knees in prayer beside the casement, still keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the ship.

At last a sudden thought seized her. She would herself go to the ship and bring off the child. But how was this to be accomplished ? Daring devotion and duty make things appear easy which are difficult of accomplishment, and render danger invisible. The heroic girl knew that she could row a boat as well as any of the sailors, and she recollected that a small boat, called a dingy, and sometimes a walnut shell, lay a little below the spot at which the plunder from the wreck was unlading, and while she was reflecting upon the best way of putting her project into execution, she heard a tumult among the wreckers. The crews of the two last boats which had reached the wreck had commenced upbraiding old Austel and Black Will for breach of faith in starting before them. They also accused them of robbing them of their plunder, and as all had more or less by this time partaken of the brandy bottle, they fell-to fighting. "Now is the time," thought Susan, and in the grey twilight which had not yet quite broken, she clambered over some of the rocks above the fighting men, and got down on the other side, where the dingy lay. In a few minutes she had got it to the water's edge, but, alas, there were no oars. She hunted about for some time, but found none. She then recollected there were a pair of small oars behind the shed of her own cabin, and so she

retraced her steps to procure them. While she was doing this she heard the report of a pistol, and a still louder uproar upon the beach. Not waiting to inquire, she took advantage of the confusion, and speedily found her way, with the oars on her shoulder, to the dingy.

She succeeded in pushing the boat into the sea, although up to the shoulders in water, and the waves breaking over her. But she was soon in the boat and plying her oars. She did not, however, row directly for the wreck, as such a course would have betrayed her to the wreckers, but she rowed close in shore (meeting the tide which was then coming in from the westward) for more than a mile, and then struck directly into the open channel towards the ship, round which the breakers had, owing to the rising tide, begun to throw their spray and foam.

I said the wreck was about four miles from the shore. It was a good pull, but by the course the girl had taken the tide helped her; in less than an hour the ship was neared. But by this time the waters were nearly level with her deck, and the waves were rolling over her stern and dashing against her broad side fearfully. The difficulty was great in boarding the vessel, but at last the heroic girl accomplished it. She looked into the cabin and forecastle, and saw the bodies of the dead knocking against each other at the bidding of the flowing waters, but no mother and no child; at last her eye rested on what appeared a bundle of rags at the forepart of the ship, close to the bowsprit. She hastily pulled away the covering, and there indeed lay one in the arms of death, and in the arms of death's twin sister, sleep, nestled the wretched babe. The girl with difficulty lifted it from the cramped and death-stiffened arms that held it. She pressed it to her loving bosom. She feared that it was dead, for it was cold as stone.

She kissed it again and again, and hugged it closer and closer. She then got into the boat, cast off the rope that held it to the ship, and, sitting herself down, she bound the poor child close to her bosom with a thick shawl she wore, and again took to the oars.

Away she rowed with the tide, not having made up her mind at first what course she should take. The tide was setting in towards St. Levan, and she was glad of it, for it took her away from the cruel wretches she abhorred. She rowed away with all her strength, and as the heat of her body increased, so did that of the body of the little innocent she bore. At last, she felt the child move its little leg, give a convulsive shock—the babe was alive.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the intense emotions produced by this proof that the babe was not dead. The girl suspended her labours for a few minutes. She undid her shawl, and looked at the babe. Its eyes were opened, and it looked in her face with smiles, and put one of its little arms round her neck. The poor girl burst into tears, and sobbed aloud for joy.

After the first feelings of delight had exhausted themselves, Susan began to think of what she should give the baby. She had nothing to support it, and she might be many hours before she could reach Penzance, or even Levan, which was the port of her destination; but looking around, she observed a piece of hard biscuit lying among the spare thaws, on a little locker at the stern of the boat. "That will do for baby," she cried with joy, and moistening some of it with her mouth, she contrived to feed the child.

While the young maiden was thus doing the part of a ministering angel, the wretches on shore had been enacting a tragedy of devils. The report of the pistol which she had

heard before she started, was that of one aimed against her uncle's life, who was laid low by a shot that pierced his breast, by the wretch Black Will, who, notwithstanding that he was his companion in the early plunder of the ship, took occasion, during the contention that was going on, to send a bullet through the old man, that he might lay hold of the secreted property which they had jointly stowed away. But all at once, one of the wreckers having directed his glass towards the wreck, to see what progress the tide was making above her timbers, saw Susan's boat. All were now called to direct their glasses to the spot. "Some one is on board taking our plunder," said one. "Let's go and massacre them," said others; while Black Will, with a dreadful oath, said "that he would be the death of any one that went near the ship;" and, arming himself with a cutlass, leaped into Austel's boat, and being quickly followed by several of the more daring and most drunken of the wreckers, the boat ripped through the waters with the velocity of a sword-fish.

They soon got near enough to descry with astonishment, that the little boat they saw now leaving the wreck, was their own dingy, and that the person who was rowing it was Austel's grand-daughter. "She, too," cried Black Will, "has been plundering the dead men of their watches, and the women of their trinkets, and see, she is off with them in the direction of Levan,—pull away, boys, or the tide will take her through the 'furrows,' before we can come up, and we shall have to go round the 'Breadlings,' and, may be, lose her altogether."

Susan's attention had been so taken up by her devotion to the poor babe, that she had not once so much as looked towards the shore. The day had now thoroughly broke, and the sun, in a thick mist however, was rising above the horizon; at last, she saw that a boat was coming along at the





SUSAN AUSTEL.  
THE GALLANT RESCUE.







SUSAN APSTEL.

THE GALLANT RESCUE.

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full speed of four stoutly manned oars, and she could see that Black Bill sat in the stern-sheets steering. Now, indeed, did her heart sink within her. The babe would be thrown into the sea. She thought nothing of her own fate, but of that of the child; and so she put the strength of four women into one, and pulled away with all her might in the direction of Levan.

While, however, she was at the very height of her speed, the wind and the tide both helping her upon her course, all on a sudden the boat received a heavy blow from beneath, and rose up high upon the waves; immediately another blow followed, and then a third, which nearly capsized the small craft and threw her and the baby forwards. She, however, kept firm hold of the oars, and as the boat righted herself she was appalled at seeing a shoal of porpoises tumbling and rolling, both behind her and before her, and on either side. She was in the midst of the grand cavalcade, and how to get away from them she knew not. Black Bill saw the difficulty of her situation, and called out to his crew to pull away. Susan, to avoid the porpoises, pulled her boat across the tide shoreways, and redoubled her efforts, but alas, she soon found herself getting into shallow water. She had escaped the porpoises, but she had rowed herself into the vicinity of a small group of rocks, called the "Old Hen and Chickens," over which the sea broke in foam and sputter. But, nothing daunted, she endeavoured to push through them. With considerable dexterity she threaded her way through the first of the shoal; as she passed its centre, upon which the largest of the rocks was situated, and which was called the "Old Hen" by the sailors, the boat struck several times, but by dint of skill and energy, such as is only inspired by a race for one's life, the heroic girl paddled on; just, however, as she

had reached the extremity of the reef, the boat suddenly struck, and was in an instant wedged in by the rocks on either side. A loud shout was now heard from the boat in pursuit, which following on had just entered the reef. The distressed maiden now thought that her fate was certain, and in her agony of terror put up a prayer to Him who alone can save; at the same moment, her triumphant enemy heavily struck on some rocks in the middle part of the reef, over which the larger boat was not able to follow the smaller. Then she heard swearing and shouting, and the voices of the quarrelling men. Then she saw several jump out to get their boat off, but to no purpose, for a large hole had been stove in her bows and she was filling with water. Black Bill saw the danger of her situation. The men pulled off their jackets to stuff in the hole the rock had made, but all they could do was to move her a little from the spot on which she struck to another where she would not be quite so much beaten by the waves, hoping that as the tide still continued to rise, they might be able to get her off. Whether this was to be done or not, Black Bill was determined that his prey should not escape him, and soon took a pistol from his bosom. He was not more than two hundred yards from Susan and the babe, and exasperated by his unlucky disaster, and determined upon accomplishing the object of his wishes, the destruction of the girl, that she might be no witness to his abstraction of the concealed property under the floor of old Austel's cabin, he levelled his pistol, and with murderous brutality fired at the unhappy girl. The ball, however, whizzed by her without effect. Again the wretch loaded his pistol, and again discharged it without effect. By this time the tide having risen, Susan felt her boat righting on the waters, and very soon she was afloat again. The moment she felt she was free of the

ground, the girl once more laid heavily upon her oars, and with an increased effort of almost superhuman strength pulled the boat into deep water again. At this instant the vile scoundrel fired a third time at his defenceless victim. And now the ball came with a truer aim; it grazed the forehead of the girl, ripping up part of her eye-brow, which hung down over her eye, while a copious gush of blood for a few seconds impeded her sight. She tore off a piece of her garment, put her eye-brow into its proper place, and bound it tightly round her forehead. At this time the poor babe for the first time began to cry, and it cried loudly.

Black Bill continued to fire as fast as he could load his pistol, but before he had fired many shots the dingy was far out of shot-reach, and the brave girl rowed on without further molestation.

But now, alas, came another grief, the tide which had hitherto helped her onward begun to fail, it was high water, and in a very few minutes the ebb set in. It was hard work for a poor girl to have pulled for so many miles under the terrors she had to undergo, and her hands were full of blisters. She was soon sensible that the tide had set in against her, but she did not lose heart, but rather renewed her efforts. She knew that she was beyond the reach of pursuit, and the object of her care was alive, and the delightful reflection that she had saved the life of that innocent babe was a comfort and solace to her.

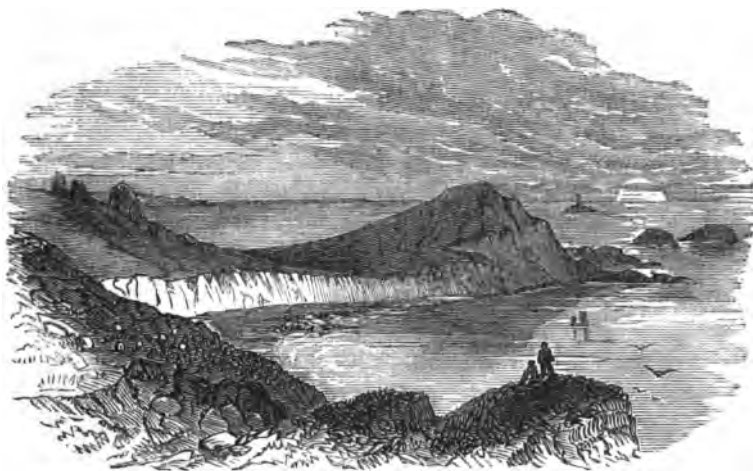
According to her own calculation she could not be more than ten miles from Penzance, the town which she desired to reach. She had an aunt living there, whom she had never seen but once, yet she determined if she could reach the place to find her out, and entreat shelter for herself and her baby. She rejoiced not more in her deliverance from Black Will, and

his companions, than in her escape from the clutches of her uncle Austel, and these and sundry other reflections, with hope sitting always at her helm, she urged forward with renewed vigour her little craft. She had to double a little jutting tongue of land before she could get fairly into Penzance Bay. She kept her eye every now and then upon the point, and used every effort to do so as quickly as she could, that she might get out of the strength of the tide which ran out very rapidly where she was. She pulled and pulled, and strained every muscle of her body, but to no purpose. The bluff headland seemed to stand in the same position to her the more she tried to get beyond it. Again and again she tried to put out more strength; it was in vain her heart beat rapidly, her arms refused to act, and her hands to grasp the oar. She was beaten dead, beaten in the struggle, and she burst into tears.

There was no hope for her; the tide was taking her rapidly backwards towards the Wrecker's Home, the scene of her greatest misery. She shuddered at the prospect before her, and rather than again have submitted to such a fate, would willingly have ended her sorrows by one frantic plunge into the briny deep. But she had now another life to care for as well as her own, and she calmly resigned herself to that Providence who had hitherto protected her. She knew that she was on a mission of love and mercy. That her path on that roaring deep was a righteous path, and she thought of One who once walked upon the waters, and thought she felt His spirit near to sustain and comfort her.

It was as she rounded Cape Cornwall, near St. Just that she sunk from sheer exhaustion into the bottom of the boat, and for a time became unconscious, while the frail bark drifted on at the mercy of the waves. How far she drifted,

or how long she lay in this state, she knew not, but she was suddenly aroused by a loud report which seemed to shake the atmosphere. She woke from her stupor and raised her head above the gunwale of the boat. To her astonishment she



NEAR CAPE CORNWALL.

beheld a revenue cutter bearing down upon her, which suddenly tacked, and then a boat with four men set off from the vessel, in a few seconds they were close to her. She was taken in tow by a grapple being thrown into the fore sheets of the dingy, and in a few minutes more was by the side of the "Osprey."

The sailors, gentle, and attentive, and delicate as they always are to women, very soon hoisted her on board. The chief officer of the cutter, after giving her some necessary restoratives, soon learned the history of her doings, and when he heard of the monster Black Will, immediately despatched

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a boat and six men well armed to bring him and his companions on board.

The officer of the "Osprey" could through his glass behold the situation of the wretches, who had been quite unable to leave the rocks on which they had struck. Their boat had been completely stove in, and after Susan had escaped from them speedily broke up. The tide had risen and swept two of the wreckers away, but Black Will and his mate had succeeded in keeping their heads above water till the tide had fallen. It was now half-ebb. The rocks were bare, and they awaited in terror the approach of the boat upon which they fixed their eyes with the greatest anxiety.

When the king's boat came close to the rock, the steersman told them to bear a hand, and to come on board. To this Black Will paid no further attention than to tell him, with an oath, that he would not, for on the other side of the rock a boatful of the wreckers were approaching, who having watched the course of his boat and the dingy's through their glasses, had put off some time before to his rescue. Just as the steersman spoke, the wreckers' boat, with six men in her, appeared between an opening of the rocks, they immediately rowed up to the spot on which their companions stood, and dared the man-o'-war's boat to touch one of them. The steersman called upon them in the king's name to surrender. To this one of them replied by levelling a pistol at him, saying they would only surrender with their lives. "Just as you like, you sea-devils," replied the steersman, and drawing his cutlass, he called upon his men to seize the rascals. The wreckers now fired into the attacking group. Not behind them in the use of their fire-arms, the men-o'-war's men used their pistols with deadly effect. They then rushed in a body upon the wreckers, a series of hand-to-hand combats took

place ; two of the wreckers were put *hors de combat*, Black Will was hewn down like an ox, and died in the midst of the most awful curses and execrations. Upon his fall the rest of the gang submitted, and were carried prisoners on board the "Osprey."

Little more need be said of the heroic maiden who performed this gallant exploit. She was taken to Penzance, her history soon got abroad, and she became an object of interest and admiration. A subscription was set on foot for her and the baby, and both found a comfortable asylum. She brought up the child as if it had been her own, and found a father for it in the person of an honourable master shipwright, who never had cause to regret the choice he had made in securing for himself a wife of so much heroism and worth.

The above tale, founded upon facts, is not without its moral lesson. We see in it a young creature whose lot was cast among the ferocious and the depraved, who by dint of her own energies, trust in Divine Providence, and prayer to Him in the hour of peril and of need, had a way made out for her through the dangers of the deep, in spite of the destroying wickedness of man. It has been well said, That God helps those who assist themselves, giving power and might to the bold and determined heart ; but it ought not to be forgotten that God is also near to help those who would help others ; and he is never more near to us than when we are in the performance of active duty, and ready to risk our lives for others. Let this truth, therefore, be present with us, so that it may inspirit us to noble Christian deeds, that we may be of the fold of that Good Shepherd who "gave his life for the sheep," leaving us an example "to follow his steps."





## GEOFFRY MUFFINCAP.

BEING A HISTORY OF HIS "MISSION," AND HOW HE GOT  
HIS CHRISTMAS PUDDING.



OME boys, I should say, all boys know what a muffin is. To look at it, none would think that it could ever have been the pattern of a cap, but it has, in years gone by. In the days of our forefathers, when learning was said to be better than house or land, numerous schools were founded, called "Grammar Schools." We see them in almost every town, sometimes near the church, sometimes near the market place, often with an imposing frontage, having the "effigy" of the founder of the school over the great door, and on either side, the effigies of a boy and of a girl. The former dressed in knee breeches, yellow stockings,

square broad shoes and buckles, and a coat of antique cut with broad flaps and waistbands; and lastly, on the top of that box, usually supposed to be the seat of knowledge, a muffin cap. As to the girl, she has thick shoes, ribbed-stockings, a white tippet, a serge frock, and a poke bonnet, all very becoming—for she looks prim, modest, and demure; three great glories in a girl—but to my story of Geoffry.

Well, he was in the Slap-and-go-whack grammar school, which stood close to our market place, one of some twenty boys, who were educated for nothing on condition of their wearing the aforesaid livery. Of these, Geoffry was one of the biggest: a tall, lanky, in-kneed, wrist-bared, square-shouldered, scrag-necked boy of fourteen, or thereabouts, who always looked hungry, as indeed he was, for his fast days exceeded his feast-days by many a score during the year. Geoffry was what, in greater schools, is called *Dux*, although he looked more like one of the family of geese. He was not a goose, however, for he had mastered the great scholastic sciences, the 3 Rs.: "Reading," "Riting," and "Rithmetic;" he was able to go through that very terrible chapter of hard names in Deuteronomy without a blunder. He had got as far as fractions, and knew to a nicety the exact quantity of two-thirds of three-fourths of a plum-pudding; and as for his caligraphy, now so-called—then, penmanship—text-hand, round-hand, and small-hand were his master-pieces. The fineness of his up-strokes, the straightness of his down-strokes, the elegant turning of his loops, and the super-numerary flourishes which he superadded, brought him a fame which many a boy might have envied.

But all this "learning" was of little use beside an empty cupboard, like that, so beautifully described in the well-known epic, Mother Hubbard. Geoffry's respected maternal

parent was a widow and a washerwoman, and Geoffry turned the mangle out of school hours; and when he was away, little Sally turned it; and when Sally was absent, then Patty stood on a three-legged stool to make her tall enough to work the big-handle, and she turned it. But alas, there was now no work for the washerwoman, for she had lost her families' washing, and, of course, none for the mangle; and what was worse than all, there was no money in the house, and no coals, and no victuals. And the widow and her little ones sat down on one of the dark days, just before Christmas Day, and wondered how they should come off for a Christmas pudding.

"Last year," said the poor woman, addressing Geoffry, "your poor dear father was alive, and we had no fear of a Christmas dinner then; and a nice dinner we had: there was a bit of the tops of the ribs of beef, and a large dish of carrots, and another of potatoes, and a pudding." And wasn't it a pudding," said Geoffry—"it was a pudding, a vast deal bigger than my head, and twice as soft, and full of plums." "And we shall never see such a pudding again," said his mother. "Shan't we have some nice pudding this year?" said little Patty. "No, my dear," said the mother; and Patty and Sally began to look serious; the young one screwed a tear out. "Oh yes, we shall," said Geoffry. "We shall have a pudding somehow or other. We never did go without a pudding, and we shan't this year. I shall put my trust in 'Providence,' as my old master tells me at school, and keep my powder dry."

Geoffry suddenly thought of a plan of his own. All the boys who are big enough must know what a "Christmas Piece" is, or was, for I have not myself seen one for many a day. It is a large sheet of paper, with pictures at the head and foot, and down each side, illustrative of some

important subject, such as the Life of Moses, or David, or Alexander, or Alfred the Great. The historic pictures are striking, the colouring superb—the reds running into the blues, and the green into the yellow, in a very striking manner exhibiting that freedom in colouring for which Rubens was so remarkable. Geoffry, and the other boys of the Grammar School, had been busy all the week with writing their pieces, and his was said to be the best. Its subject was the History of David, in which the same shepherd-boy was seen in one place killing the bear and lion with his staff, and in another, killing Goliath with the five smooth stones out of a brook, and in another, his anointing by Samuel. It was a fine subject, and Geoffry had done justice to it, in large text, in small text, and German text, and old English, and with eagle flourishes, and dove flourishes, and many flourishes without bodies, and with tail flourishes without heads, to infinite perfection. And the next day, when the churchwardens, and the master, and the beadle, and the bellman, the ale conner, and the other authorities of the parish, came to examine the school, the Christmas piece of Geoffry was declared to be super-excellent, and received the commendation of all present. But, alas, as empty praise is not anything to be compared with *solid pudding*, the “highly commended” compliment did not go very far towards getting the poor washer-woman and her starving family a Christmas dinner.

Geoffry, however, determined, in his own mind, that his Christmas piece should have a mission assigned it. “There is nothing like a mission,” said he to himself, “for when you have a mission, you do feel so large, and exactly as if you could do anything. Joe Smithers had a mission to gather mushrooms, and to make sixteen bottles of catsup, which he sold for a shilling a bottle, and bought himself a smock-frock

and a pair of highlows withal. And so I will have a mission, and my mission shall be to go in for a Christmas pudding."

So on the following day, he borrowed his best clothes from the schoolmaster,—for these were always kept in the sacred archives of the scholastic sanctuary,—and rigging himself out in his yellow stockings, green breeches, red waiscoat, blue coat, and square-toed shoes and buckles, and muffin-cap, he sallied forth, on the day before Christmas Day, with his Christmas-piece rolled up in a piece of white paper, looking like a marshal's truncheon, to present for inspection to those kind-hearted folks who were likely to have a proper appreciation of it, and have respect for the talent which had produced it, and who might be supposed also to have kind hearts and pockets to match.

The first person that Geoffry went to was Brisket, the butcher. Now it was a most remarkable coincident that this butcher's name was *David*, and when the boy unrolled the noble piece on which the magnanimous virtues of the sacred hero were so beautifully displayed, the butcher felt complimented. He was charmed. He admired the penmanship, patted Geoffry on the head, and asked him what he was going to have for his Christmas dinner, to which Geoffry replied with native simplicity, and an acuteness which did great credit to that part of his person which was partially covered by his muffin cap, "Whatever you please to give me, sir." Whereupon Mr. Brisket clapped his eye upon a brisket of beef lying on the block, and associating *David* with his Christian name and Brisket with his surname, he, in consequence of the double coincidence, handed over the aforesaid brisket of beef to Geoffry, who threw round it a clean pocket handkerchief, and was about to depart when the butcher called out

"Stop." So Geoffry stopped. "You had better have a bit of suet for your Christmas pudding," said he, and so he crammed a lump of suet beside the beef.

"That's a good beginning of my mission," said Geoffry. "There is the beef, and there is the suet. Thank God for that. But how about the pudding?" So he fumbled his fingers at the back of his head, as if he was trying to scratch up an idea out of the organ of destructiveness, when his eye caught the shop window of Mr. Grossigem, the grocer, in which plums and currants, and candied peel, and all sorts of sweets were piled up in gigantic pyramids, almost as large as those of Egypt, to make boys' eyes to wink and their mouths to water. There was no resisting it—the mission said "go." So with trembling footsteps Geoffry crossed the threshold of the grocer, presented his piece, and fired bang into the heart of the old man, who was a lover of caligraphy, and who sat behind his desk, writing "Laus Deo" in the first page of a new ledger. He looked at the document, then at Geoffry, then at the piece again. "Just what I did when I was a boy," and then he chuckled to himself, and then he undid the purse strings of his heart. "No," said he, "I will not give him money." So he went behind the counter and packed up five or six handfuls of plums and currants, and said, "Here, boy, take these home to your mother for a Christmas pudding." The old man then went to his desk again, and without saying another word finished writing the "Laus Deo," in fine Old English text, at the top of his new ledger.

Now, thought Geoffry, "my mission is turning out a very good thing. There is a chance in mother and all of us having a pudding; but plums and currants and candied peel are not all that are necessary for a pudding, there must be flour and

suet—well, I have got the suet, but how about the flour?” Just as he was determining within himself as to whether he had not better run home with what he had, he happened to come by the water-mill of the town. “Oh ! that is where they grind flour, and there stands the miller looking out of the half-door at the bottom of the mill. There is enough flour there to make all the puddings in the parish,” said he to himself, as he passed by ; but just as he got to the door, the old miller called out to him, “ Boy,” so the boy stopped and touched his muffin to the miller. One of the miller’s sons was at the same school to which Geoffry went. He, too, had a Christmas piece, and had just been showing it to his father, and the miller’s boy being a boy without envy, had said to his father, who had been praising his penmanship, “ Mine is not half so good as Geoffry’s,” and so the miller called to Geoffry to show him his piece. The miller looked at it down sides and up the middle, and said he never saw better writing in his life ; and the miller’s boy’s mother came out with her own boy’s piece in her hand, and she looked at it, and then compared it with Geoffry’s, and then looked at that of her son again, and said she should like that when he grew as big as Geoffry, he would be able to write as well as he did, and then the miller asked Geoffry what he had tied up in his handkerchief, whereupon Geoffry told him all about the good butcher and the good grocer ; and then he recollected an old round-text copy which he had often written when he, the said miller, was a boy,—“ Emulation is a Virtue,” without knowing at that time the meaning of it. He thought the time had arrived to put this beautiful text in practice, and so he determined to emulate the grocer and the butcher, and told Geoffry that he only wanted a stone of flour to make his pudding with. The miller’s wife, who never allowed her

husband to know anything, and never to speak without correcting him, said, "You are a foolish man Solomon,"—the miller's name was Solomon Hopper,—“and the boy and his mother must be as silly as you to think a Christmas pudding can be made without eggs; and as sure as eggs is eggs, she shall have some.” With that, she went in-doors, and she and her boy brought out half a score of eggs, which Geoffry put into the big pockets of his ancient coat; and after many thanks, set off home as fast as he could to his mother, who thought her son a complete prodigal,—she meant prodigy,—but when he told her how he had been possessed with a “mission,” she looked up to him with the greatest veneration, and seemed to think that he was little less than a ministering boy angel. The pudding was made forthwith, even on Christmas Eve, and put early on Christmas-day morning into the pot. It was a glorious pudding, so large, that Patty and Sally, who sat at opposite sides of the table, could not see each other owing to its intervention. But a hole was soon made in it, and the beef was also lessened by many a slice, while the poor family returned thanks to God for the help of their kind friends, and Geoffry rejoiced greatly that he had accomplished his mission of a “Christmas pudding.”





## JERUSALEM AND THEBES.

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JERUSALEM.—Everybody, I should hope, has read about Jerusalem. How it was founded by the King of Salem, made a strong place by King David, how the temple was built by Solomon, and how it was overthrown by the Assyrians, and lastly how it was destroyed by the Romans. Then it was, as you know, taken by the Turks, and from them by the Crusaders, and is now a small place compared with what it once was.

It will ever be celebrated and venerated for the events that have occurred within its walls, but more from its being the place where our Lord and Saviour was crucified, on Mount Calvary, and the tomb wherein his body was laid. All the places around it are sacred. There is the Mount of Olives, on which Christ preached to his disciples. Not far off is the Sea of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee, and that part of the Mount of Olives called the "Mountain of Beatitudes." All is holy ground, and it must be a

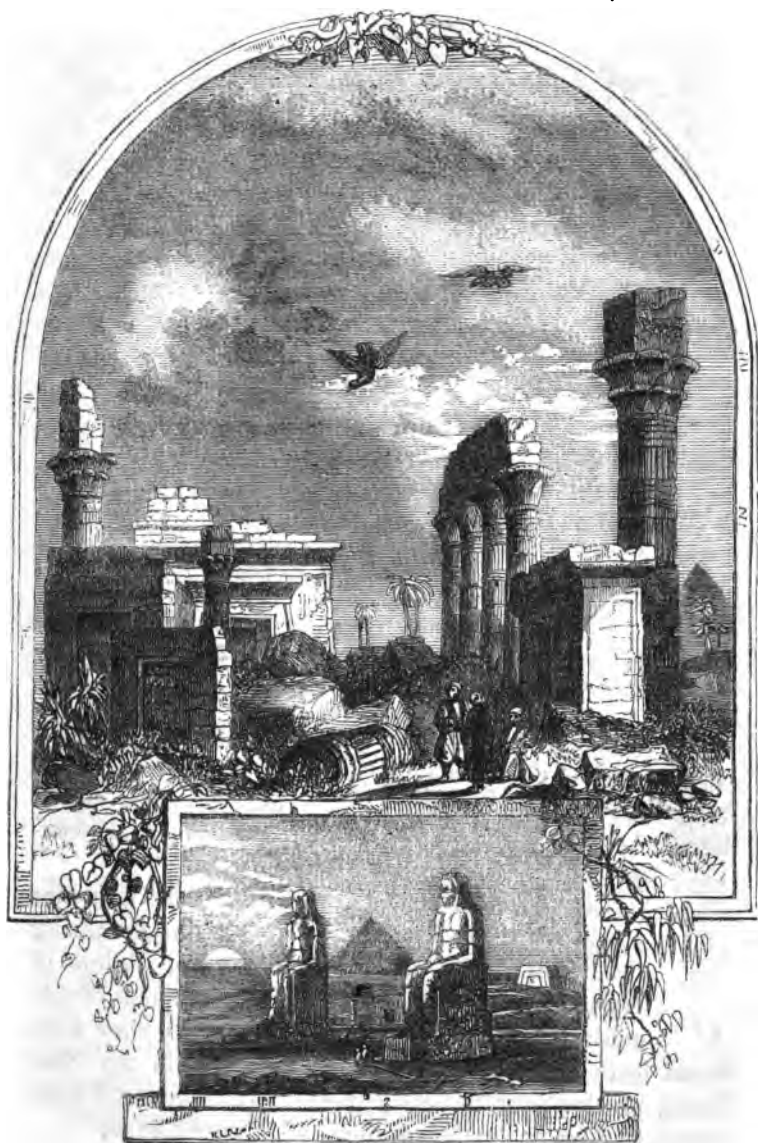


**JERUSALEM.**

great delight to the devout Christian to walk in the very paths which, perhaps, our Saviour trod. The Prince of Wales visited the Holy Sepulchre some time since, and when he was asked if the priest should pray for him, he requested that he should pray for his mother the Queen.

Jesus thought of his mother when he was dying on the cross. He gave her into the charge of John ; he was, too, as you know, obedient to his mother in all things, and thus left to children a lovely example. Jesus Christ loved little children, and took them up in his arms, and blessed them and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God."

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" (so said the wisest of men), "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ;" those days are the days of our age—of our old age—in which we can no longer run and skip about in the fields and meadows, nor sing and dance and make merry, for age is a sad crippler, you know, and we soon find out we are poor creatures then ; but everything grows old, withering and crumbling to dust. Here is the picture of the ancient city of Thebes, which was once young and beautiful and full of glory ; the voice of business was heard in the streets, and there was buying and selling, and festivals and merry-making, and all sorts of pleasuring : but look at it now. All is desolate, the walls are thrown down, the temples deserted, the bittern flaps its grey wings over the broken columns, and it is passing away piecemeal to the dust. So shall ye, although the rising sun of the morning is now upon you, and the spring-buds are opening to the light. So take heed, and make good use of the morning of your days, my young friends, that when you do fade as a leaf, a door may be opened for you into the bright mansions of eternal rest.



**THEBES.**



## THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.



About twenty years ago the indefatigable secretary of that excellent institution, the Orphan Working School, at Haverstock Hill,—one of the charities that renders memorable the words “Supported by Voluntary Contribution,”—compiled a beautiful volume entitled “Orphanhood ;” and with his kind permission we extract therefrom the interesting tale of the “Emigrant Ship,” by MRS. S. C. HALL.



HEARD the other day of the arrival of an Emigrant ship at its destination ; and, having witnessed its departure, I felt not a little interest in the details which a far-off friend communicated as to the transitory inhabitants of its “wooden walls.”

The emigrants consisted chiefly of those who once considered themselves entitled to a birthright among the Scottish Highlands, or the green valleys of Ireland ; but notwithstanding the thousands of uncultivated acres in both these countries, they were driven forth to seek precisely the advantages in the New World, which determined and judicious legislation could have secured to them in the Old, as tillers of WASTE LANDS.

The old ship (when had emigrants ever assigned to them a new one?)—the old ship, I say, had borne them safely, if not swiftly or pleasantly, over the wild waters; and while boat after boat brought its freight of inhabitants to gaze upon, and, it might be, to welcome, the new comers—the emigrants were preparing to issue, beneath a strange sky, into a still stranger country.

Few congratulated each other on their safe arrival; the children were too worn with the voyage to exhibit the satisfaction they felt at the sight of land; and many aged men and women, to whom worldly hope was a thing gone by, shed tears at leaving the battered vessel, that would soon return—to what *they* should see no more.

The deck was piled, not with the well-cared-for luggage of the trim passage-boats that waft our tourists to the sunny climes of France and Italy—but with rough chests, canvas sacks, and half coiled ropes, and all manner of bundles, casks, firkins, and hampers, ill-packed pieces of furniture, implements of coarse husbandry, the hatchet, the spade, the strong axe; and everybody ran against everybody, not with the roughness of intention, but in hurry and excitement; some encountered friends, who had grown hard-looking and white-headed “in no time;” and lovers met, wondering how youth had slipped away altogether from what had been so fair and bright. The ship’s crew, however, were as joyous, because as thoughtless, as sons of the sea happily are; they danced as they coiled the ropes, and sung to the sturdy rigging, as one song-bird sings to another; they exchanged greetings with old comrades, and seemed to consider every human being a friend; shaking hands with everybody, and tumbling over everything.

Numbers of the emigrants cast disappointed looks towards

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the "settlement" of curious shed-like houses, that straggled from the beach up the country, and evidently did not know what to think of the human beings of all colours and all climes, who were to be their future associates in the struggle of life they were about to begin again.



"SILENCE!" CRIED THE OFFICER.

The "civilized savages" of New Orleans glared upon the new comers as if eager to offer them insult if not injury, while the pale brown girls of more than doubtful birth offered their fruits for sale so gently, that they looked to the full as lovely as the fair-haired maidens of the Scottish glens. It was a strange mingling; nothing could exceed the bustle and commotion of that emigrant ship, and it was impossible not to wonder how such a chaos had found its way safely over

the broad and swamping billows of the Atlantic. Suddenly there was a peculiar movement on the deck. One of the ship's officers made his way to where three young children, the eldest not more than five years old, were huddled closely together; a sailor, who followed him, cleared the top of a hogshead from all incumbrances, and lifted the children upon it. The little creatures clung more closely to each other, but without any symptom of fear or even embarrassment; if they gazed lovingly upon each other, they looked affectionately and gently around them, pleased at their elevation, and recognizing friends in the rough and weather-beaten countenances of the kindly sailors, who quitted whatever they were doing to rally round the three children.

The eldest was a fine, sturdy, brave-looking boy; the voyage had not paled his cheek; the second, a girl, was chiefly remarkable for the brightness of the most laughing eyes that ever danced over a billow: the youngest might have been boy might have been girl, its brown hair curled over its head and shoulders, and it was as broad and as round as a child could well be; its little fat shoulders showed like two hills of snow over a pink frock which was garnished by a very odd sort of trimming or strip of crape.

"Silence!" exclaimed the officer, laying his hand affectionately on the head of the eldest boy, and all the sailors issued the command—"Silence!" The boy looked up and laughed at the officer.

"Are there any of the friends of Richard Massey and his wife Mary, present?" continued the ship's officer, and the enquiry had hardly passed his lips when it was answered by a universal "ay, ay, sir," even from the black cabin boy and the blacker cook, who seldom advanced more than his bust from out the mysterious region where he performed his duties.



The officer exclaimed angrily against the sailors' interruption, as he was pleased to consider it; and told them they knew his object in making the inquiry; and when he repeated it, they were to remain silent. The worthy tars seemed to think this a hardship, and several placed their hands on their mouths to prevent the reply coming forth. The officer, however, inquired in vain,—neither "Richard Massey nor his wife Mary," had any friends within hearing.

The aspect of the children had changed, the buoyant look of the eldest boy was gone, and the tears were flowing down his cheeks; his sister hid her face on his shoulder, and the youngest seemed quite ready to begin, and would have cried the next moment, had not one of the dark girls thrust some fruit into its hand.

"There's no answer, ye'r honour!" said the sailor who had so closely followed the movements of his superior. "Richard, himself, told me there was none in the new or the old world cared for him;—that was just before he died, your honour; and poor Mary, sir!"—the sailor paused, ashamed, as men are, of an emotion that does them honour—"Mary, you remember, died about a week after her husband, sir. Well, there could be no one here to care for her—her family cast her off for the love she bore him. She never said who she was—never! and when she was gone—both buried in the deep sea, your honour, me and my comrades, sir, agreed among ourselves, as long as there was a shot in the locker, to be fathers and mothers to the orphans! We've been so already, sir; we've fed them day and night, from our own mess; and there isn't a land-lubber's child—no not in England—can show better flesh, or more of it, or are more happy and comfortable in themselves,—those that have children of their own, love these orphans

all the better for it; those that have not, why now they've something to love—that's all!"

"What a pity," said one of the New Orleans men; "what a pity the young ones ain't *niggers*; they'd be worth something then!" But the sympathies of the people of the country, as well as the emigrants, were with the frank-hearted sailors. A loud cheer followed the honest tar's brief speech—and no wonder—it was eloquent in feeling, if not in words—*"those that have children of their own, love these orphans all the better for it; those that have not, why now they've something to love—that's all."*

But it was not quite all. Stimulated by the example set by the crew of an emigrant ship, a meeting was held on the following day; few who attended were what we in England would consider rich persons; and yet all gave something to provide for the support of the young children, whom death had deprived of both parents during their perilous voyage; they gave, not from their abundance, but from their necessities; but the sailors would not be outdone—the children, they said, were *theirs*; and numbers contributed more than a month's pay to secure their little favourites from the shadow of privation.

Is not this a beautiful and cheering example to follow? What fine benevolence was there in the combined "Ay, ay, sir," of the seamen, when the chief officer questioned if any of the friends of "Richard Massey and his wife Mary were present?" Well might they declare themselves their "friends"—richly they deserved to be so considered; and it is a high privilege to be the friends of the fatherless, the protectors of those who are deprived of the tender and sheltering care of a mother; who can never feel her kiss upon their cheek, and learn their morning and evening prayers from her lips.



## THE SWING.

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UNDER the boughs of the green trees, it is a very delightful pastime to have a swing. Now, every boy and girl knows what a swing is, and no doubt, have enjoyed themselves with it after school hours. Young and old sometimes meet together to enjoy the sport. It may perhaps seem singular that "science" may be indebted sometimes for illustration to boys' sports and pastimes.

The swing obeys nature's laws just as much as the pendulum of a clock does; this is termed oscillation, and it is from the oscillating of a pendulum that the earth is measured. I told you how it was weighed. It was by observing the oscillation or swinging of the lamps in the great church at Florence, that Galileo was led to enquire into the laws of the pendulum, and through his researches made the most useful discoveries. When a man or a boy's mind is upon the look-out, it will be sure to discover something; and not a day passes to the observing mind but may be the means of discovering some great truth. Bear this in mind, my boys, and you will be sure to reap great advantage in so doing.



THE SWING.



## TALES OF THE OLD CASTLES OF ENGLAND.

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HERE is nothing more interesting to the young than stories about old castles. Every boy, however young he may be, likes to know about "old things." Three and four year old urchins like to read about the giants and the pigmies, and so they go back a long time before they were born, which is a delight to all of us.

There are many things to be learned from old castles, for they tell us not only of the ancient times, but of ancient habits, manners, and customs, and how people behaved to one another in by-gone days. It is true castles had their dark pictures: their deep dungeons,



THE KNIGHT-CRUSADERS.

their black moats, and their places of torture, but then they had their tilts and tournaments, and also their trials by battle, and gage fights, in which kings used to interest themselves. It was also a noble sight to see a throng of

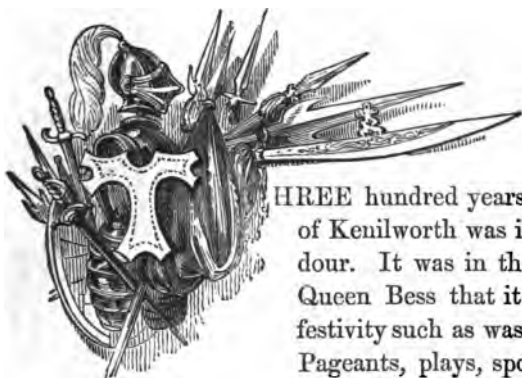


knights, nobles, and esquires, setting off from the castle gates for the Holy Wars, all arrayed in steel, with red cross tunics and holy banners, and therefore of old castles and old times, of old knights and old armour I have to say something.



## A STORY OF KENILWORTH.

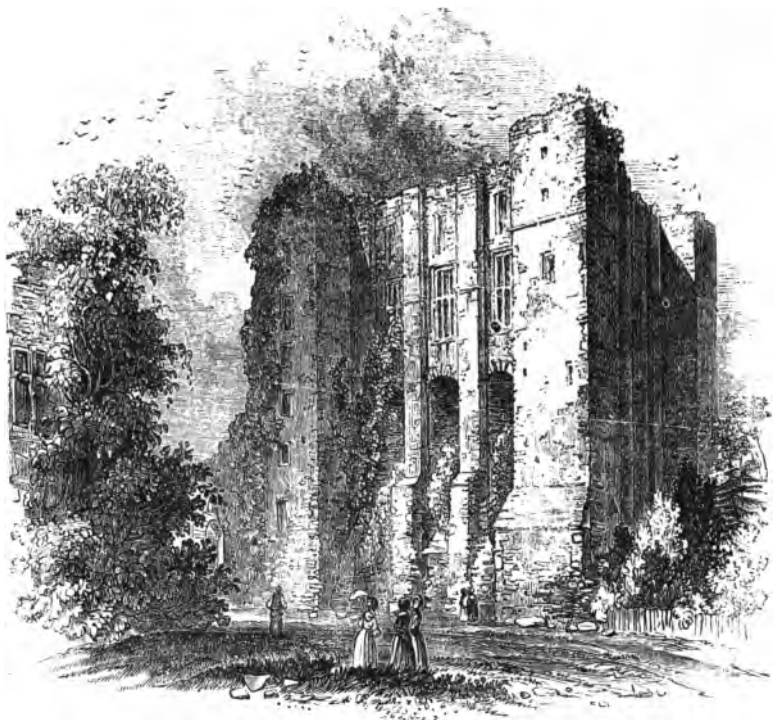
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THREE hundred years ago the Castle of Kenilworth was in august splendour. It was in the reign of good Queen Bess that it was a scene of festivity such as was seldom known. Pageants, plays, sports, and hospitalities, lasted for seventeen days : for the Queen, in the fifth year of her reign, having given the castle to her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, he in return gave her a splendid reception and entertainment worthy of all historical record. Yet to my thinking a finer sight is now often to be seen among the ruins of that old castle. When I was there a few years ago, I was delighted to smell the sweet-scented wallflowers among the ruins, and more delighted still to hear the shouts of a group of children playing in the tilting ground, and making the place ring with their innocent mirth.



I dare say my elderly young ones—boys or girls just in the middle of their teens—may have read Sir Walter Scott's



THE RUINS OF CÆSAR'S TOWER, KENILWORTH.

novel of Kenilworth. It is a sad tale ; but there is one attached to Kenilworth Castle of a far different character, for it is a gladsome one, and tells of the noble devotion of a brother to his sister. An exercise of the purest and least selfish of all things is brotherly and sisterly affection, and it is a pity that this is not oftener the mainspring of a tale or novel, for then

we might see nobler virtues springing up from the household hearth than we do now. The story is of somewhat earlier date than the time of Elizabeth, ere the castle had reached its crowning magnificence, and may be referred to the time of Henry VI.

It was common in these times for father and son to be arrayed on different sides in a battle, and not unfrequently did a son embroe his hands in a parent's blood without knowing it till after the battle, when the horrid tale became revealed on searching among the dead. It was often, also, that prisoners taken were put into close confinement, and kept as hostages, only to be ransomed for large sums. It was after the battle of Neville Cross that the Baron de Mowbray made a raid on the estate of the Earl of Ravensburg, which they plundered of everything valuable, and, having set it on fire, left it to its fate. The greatest jewel of the place was the young Lady Constance, the only daughter of the Earl. She incited the domestics of the castle to a stout resistance, and the place held out for several hours before the aggressors could make an entry; but at last, by the force of numbers, made their way, and in the end the young lady was borne away by the Baron to his castle at Kenilworth, there to be held in durance till a heavy ransom was paid for her release.

Constance had a brother, Eustace, who was with his father at the battle of Neville Cross, and here the old chieftain fell, together with thousands of other brave men, on the side of the Lancastrians. Eustace alone remained of the whole family of Ravensburg, with the exception of his sister, and the poor girl was placed in the strictest durance in a high tower of Kenilworth, which overlooked the country to a great extent, and here she sighed, like a bird in a cage, gazing on the green fields, the waving trees, and the sparkling waters

hoping and hoping, till her heart grew sick with longing, and her powers of life began to fail. She had heard of her father's death, and of her brother's safety, and she thought of him daily, nightly, hourly; nor was she quite without hope, for she knew that such was the noble generosity of her brother, and so great his heroism, that he would have sold his estate or risked his life, had either been useful, in redeeming her.

When Eustace heard that his sister was a prisoner in the castle of De Mowbray, he determined at once to ransom her; but, alas! his patrimonial estates were, through the troubles of the times, worth but a very little, and he could not, even by the sale of all the moveable property which fell to him on the death of his father, raise the requisite sum. He appealed to his kinsmen and his relations on both sides of the family escutcheon, but to no effect. He tried his friends, and of course tried them in vain, and his heart was brought to deep grief when he reflected that his only beloved sister was confined like a dove in a cage in the deep recesses of stone walls and mighty buttresses. He determined to deliver her at any hazard. It is true that he was more than thirty miles from Kenilworth, with the remains of the royal army, but he had a fine troop of five hundred horse, as brave and devoted as any in the kingdom. "With these," said he, "I will off to Kenilworth. I will assault the place, and by the aid of God I will deliver my sister, or die in the attempt."

Preliminary preparations were soon made; the troop was mustered at the hour of midnight—on a dark midnight it was, at the beginning of November, often the most boisterous time in the year. The troop mustered under the lee of a formidable intrenchment, and sallied forth in the darkness while the wind was sweeping over the moors, or through the forest trees, like a demon of evil. But their hearts were too

brave and too daring to mind the autumnal blasts or the deluge of rain that met them full in the face like showers of arrows as they passed over Bromsgrove moor—on and on—through the hurly-burly of the elements, for a thunder-storm had begun, and the artillery of the skies was loud and dreadful.



Peal after peal shook the earth, yet the horsemen, with Eustace in front, galloped on. The lightning flashed around, and many a steed reared and curvetted ; but onwards was the

cry ; Constance beamed like a polar star in the mind's eye of Eustace, and thinking of her, he scarcely heeded the tempest, the wind, the rain, or the thunder.

On they went, for nearly twenty miles, and at a speed which would have done credit to any horse in the world. At last Eustace called to his followers to pull the rein. The tempest had passed off, and the moon was breaking through the clouds, admitting dim shadows. The young leader thought he could descry something moving towards him on the other side of a bridge which crossed a small stream in the way of their course. He now ordered a halt, and himself and a trusty companion rode forward to the top of the bridge. It was an old Norman structure then, a modern canal bridge now. When he reached the apex of it, he beheld within a few hundred yards of him a moving mass ; presently he heard the rattling of the sword-scabbards against the iron sides of a troop of horse as numerous as his own. Treachery had been at work on his own side ; intelligence had been given of his advance, and the De Mowbray troops were on the road to intercept him. Eustace flew back to his followers, and putting them hastily in battle array, commanded them to advance rapidly. They did so, and the hostile horsemen met in dreadful conflict on the bridge. It was a fierce and bloody meeting. Such hacking of two-handed swords on the mailed heads of combatants ; such thrustings of spears ; such blows of mace and club, that the little stream that then ran beneath the scene of conflict was soon half blood, while dead or dying bodies floated beneath or choked up the puny arch. Red from the greaves to the helm, Eustace sprang forth from the *melee*, and with a dash and a bound, led his little band through their enemies, slaughtering them all the way for more than a mile, till they left more than three-

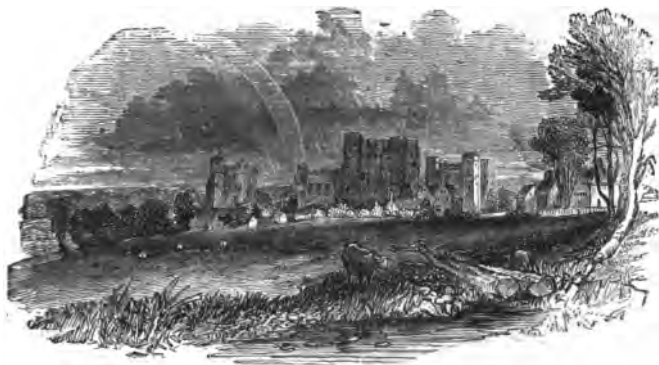
fourths of them dead or disabled on the highway. Then on to the castle of Kenilworth, with all their speed.



“Look in his face Ladye,  
And keep thee from thy swound;  
With a spirit bold, thy pulses hold,  
And hear its voice's sound.”

As the morning began to dawn, the dark towers of Kenilworth appeared black in the horizon. The sight gave spurs to the chargers, and in a very short time the reduced troop of cavaliers were close before the great entrance of the castle, which was approached by a drawbridge. The warder was on the

alert on the watch-tower, and seeing, as he thought, in the grey twilight, the troop he had despatched in full retreat upon the place, gave orders for the drawbridge to be lowered, when immediately Eustace and his followers rushed into the open courtyard. Here, however, they were discovered to be enemies. The alarm bell was rung; the soldiers poured in



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, FROM THE MEADOWS.

on every side; the troopers arrayed themselves, and charged upon the mustering defenders of the castle. The day now had entirely broken, and the sun rose in all his splendour. The Lady Constance, who was confined in one of the towers of the castle, awoke by the noise, had rushed to the casement of her prison room. She soon saw her brother, and conjectured that he was seeking her deliverance; she waved her scarf from the window, and called out loudly, "Eustace! Eustace!" Her well-known voice soon reached the ears of the youth. Giving spurs to his steed, it bounded up the lofty stone staircase that led to the tower. The door of the room that contained the maiden was quickly battered

down. Eustace clasped his sister in his arms. He had no sooner done this than a strong party of his enemies were seen mounting the stone steps. What was to be done?—there was but one course. Eustace quickly placed his sister on his horse's back, and leaped up behind her. The defenders of the castle pressed on, and had nearly reached the top of the steps. Eustace clapped spurs to his horse, which immediately leaped the parapet into a causeway on the other side. The height was more than twenty feet, yet the noble beast alighted unharmed, and then the way was easy, for the causeway led to a sally-port; from this the youthful pair emerged, and from that moment they were free; affording an instance of brotherly affection such as we seldom see in this world, but which cannot be too frequently imitated. A few hours took them to their ancient homestead, in a secluded spot, which afforded a secure asylum to Constance till the wars were over.

The hoary keep of Kenilworth,  
How proudly once it stood;  
With lake and park, and moat and bridge,  
And acres broad and good;  
Now all hemmed in by ploughing toil,  
The very waters dried,  
With scarce a vestige in its soil,  
To mark its ancient pride.







## CARISBROOK.

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CARISBROOK Castle is situated as almost everyone knows, even the boys, in that beautiful part of the kingdom called the Isle of Wight. Those who read the History of England will connect the unfortunate Charles I. with this castle, it being particularly celebrated as the prison, for a time, of that monarch. In those

days, no doubt the whole was in good repair, but, allowed to fall into ruin, it is now in a mournful state of dilapidation.

The castle is situated on an eminence where, it is said, a castle or fort was built by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans when this island was subdued by Vespasian, A.D. 45, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. This was afterwards re-built by Wightgar the Saxon, who, according to Stow, was king of the island about the year 519. He called it Wight-caresburg, of which Carisbrook is said to be a corrupted

contraction. After this it fell into decay, but was restored by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, and re-built in a magnificent manner. Some great repairs were done here too, by Queen Elizabeth. In a shield over the outer gate is the date, with the initials E. R., and under them the figures, forty. Perhaps she built this gate and the outer works, which have a more modern appearance than other parts of the edifice.



THE ROUND TOWER, CARISBROOK CASTLE.

The walls of the ancient part of the castle enclose a space whose area is about an acre and a half. The entrance is on the west side over a bridge in a curtain between two bastions, then through a small gate, over which is the inscription before cited, from this by a passage, having on each side an embattled wall, and under a very handsome machicolated

gate, flanked with two round towers. The old door with its wicket opening into the castle, is still remaining. It is formed of strong lattice work, having on each crossing a piece of iron kept down by a large nail. At least, so it was when I saw it.

On the right is a small chapel with a burial-ground, walled in. Over the door is carved G. 2d, 1738, and on the east end is a stone tablet. Farther on on the north side are several rows of low buildings, said to be those in which Charles I. was confined, and in one of them is shown the window through which he attempted his escape. Beyond these are the barracks and the governor's house, in which are some handsome rooms with carved ceilings.

On the north-east angle, on a mount raised considerably above the other buildings, stands the keep; it is an irregular polygon. The way to it is by an ascent of seventy-two steps, now under repair, 1865, and in it are nine more. From this place there is a most extensive prospect, the sea being visible on the north-east and south, but hid on the west by a hill. In the south-east angle stands the remains of another tower, called Mountjoy's Tower; its walls are in some places eighteen feet thick. These towers have the appearance of much greater antiquity than the other buildings of the castle. The ramparts between the towers are about twenty feet high and eight thick; in both these dimensions is included the parapet, which formerly ran all round the works. There is also a very deep well, whose presiding genius is a donkey, said never to grow old, and to be the same everybody has seen for the last half-century. Here, too, is a man who for the surprising low sum of a shilling will let down the well a lighted candle, and will throw down some water to make splash in the dark, for you to hear after you have seen the

bottom of the well, that is, the water at the bottom. The donkey is on a tread-wheel, but for what offence he has been thus sentenced does not appear, except it is for his being an ass.

But this place has many historical remembrances in connection with the unfortunate king, Charles I., who in the year 1647 having escaped from Hampton Court retired to the island, of which Colonel Hammond, brother to his favourite chaplain, was governor, who brought him on the 14th of November to this castle. The Parliament being much disturbed at the king's absence, and imagining that he was secreted in London, issued orders to search for him and take his person, but their uneasiness was soon relieved by a letter from Hammond, acquainting them that the king was in his custody, and that he waited orders how to dispose of him. At this news the Parliament rejoiced, and directed that he should remain at Carisbrook, and ordered an allowance of five thousand pounds per annum for defraying his household expenses.

The Parliament now began to negotiate with the king, but he being insincere himself thought others must be so, and fancied he should be assassinated, and began to form plans of escape, and, moreover, of setting on foot a rising in his favour, which reaching the ears of the Parliament, he was ordered to be kept close prisoner.

Some time after this he once more attempted to escape. One Osborne, a gentleman by birth, was recommended to Colonel Hammond to be employed in some post about the king, and was accordingly appointed as his gentleman usher. The affability and gentle behaviour of the monarch soon gained his esteem, which induced him to put a small billet into one of his majesty's gloves, signifying his devotion to

him. At first the king was fearful of treachery, but afterwards being convinced of his sincerity, admitted him into his confidence.

This man was addressed by one Ralph Firebrace, a captain in the garrison, a person of low extraction and ordinary abilities, but of an enterprising temper. He proposed to entice the king from the castle under pretence of his escape in order to murder him, which he said would be agreeable to the Parliament. Of this Osborne acquainted his majesty, who desired him to keep up the correspondence, hoping to convert the wicked intentions of this man into the means of flight. Osborne therefore seemed to fall in with this man's design.

In the meantime the king recommended Osborne to sound one Dowcet and another soldier he had formerly known; both of these not only embraced his party, but also brought over some of their comrades who were to be sentinels near the place where the king intended to get out; this was a window secured by an iron bar, for the cutting of which he was provided with a saw and file.

His majesty, with great labour, sawed the bar in sunder, and on the appointed night Osborne waited to receive him; but, in the interim, one of the soldiers, not suspecting Ralph's true intentions, mentioned to him some particulars which made him suspect he was likely to be the dupe of his own artifices, he, therefore, directed the soldier to remain at his post, and he, with some others on whom he could rely, stood by him armed with their pistols.

At midnight the king came to the window, and Firebrace, who stood beneath the window to receive the freed monarch, thus describes the midnight scene:—"On giving the signal, his majesty put himself forward, but immediately stuck fast between his breast and shoulders, and not being able to get

forward or backward, he was sore perplexed, and by means of a piece of cord he had in his room, which he had fastened to the bar of the window, drew himself back again and would try no more." If this unfortunate impediment had not happened, the king would certainly have made his escape. What an odd thing it was that Charles, who had always distrusted everything and everybody, did not distrust the size of this hole!

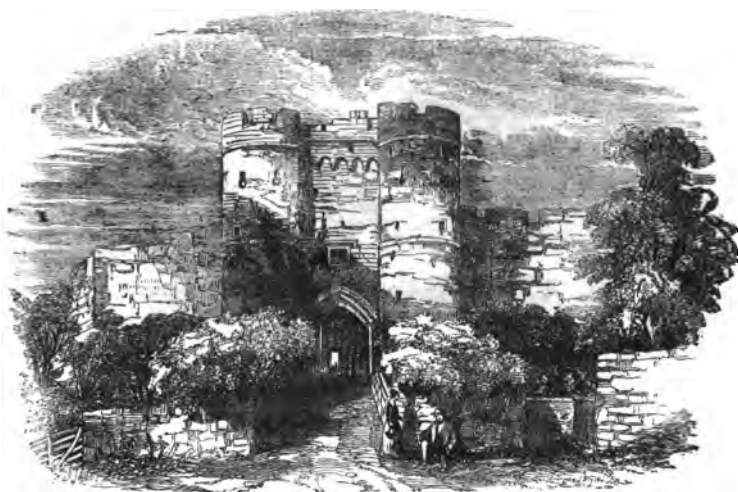


CARISBROOK CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

The attempt of the monarch to make his escape was laid before the Parliament, and he was immediately removed to Hurst Castle, from thence to Windsor, and afterwards to London, where he was tried, convicted, and beheaded. It is difficult to estimate his character, as few could make him

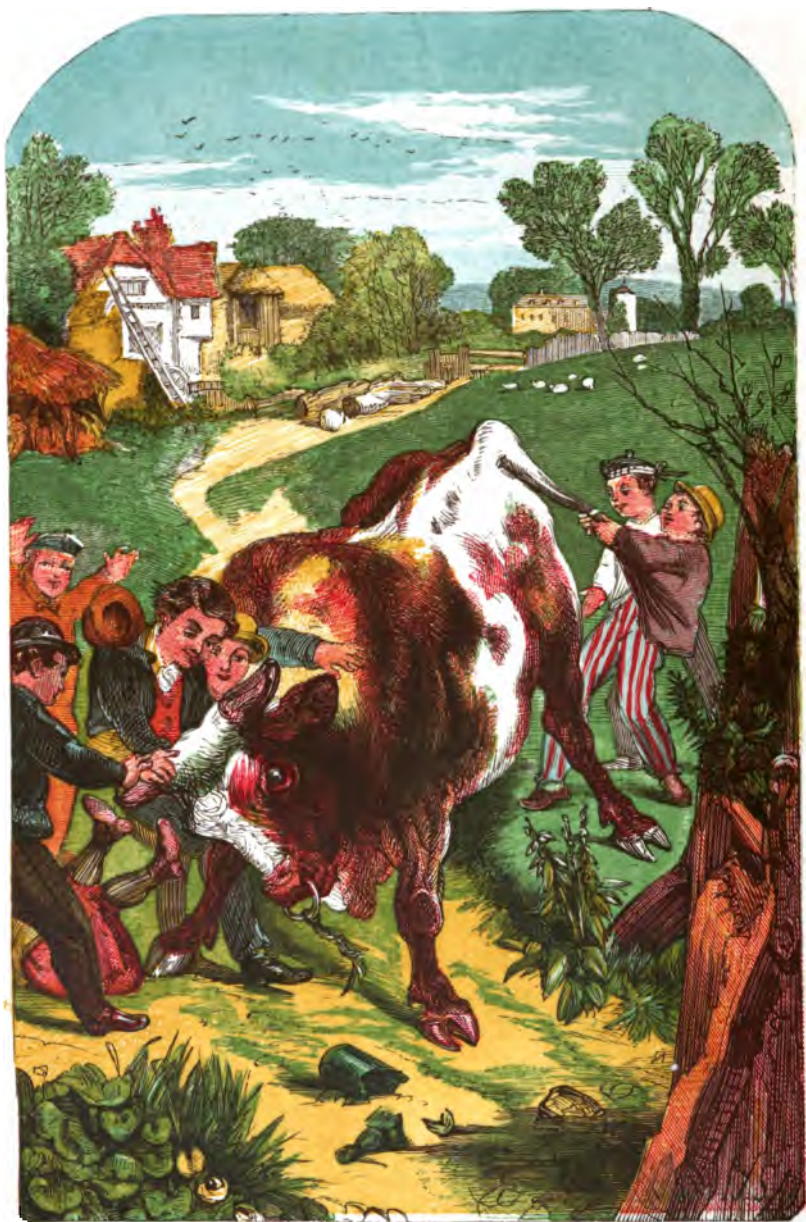
out, but there is no doubt of his being false and insincere, and fond of double-dealing, otherwise he might have lived and been an honour to his country.

At Carisbrook the young princess Elizabeth, his unhappy daughter, died of grief, and a few years ago her present Majesty employed Baron Marochetti to erect a beautiful monument to this Princess in the church of Newport. It bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First, who died at Carisbrook Castle, September 8, 1630, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected as a token of respect for her virtue, and sympathy for her misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."









THE TROUBLESOME BULL.

## THE STORY OF A ...



so  
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animal  
world

a disgrace to us  
the last of the  
sported with  
time, ...





## THE STORY OF A TROUBLESOME BULL.



BOYS know that the days are now going by, though they are not quite gone, for cruelty to animals. Bull-baiting is, one would hope, quite extinct, and so is the barbarous amusement of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Pancakes remain, thank Fortune! Belling sows at Easter is also no longer a Christian amusement. But a vast deal of cruelty is still practised. Cock-fighting, and dog-fighting, and other cruel pastimes, which are a disgrace to us, at this time of day.

The last of the glorious sport of "Beef," which never ought to be sported with except when Sir Baron is carved at Christmas time, seems to have taken place at a town called Stamford. It occurred annually on the 13th of November,

and the custom arose, according to tradition, from William, Earl of Warren, in the time of King John, standing upon the castle-wall there, seeing two bulls fighting for one cow. A butcher of the town, the owner of one of the bulls, with a great mastiff dog, accidentally coming by, set his dog upon his own bull, who forced the said bull up into the town, which no sooner came within the same, but all the butchers' dogs, great and small, followed in pursuit of the bull, which being made wild and frisky with the noise of the people and the barking of the dogs, ran over every man, woman, and child which stood in the way. The bull then coming to the market-place leaped over the stalls, numbers of which were thrown down, and dashing through various plants of crockery, which includes plates, dishes, jugs, basins, cups, saucers, and the like, did make savage smash thereof, and then not having the fear of the Church before his eyes, and shutting those eyes to the light of the truth, he drove his horns deep into the church-door, and in his endeavour to draw them out again lifted the said door off its hinges, and ran away with it on his horns. This raised such an outcry, that the Earl Warren hearing of it, and thinking "the church in danger," presently mounted on horseback and rode into the town to see the scrimmage, which then, as the church was not capsized seemed to him very delightful and evidently a miracle. He gave all the meadows in which the bulls were first found fighting, called now the Castle Meadows, perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town to keep their cattle in till the coming of slaughter, upon this condition, that upon the day on which the sport first began, the butchers of the town should from time to time, yearly, for ever, find a bull in further continuance of the sport.

Up to a very recent date the bull being duly procured was

shut up at night, previous to the appointed morn, in a place provided for the purpose, and long ere dawn of day no respectable and quiet person lying in his bed could enjoy his slumbers, for the cry of "bull" used to startle him from his dreams of Sir Lions or Barons at the hastening Christmas, to the broad reality that there was a "wild bull in the market" not to be sold, but to be baited by fierce dogs, and fiercer men and boys. At eleven o'clock he was generally loosed to run the entire gauntlet of the town, up and down all manner of streets, and then it was that every "coyne of vantage," such as the tops of pumps, of lamp-posts, of sign-posts, and of every other kind of post, windows, balconies, roofs of houses, coping-stones and chimneys, and even the tops of the steeples were all a mass of human beings above, while a vile mass of blackguards below threw stones and mud in every direction, and hundreds of dogs attacked the bull whenever they could get at him, behind and before, sideways and middleways, and every kind of way, so as to render him a fit and proper quadruped for the County Lunatic Asylum. Frequently a hogshead, with both ends knocked out, was brought in which a man had placed himself, and by rolling it towards the bull, provoked him to toss it. He tossed it, and the man often fell out, which made a great shout of laughter, but he oftener tossed it in vain,—for the inmate of the barrel was generally an expert fellow who kept fast on the inner saddle. This was called "prime sport;" prime sport to see the town in an uproar, and all business suspended, and then hurry-scurry, tag-rag, bob-tail dogs and boys and children, and even aldermen, and common councilmen, and the mayor himself, promiscuously running after the bull, like so many furies out of Pandemonium.

Such sports are now put down, but there is even now a

necessity for having a little fun with a bull. There is an old farmer not far from the place in which I reside, who has an especial antipathy to schoolboys, and greatly dislikes to see them in his fields or meadows. He grudges them the air and the sunshine, and the mushrooms and the watercresses, and the wild hazel-nuts in the woods, aye, and even the daisies and the primroses; so to prevent a footpath over some beautiful fields, through which everyone had a right to go, he placed a brawny, big-horned, boisterous, bombastic, bull. A group of boys belonging to the Grammar School of this place, had often been kept from going to-and-from the school, through the meadows, by this troublesome bull; so, one day, five of the boys, whose names I need not repeat, determined to free themselves from this annoyance. Being armed with a few club-sticks, and a few crackers, they rushed into the avenue where the bull was, like Spanish bull-fighters, and attacked him after the same fashion. They threw their jackets on his eyes to dazzle him, the crackers under his nose to bother him, and used their clubs about his heels, to convince him of his improper situation. They did not take the bull by the horns. No, but they soon got hold of his tail, and then they had very little difficulty in driving him from the pathway on to a wide heath, where he roamed about for several days, diverting himself with trying to twist his tail into a knot, and carrying away furze-bushes with his horns, till the barrenness of the place made him as lean as a rake, and as harmless as a sucking dove.



## THE FIRST DREAM AT THE NEW SCHOOL.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," ETC., ETC.



HEAVILY the boy slumbered,  
wearyed out with bitter tears,  
After that long day of anguish,  
first of solitary years :  
Scarce the child's young heart  
would fathom the reality of  
woe,  
Till the lonely night drew on-  
ward ; once, alas ! it was  
not so.

This night on no mother's bosom that poor weary head  
reposed,  
This night no fond mother's kisses pressed those eyelids ere  
they closed.  
In the still and darkened chamber, lo ! the misty moonbeams  
glide,  
And a shadow like a spirit floateth to the sleeper's side.



Dim, impalpable, as vapours that on summer evenings rise,  
Save two orbs whose light came only from the heaven of  
mother's eyes: [mild,  
And a voice that murmured sweetly in the well-known accents  
Richer made by tones celestial, comforted the moaning child.



“I am with thee, my beloved ; in the stillness of the night,  
My invisible arms fold round thee ; unfelt kisses, soft and  
light, [near,  
Are upon thy brow, my son ; though thou know'st not I am  
'Tis thy spirit-mother's whisper falls upon thy dreaming ear.

In his sleep the lonely boy stretched his longing arms and  
smiled ; [ing child :  
But the dream had fled, and morning dawned upon the wak-  
Yet within his heart was comfort, and upon his lips a prayer,  
For a spirit had passed over, and had left its shadow there.



## AMUSEMENTS OF SCIENCE.

### PART II.

LIGHT AND VISION, SPECTRES AND HOBGOBLINS,  
WATER-WITCHES, ETC.



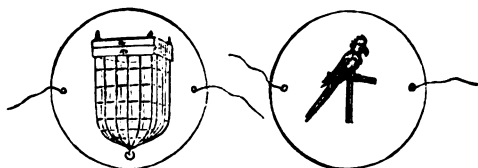
PTICS is the science of light and vision, and there are many highly amusing facts and experiments connected therewith: one of the simplest is the toy called

#### THE THAUMATROPE.

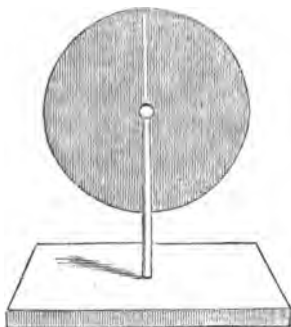
This is a hard word you will say, but the meaning of it is very easy. It is a compound word made up of two Greek words, *θαυμα* and *τρεπω*, the former of which signifies *wonder* and the latter *to turn*.

Any one may make this philosophical toy. It is founded on the well-known optical principle, that an impression made upon the retina of the eye lasts for a short time after the object which has produced it has been withdrawn. The impression which the mind thus receives lasts for about the eighth part of a second, as may be easily illustrated by turning round in a circle, as boys often do, a

lighted stick, which if made to complete the circle within that period will exhibit *not* a fiery point but a circle of fire.

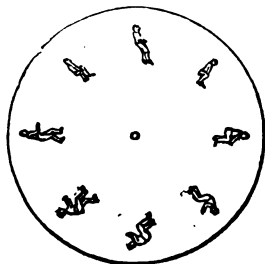


If a circular card be painted with a bird on one side and a cage on the other, and two strings be fastened to its axis, by which the card can be easily made to revolve by means of the finger and thumb, while thus revolving, the bird will appear to be caged. A hat may in the same way be painted on one side of the card and a head on the other, which will exhibit the same phenomenon.



On the same principle as that upon which the Thaumatrope is founded another ingenious toy can be constructed. It consists of a disc of darkened or japanned tinplate, with a slit or narrow opening in it, (see cut). If a

device of any kind, such as a star, be painted on a card and fixed upon a pin, and made to revolve behind the disc, and the eye be placed at the opening, the whole will be visible. If instead of a star, a device such as that in the cut, or a number of boys in the attitude of leaping be introduced, and the

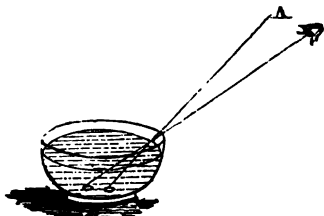


instrument be arranged before a looking glass, the whole will appear to be in motion and leaping over each other.

#### THE COIN AND THE SHILLING.

When a ray of light is bent from its straight course, it is said to be refracted. The refraction or bending of light is easily shown by means of the prism, a triangular piece of glass, and illustrated still further in the following manner:—

If a coin such as a shilling be placed so that in standing at a certain distance it be just hid from the eye of an observer by the rim or edge of the basin, and then water be poured in by a second person, the first keeping his position—as the water rises the coin will become visible and appear to have moved from the side to the middle of the basin.

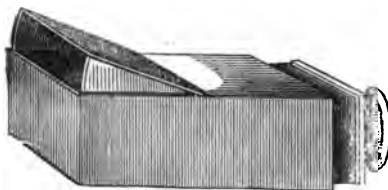


#### HOW TO MAKE A CAMERA OBSCURA.

Many boys would like to have a camera obscura, and many boys buy them at the toy shop ; but I would rather that they would make them for themselves, for then they would know the principle upon which they are constructed. The camera obscura consists of a convex lens placed in such a position that all the light from without shall pass through it to a darkened chamber, where objects shall be represented in their natural colours, either upon the wall of the apartment or on a large white table placed to receive them.

A portable camera obscura, such as any boy may make for

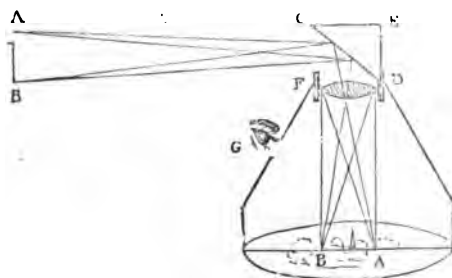
himself, may be made with a small box having the form of a *parallelepipedon*,—there's a hard word for you!—I should say, to simplify it—made in the form of a *brick*. In one end of



this box a tube must be fitted containing a lens. The tube must be made to slide backwards and forwards so as to suit the focus. Within this box is

a plane mirror reclining backwards from the tube to an angle of 45 degrees; the top of the box is a square of unpolished glass upon which from beneath the picture will be thrown, and may be seen by raising the lid at A.

The form of the camera obscura used at public institutions is as follows:—F D is a large wooden box stained black in

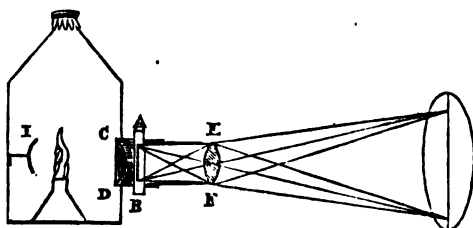


the inside, and capable of containing from one to eight persons; C B D F is a sliding piece, having a sloping mirror C D, and a double convex lens F D, which may with the mirror C D, be slid up or down so as to accommodate the lens to near or distant objects. When the rays proceeding from an object without, as A B, fall from the mirror, they are

reflected upon the lens F D, and brought to a focus on the bottom of the box, or upon a table placed horizontally to receive them, which may be seen by the spectator whose eye is at G.

### THE MAGIC LANTHORN.

All boys like the fun of a magic lantern at Christmas time, and although I would not say to my young readers make one, yet I should like them to know how it is made. The magic lantern consists of a sort of tin box within which is a lamp or a candle, the light of which passes through a



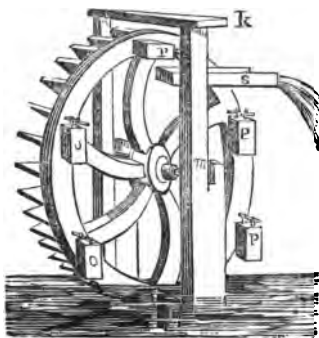
great *plano convex* lens C D, flat on one side and convex on the other, the light being strongly reflected by the reflector I, placed in a tube fixed behind it. This strongly illuminates the objects, which are painted on slips of glass and placed before the lens in an inverted position, and the rays passing through them and the lens, E F, fall on a sheet or other white surface placed to receive the images.

In all your plays and sports, whether at the hoop, or the top, or the marble, something is to be learned ; aye, even science may be learned by means of children's toys.

## WATER FEATS AND FROLICS.

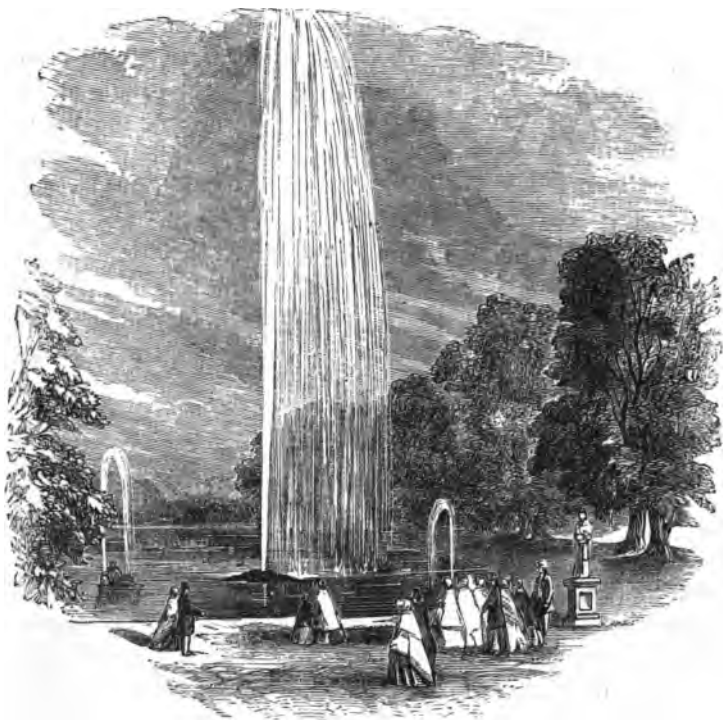


**T**HREE - FOURTHS' of the ball of the earth is water, sea or ocean, that is to say nothing of the rivers, rivulets, brooks, rills, and so forth; and the great division we make of water is, water at rest and water in motion. I shall say something about water in motion. Its motion is very sublime when the wind takes upon itself to blow a gale, and the sea rises mountains high as it is called. It is very useful when water is



raised by means of a common pump, and it has been always useful to raise water above its level. A bucket and a well is one of the earliest contrivances for this purpose, and one of the most noticeable is the Persian wheel, which, as seen in the cut, consists of a wooden wheel which revolves on an axis or gudgeon; upon its circumference a number of buckets are suspended, P, by means of strong pins, in such a manner that they become filled with water from a stream or reservoir, and hang upright as the wheel revolves, until

they reach the top, when they strike against the fixed troughs and are tilted; their contents being discharged into the troughs, from whence the water may be conveyed by pipes to the place for which it may be designed.



FOUNTAIN AT CHATSWORTH.

There was in ancient times a machine called a water snail. The only water snail we have now is a perriwinkle, or, scientifically, the pin patch; but that, if it were to be examined, would prove to be both pneumatic, hydraulic,



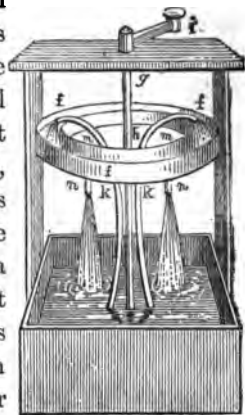
and hydrostatic. With that we shall, however, do nothing just now. But the old water snail was called the screw of



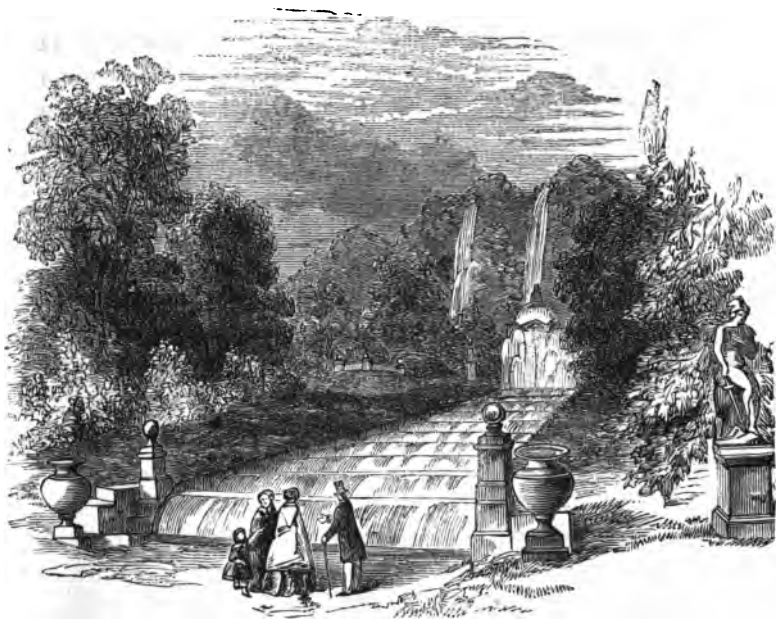
Archimedes. It is a metallic tube, bent round a cylinder turning on an axis, as seen in the cut H. The lower end of the screw being inserted in the water, which is to be raised when the handle at H is turned, a portion of the water forces itself through the open mouth and is successively elevated

through the various coils, C, till it arrives at the top of the tube where it is discharged.

Now, then, I must explain two hard words, and they are centrifugal and centripetal, because they are often used in regard to water. When you see the water, or wine, or vinegar, if you like, running through a funnel, you will observe that it makes a circular course to the hole in the centre. This is called the centripetal force, because it tends to a centre, but when you see a girl twirling a mop, and the water-drops *flying off*, this is called the centrifugal force, because the word centrifugal means flying from a centre. Well, there is a pump, and it is very easy to make a pump of this sort, called the centrifugal pump, which is a valuable machine for raising water by means of the centrifugal force, combined with the pressure of the atmosphere. The figure represents the machine; *g h*, is an upright spindle, so fixed



that a rapid rotatory motion may be communicated to it by the winch *i*; *h m*, represents any number of curved pipes, so disposed and fixed to the spindle that their lower ends may be near it, and may be covered by the water to be received, and their upper ends, which are quite open, to be extended to a considerable distance from the centre of motion, and



TEMPLE CASCADE AT CHATSWORTH.

bent downwards from the top, to prevent the scattering of the water. Upon putting the machine in action, the several pipes must be filled with water, which will be retained in them by a valve opening inwards, and placed near the bottom of each pipe. The machine is then put in motion by turning the winch. The higher ends of the pipe *m* will now describe

a much larger circle than the ends below, and consequently such a centrifugal force or tendency to fly off and empty the pipes will be caused at the upper end, as will produce a vacuum capable of raising a column of water through the pipes; *fff*, is a circular pan to receive the water as it runs from the ends of the pipes; and *m n* are spouts by which the water runs off.

We give an engraving of one of the finest of our artificial waterfalls, that of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, (p. 201), also of one of the noblest fountains in Europe, (p. 199), at the same place. There are others worthy of notice: those in the gardens of Versailles, and of the Crystal Palace. As water will rise through bended pipes to the same level as the reservoir from which it proceeds, it enables us to send water from any high level through pipes for the whole supply of a town or city. In London there are a great number of water companies, and when these do not possess a high level head, the water is obliged to be forced to a high head by means of hydraulic machines; and then as it always finds its own level, it flows in pipes to every house below the level to which it has been artificially forced. Anybody may easily make a little fountain for his garden by understanding this. If for instance, a body of water be collected in a tank or tub or reservoir at the upper part of a house, and an india-rubber tube, or a small pipe, descending from it to the garden, be made to turn upwards, having a very small bore at the end, the water will rise in *a jet* and spout up *nearly as high* as the surface of the water in the reservoir at the top of the house. The water never rises the whole height on account of the friction it meets with by the inside of the pipe, the gravity of the water, and the resistance of the air. If within the centre of any cork figure a hollow ball be enclosed, it

may be sustained on the top of a *jet d'eau*, and made to dance upon its apex.

In the grounds of various noblemen and gentlemen, as well as in the gardens of palaces, fountains may be seen very magnificent indeed. Those of Sir John Phillipart are in the highest degree of excellence; but the fountains that we like to see best are the drinking fountains for poor men, to save them from the drugged poison called beer, and the troughs for dry dogs, to save them from hydrophobia. What a pity it is that many of them are as dry as the men and the dogs, particularly at railway stations.



## WATERFALLS.



OME of the most beautiful objects of nature are waterfalls, and one of the most beautiful of all waterfalls is that of rain. Without this we should soon suffer from drought, and all things would speedily perish. It is beyond all comparison to see the rain when the sun-rays fall on it at a certain inclination, for then it gives rise to that splendid phenomenon the rainbow, and this seen spanning some beautiful lake among the mountains, is a sight not to be surpassed in nature.

Among the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland waterfalls, (that is, when no one goes to see them, in the winter months, when the "rains do abound,") are wonderful enough; to see the great bodies of water tumbling over the rocks, to hear the roaring and the hissing and the bellowing above, around, and below you, is a fine thing for the eye and ear. Sometimes even in winter we get mingled with these sounds the rumbling of the thunder, and the forked lightning runs on the mountain sides like a live serpent, and these give a sublimity to the scene which no one can very well describe,

and which must be seen and felt, for you can feel grand scenery as well as see it; and if you don't feel it, it is of little use to see it; mark this, my youngsters.



THE RAINBOW.

In Scotland we have a great many magnificent waterfalls. It is charming, and a thing I have often done, to wend up the sides of some rocky river, where the great masses of mountain jut in and out, and the wild forest pines nod their high heads over the gigantic precipices on either side, filling the mind with an awe almost indescribable, to watch the rushings and flounderings of the stream. At Inversnaid, not far from Loch Lomond, is a fall which is remarkable from the huge

masses of rock which lie in the way of the river's course, and over which it bounds with a majesty truly grand, and as the tourists say, imposing. Standing on the bridge that overlooks



the scene, we get a view of the falls above and of those below exceedingly striking. What a shower-bath could be obtained should any one be so venturesome, as some boys were in my sight, as to pull off their clothes for the sake of the fun, not bearing in mind the immense weight of the

water that was thrown upon them, and which knocked men down beneath its force. But what will not boys do! they have no experience and therefore no fear, and do things which grown-up men would not dare to venture, and often risk their lives for mere bravado; yet it is something to brag of in after days and to think of with a shuddering sort of pleasure. Oh, we can never forget our boyish days, and the feats of flood and field that we have performed, when heart, and mind, and limbs were full of vigour,



CORRA LINN, ON THE CLYDE.

and so we have braved the falls of Inversnaid, both in its upper and lower glories, and crept up the mountain mosses, the great blocks of massive stone, and threaded the water-worn caves, and held on, between heaven and earth,



to the granite peaks, and yet felt happy, and full enough of fire almost to quench all the water.

One of the finest of the Scotch waterfalls is that of Corra Linn, on the Clyde. The foamy waters are projected in a double cataract, and roll down a set of steps or stairs of rocks, about 120 feet in height. The beauty of this fall is much increased by the sylvan scenery which abounds on all sides, the woods kissing the waters in their descent, and the waters spring up to kiss the trees in all the playful jollity of young children. The lake below, into which the waters fall, is in general still and quiet, and reflects in its clear face all the beauty of the surrounding scene, while the soft roar, almost monotonous, of the falling stream seems rather to accord with the quiet character of everything around.

But the most celebrated of the waterfalls of the lake district, is the Falls of Lodore. This is not a perpendicular fall, like some that I have mentioned, but what our American cousin, Lord Dundreary, would designate "slantindicular." But this fall, like all others, is best seen when there is plenty of water, which then comes chasing and hissing, and splashing and dashing, and roaring and pouring, and shying and flying, and lounging and plunging, and rattling and battling, and blundering and thundering, in a manner which no one but Southey could describe.





## KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY MISS LAWRENCE.



ING ALFRED sat in his palace hall,  
And Thanes of high degree  
Were crowding round, to proffer him  
Service on bended knee.

“Where’s the brave Earl of Holder-  
ness?”

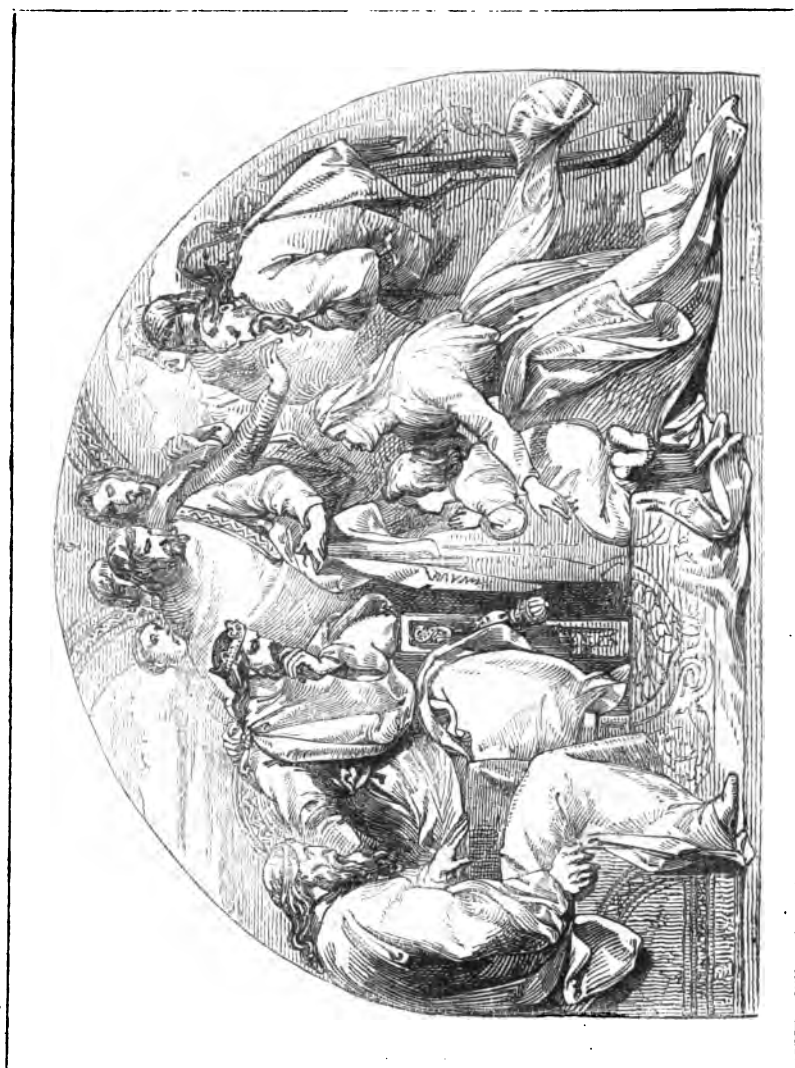
The good King Alfred cried ;

“King, know’st thou not last Martin-  
mas

He and his lady died?”

Said Wulph, the strong arm, “Therefore grant  
To *me*, his towers and land ;  
Thou know’st me well for warrior bold,  
Unmatched my lance and brand.”

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KING ALFRED AND THE YOUNG EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

“Nay, King, remember when I went  
Across the seas for thee ;  
My wisdom, more than strongest arm,  
Was felt ; so grant them *me*.”

Thurstan, the wise, thus spake ; when lo !  
Swift through the gathering throng,  
A worn, pale woman pressed, who led  
A little child along.

A little child of five years old,  
A little child most fair ;—  
“Justice, King Alfred,” thus she cried,  
“Behold that good Earl’s heir !

“No sire hath he by word or sword  
To win his birthright lands ;  
Friendless and motherless, to thee  
He lifts his little hands.

“Oh, heed his claim—the orphan’s claim—”  
“*His* claim,” right scornfully  
Cried the warlike Thanes ; “*our* King needs *men*,  
Not babes on their nurse’s knee.

“Bold hearts, stout arms—what could that child,  
If the lands to *him* were given ?”  
The child looked up with his soft blue eyes ;  
“I would pray to God in heaven.”

King Alfred gazed upon the boy  
Full long and earnestly ;  
And then upon his angry Thanes,  
Who watched him eagerly ;  
At length the good King rose, and thus,  
With solemn voice spake he :—

“ All praise unto the statesman wise,  
Praise to the warrior too ;  
Right gladly to each faithful Thane  
Will the king yield guerdon due.

“ But to this child—this little child,  
Must his birthright lands be given ;  
For the orphan’s claim is the weightiest,  
*His* father is God in heaven ! ”

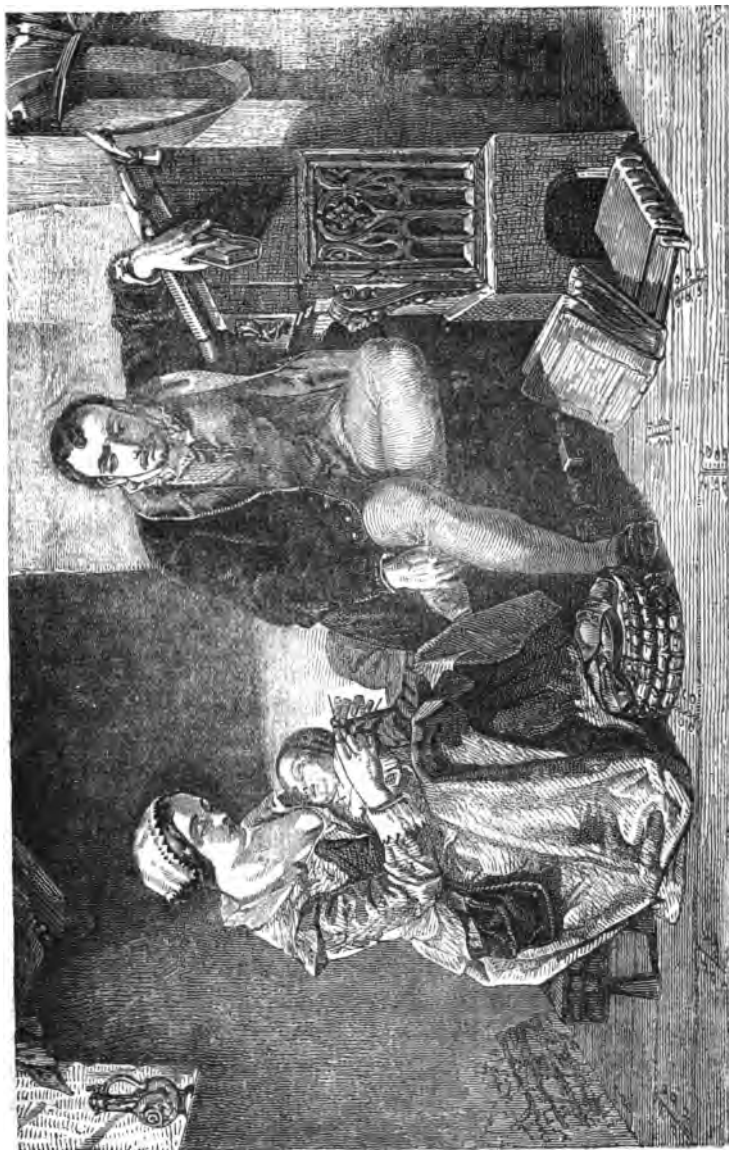




## THE DISCOVERY OF THE STOCKING LOOM.



THINKING, my lads, thinking is the real talisman that turns the roughest earth into the finest gold. No lad or man can get on without thinking, without setting the wheel-work of his brains in motion. There was a boy who had to attend the safety-valve of a steam-engine, and his business was to open the safety-valve when there was too much steam generated, but this was tedious work, so the boy began to think how he could best lighten his labours; at last he thought that if he could tie a piece of string to the piston-beam, and fasten it to the safety-valve flap, that contrivance would of itself, by the motion of the beam, produce the result



INVENTION OF THE STOCKING LOOM.

he required. He did so, and thus made one of the greatest improvements upon the steam-engine. And it was by thinking that Lee, the poor scholar, conceived the great improvement of the stocking-loom, sitting by his own fireside, watching his wife with her babe at her breast, knitting hose, which she was compelled to do to assist in maintaining their humble household. He thought, and his poverty made him think all the deeper, while the knowledge of his partial dependence on the exertions of his young wife, gave a spur to his inventive powers, and thus it was that the stocking-loom, one of the finest inventions of the age in which he lived, was given by him to the world. So think away my young friends with all your might, for you little know to what end your simplest thoughts may lead. Great events have sprung out of small beginnings—and who can tell but that in a few years, one of our young readers in 1865, may have his name enrolled amongst that noble band who have contributed by their inventive genius to raise dear old England to that proud eminence which she so truly deserves.







## MY FIRST TOUCH OF ANGLING.

BY

A BIGGISH BOY.

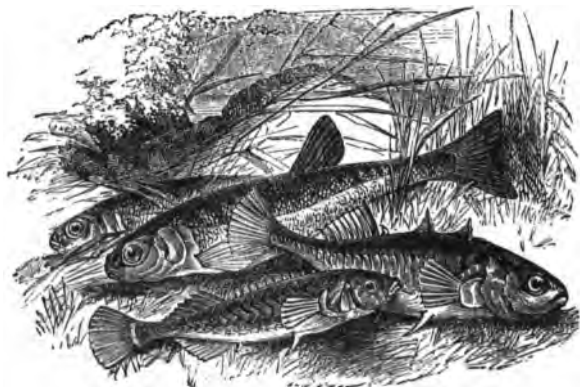


His rod was fashioned from a mighty oak,  
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke,  
His hook an anchor, his bait a dragon's tail;  
And he sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.



**T**HAT was not my case,  
I was too small a-boy  
to do anything so sub-  
lime. But I will  
tell you what I have  
done. I had an osier  
rod, some thread for  
line, a bent pin for my  
hook, and thus equipped, I angled in many a little brook,  
where sticklebacks and minnows, each day I caught a store;  
with stone roaches and miller's thumb, till I could catch no  
more.

And small as my appliances and my means then were, without any of the rods, and tackles, and tin-cannery of later days, I was then a happy boy, for I hardly knew the thralldom of school, had never tasted scholastic "pancakes" nor academical "stick liquorice," nor studied the botanical character



STICKLEBACKS AND MINNOWS.

of the birch, and my delights were in fagging, not at books, but in brooks, without shoes or stockings, and in the bright sunshine of summer days, and in the cool shade of leafy trees, and in the open meadows of new-cut hay, sweet-scented as a rose, and soft as down, not to lie on, but to tumble on and sport on, and kick on, and turn head-over-heels on, with legs sometimes high in the air, and having a species of telegraph motion in their wild vivacity, which made signals to my playfellows that I was in the highest possible state of earthly happiness. How delightful, too, to run to and fro upon some rustic bridge or other, with my sister Julia for a companion, and to show her as they passed by the roach and dace and chub sliding or gliding in the gentle stream; looking so

delightfully cool in those hot summer days ; aye, that was indeed a happy time. I have had some happy days since, but none to equal those.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

The next happy period—albeit of a far more subdued and quiet character, was that in which my grandfather took me out for a day's fishing. He was a fisherman born, as everyone must be to be a fisherman,—when I say a fisherman I mean, of course, an angler—and his tackle, and his reels, and rods, of all delicate varieties, and his artificial flies, far more natural than real ones ; and his bait, some of which not being very nice to the eye or nose, being gentils—and he was too much of a gentleman to obtrude them unnecessarily—made an impression upon me, and fostered my latent desire to go a-fishing in a regular scientific manner, and at last the auspicious day arrived ; but I was told that the conditions of my going was, that I should be still as a mouse, and quiet as a

red-herring. This I promised, and so, at about the hour of four of the clock one bright morning in June, away we went. With what joy did that pump within my body, called



NEW BRIDGE NEAR OXFORD.

a heart, bound, when I saw the water running quietly through the arches of the bridge over which we passed : it was so still, so clear, and the rosy rays of the morning sun spread a blush on it soft as that on the fairest maiden cheek, and there stood a young maiden, and a fisherman, too, with rod and line and a punt to match. I thought this might be the place of our destination, but it was not, for over the bridge we passed, walked down the bank on the other side, and soon found ourselves on the margin of the river. The sun was now up, and the glory of the day had begun. My grandfather called my attention to the rising sun ; and he told me, too, how the Persians used to worship it, and how the whole army of

Xerxes fell down before it. And then he told me of the Peruvians, and how they carried out the worship of the Persians, although four thousand miles on the other side of the Atlantic, and how the sun-flower grew in Peru, and many other things; for he had read a great deal in his time, and



THE CATTLE FERRY.

thought a great deal, too, so that he made the way very short and pleasant, till we came to a place called Hythe Ferry: and a curious ferry it was. The ferry-house was a very humble place, and the ferry-boat resembled a Yorkshire pudding-pan. The pudding and meat of which were, lots of mud at the bottom of the said boat or pad, and a fat ox in the middle of it. The boat was drawn from one side of the stream to the other by a rope above, worked by a single individual of the genus *homo*, order *bimana*,—vulgo, a man.

We got into the pannikin, and crossed the river, and when we got on the other side, my grandfather stopped, and put on a considerable muse. "Aye, this is the spot," said he, "I remember it well, where I caught a youngster tickling trout."

"Tickling trout," said I,—"I should like to know what that means. Do fish like to be tickled."



THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

"It seems they do," the old gentleman replied, "and although trout are not very abundant just here, a young fellow not older than yourself managed to find them out and tickle them. The tickling process is made use of by poachers of all sizes and ages; and it was under the arches of this dwarf bridge that I saw a youngster in the act of doing this unlawful deed."

"But how do they do it, grandpapa?" I inquired, being anxious to know the *modus operandi*.

"Well, the person who is to tickle the trout wades into the

stream, puts his bare arms into any hole or place where the trout resort, slides his fingers under the fish, feels his position commences tickling, and the trout falls gradually into his hand."

So much for tickling trout, which is a kind of poaching and an art utterly unworthy of the lone fisherman and the old gentleman. Having uttered a mild anathema upon the wicked men and boys who are so unscrupulous, we proceeded onwards.

It was, as I said, a beautiful day that was coming, and as we walked along over meadows and by the side of little brooks, or came upon pools overshadowed by green trees, we began to experience, at least I did, pleasures never felt before. We had not come to the place at which our sports were to begin, but we saw much to interest and amuse us on the way. The brooks and watery dykes were luxuriant with flowers and verdure. Water flags, bulrushes, and reeds had attained their full growth. The white and yellow waterlilies were like Solomon in all his glory, as were the crimson loosestrife, and the flowery rush willows were rich in foliage, and that drooping one, *Salix Babylona*, often put us in mind of the captive Jews, sitting down under the willows of Babylon full of tears. Oh! it was delightful. There is a grateful freshness in the wilderness of green boughs that surround you. "No tree," says Evelyn, "afford us so cool a shade as the willow." And so in shade and refreshing coolness we went on and on and talked and talked till we came to a nice little cot on the banks of the Isis, which seemed to afford us the opportunity of cooking our morning meal. So it was here, under the cool shades of the birch and the chesnut, and lime, we sat down and took out our pre-vender, consisting of tongue and hard-boiled eggs, a cucumber,

and a loaf of bread. We obtained some milk, pure and simple, from a cow a young lass was milking, and after our morning's walk we had appetites keener than Damascus blades or American scythes, the shadows of which, as they



THE FISHERMEN'S RETREAT.

are carried over the shoulder, are said to trim the hedges. Well, here it was that we sat down and began to eat, and then to talk, and then to eat again.



Now came my turn to make some inquiry about fish and fishing; as I said, I had up to this time, known but very little of the science. But just as I was going to "put a few questions," we were startled by the rustle and then the plunge of a water rat. I leaped up, and seizing the rod, made a blow at it, which angered my grandfather very much.



THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES AT CIRENCESTER.

"What has the animal done to you," said he, "that you should kill it. Leave it alone." "You ought always to kill a rat," I said, "whenever you see it." "Not so," he replied. "I know the water rat is considered a common

thing, and is killed whenever he is found. But if you watch him in his native retreats, you will find that he lives almost entirely upon vegetable food. Who would not find a greater pleasure in watching the habits of this little animal than in shooting it or worrying it with dogs?"

I thought there was a good deal of truth in this, and so I changed the subject of rats to that of fish, and thinking first of all of my then favourite fish, the minnow, I ventured to make some inquiries about him; observing, that I thought, of all the fishes I had seen the prettiest was the minnow.

"Well, it is a very pretty fish," said my grandfather, "and its rosy belly resembles the soft tints of the early sunrise, which makes it a great favourite with all you youngsters. It is principally found in our gravelly rivers and streams; swimming about in shoals. It generally makes its appearance in March, and remains until Michaelmas, all through the delightful summer season, and then he takes himself to the mud, weeds, and wood in rivers as a security from the fish of prey which swallow them up as lawyers do their clients, or joint-stock companies their victims. To the young sportsman, when not possessed of an over share of patience, the minnow will yield plenty of amusement. In hot weather they will bite freely all the day, and may be taken by a piece of white sewing thread, with a worm tied on the end without any hook. They will stick close to the end of the worm, so that you can draw them safely out of the water. You may also fish for them with a fine single hair—brown hair is the best, having two or three small hooks attached, baited with a piece of red worm, and a small crow-quill float; angle deeper than mid-water, or near to the ground at the sides of small streams or eddies, or sheltered places. They may be also caught in numbers

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with a small casting net, and are excellent bait for many larger fish."

"What sort of fish are the preying fish?" said I.

"One of the most formidable is the jack or pike. They are to be found almost everywhere, in ponds, still waters and streams, at Haddon Bridge, four miles on the London side of Reading, especially, where I have nabbed them while they were nabbing others. I remember having taken one at this spot weighing fourteen pounds. I had him baked with a savoury pudding in his belly, and he afforded me a dish fit to set before a king. The largest fish of this kind taken at this very place weighed fourteen pounds, and at the same place I have taken a three pounds and a half, and it abounds with perch, dace, chub, and the like. I have, in my 'prime days, taken as many as ten brace of roach and dace—half pound fish—before breakfast, 'and eaten them all for breakfast.' No, not quite. I cannot say that, unless you imagine me to be a hundred times more voracious than the pike or a Yarmouth boatman, who will stow away from twenty to twenty-five fresh herrings for a morning meal."

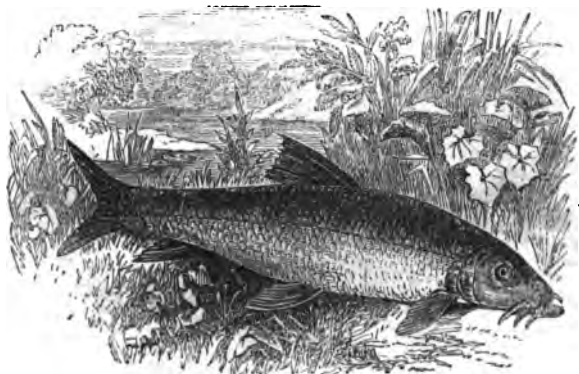
"What is the best way of taking pike?"

"Do you mean as a medicine? Oh, you do not. You mean of catching them. Well, as for that, you must generally fish with a live bait for pike. I always prefer the perch, it being the longest lived on the hook. The frog is the next good bait for this fish, but you must be careful to select the water frog, which breeds in ditches, and choose the yellowest, which the pike likes best. Having caught your frog, you must put him on the hook without hurting him, of course, and then you will have fun as well as sport, especially on a windy day, by fastening it to a bundle of straw, and casting it on the water. By the help of the wind, it will float across

a pond or down a stream, and if you will stand still on the bank, you will soon see some sport, if there be any store of pike. Two or three balls may be also fastened to a bladder, or bough of a tree, or a wisp of hay, which will swim down a river while you are walking quietly on the bank. The rest may be gained by practice and patience. The pike will often bite when not hungry, much to his disgrace as a fish. Indeed, I don't know a better fish for sport except the barbel."

"And pray what sort of a gentleman is the barbel?"

"Oh, a very handsome gentleman is the barbel; a sort of dandy; or perhaps you may call him the Lord Dundreary of fish. He is of a fine cast, with three imperials on his chin,

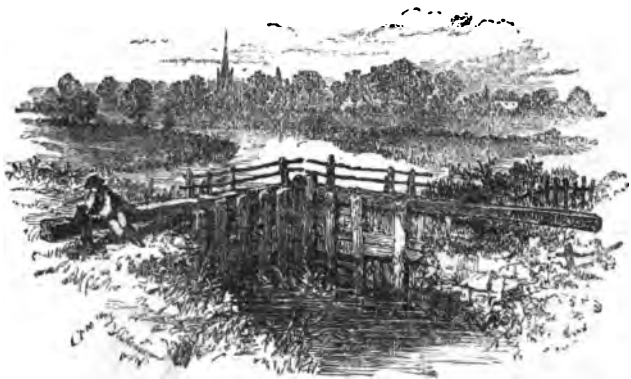


THE BARBEL.

and a handsome shape with small scales, which are placed after an exact and curious manner. He is able to live in the strongest streams, but prefers shallow sharp ones in the summer. Barbel flock together like sheep; they lurk under weeds, and like to feed on a gravelly bottom against a rising ground. They will root and dig on the land like pigs.

Sometimes they take to the deep swift water about bridges or flood-gates, reposing among piles and in hollow places, where they will take such hold of the weeds, that the swiftest streams cannot dislodge them. They hide their spawn in holes which they dig in the gravel, and cover it all over to prevent it from being destroyed by the jolly old pike and other fish.

"The barbel is a game fish, and affords as I said excellent sport, mixed with some labour and anxiety. When of a large size, the barbel is exceedingly crafty, sulky, and strong, struggling a long time after he is hooked, often lying motion-



A LOCK ON THE THAMES.

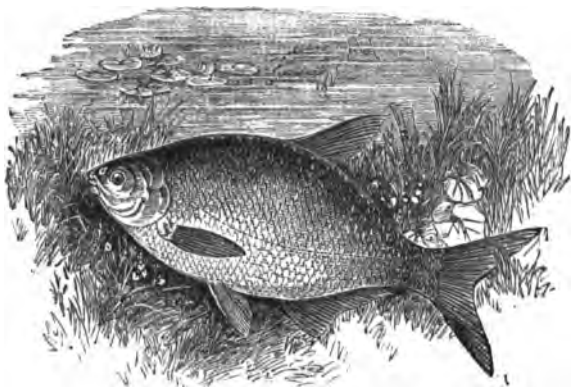
less at the bottom for many minutes, then running under banks or into beds of weeds, where he will probably strike your line with his tail till he breaks it. In fact, barbels try every kind of way to get off the hook and break your line, which they certainly will effect if you are deficient in skill and your tackle be in any way faulty. And so cunning is he, that he will suck or nibble away your worm close to the hook.

He strikes very sharp, and suddenly. You must strike on the instant, and smartly, immediately raise the top of your rod, keeping your line not too tight.

"In baiting for barbel be sure you have your bait clean and sweet, for the barbel being as I said a handsome, fashionable, *gentle* man, must have his gentles clean and sweet. The best of all baits is a well-scoured lob-worm. They will luxuriate on gentles, but green ones are his choicest food. He is also particularly fond of a nice piece of Cheshire cheese, and the tougher you can make it by soaking it in water, the better he likes it. Cheese and sheep's tallow worked together also serve him for a dish."

"What tackle is the best for him," I inquired.

"The tackle I should get," said the old man, "for a young angler would be a long rod of good strength, for the barbel is a heavy fish, and pulls like a dog at a handkerchief, but a little management will soon bring him to bank."

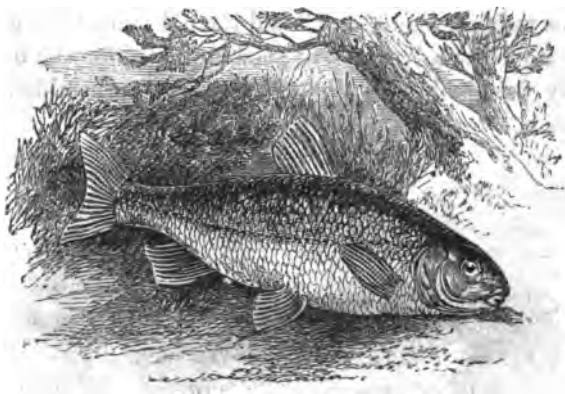


THE BREAM.

"The bream is also a sturdy fish. There are a great many

to be taken in still waters, and they bite freely in March, April, and May, when the wind blows or warm rains fall. They will bite all day, provided you have taken care to have your place well baited the night previous. They will take gentles, and the scoured marsh worm especially. In angling for bream, be sure to fish out far in the stream, much farther than if you were angling for roach, and when you get a bite, strike at once.

“The chub is another fish well worth angling for; but the young angler must be up early—up before the worm, or the early village cock—to say nothing of our old luminary, the sun, who is a very bad riser; for he gets up at all hours, and



THE CHUB.

sometimes he's a-bed till past eight o'clock, you know. To hook him, you must have a strong rod, and a strong line also; and you may bait your hook with a cock-chaffer, and make pretend as if he were innocently flying on the surface of the water, when, for his innocence, the chub has him; but be ready with your landing-net, or he may be as nimble as you

would have your cock-chaffer, and shoot into the water before you can say hot cockles.”

“What sort of bait ought we to set for chub?”

“Oh, they are not nice; they will take any form of grub—grubs for grub—maggots for grub—cheese for dessert. They do not disdain either the pith from the backbone of one of the vertebrated animals, such as an ox. But keep your own



GODSTOW BRIDGE.

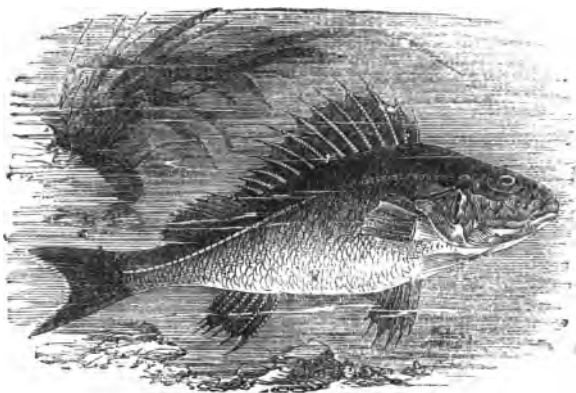
backbone, and the whole of your other organs all completely out of sight, for the chub, like many other fish, look upon man as a monster—which shows him to be highly discriminating.

“Perhaps the most common of all fish is the roach. It is



a handsome fish like the barbel ; but it has no imperial on his chin. They like still rivers and quiet waters, and flock together like sheep. In summer, they are to be found almost everywhere, but chiefly in the tails of fords, under weedy banks, and in shady places. He will take gentles, red paste, worms, or boiled beef, and may be had with a strong yet fine six-foot rod, a five-foot line, and a small float. A fish, a good deal like the roach, is the perch, which is found in clear swift rivers with sandy bottoms, and moderately deep water. He is easily taken, especially in the middle of a warm summer day, or from two to six in the afternoon. They are sometimes of a goodish size, one being taken by Mr. Hofland at Richmond (which is a capital place for perch) weighing three pounds eight ounces.

"The pope, or ruffle, is also something like a perch in shape,



THE POPE OR RUFFLE.

but has more of the Dutchman in him, being more flat and bulky, and he likes slow, deep, and quiet rivers, where the water is deep, and still, as he is of a contemplative turn of

mind, and likes to see the bottom of things, especially of rivers, and holes at the bottom of them. No doubt, after a while, according to the progressing system, he will be turned into a philosopher—for he looks deep into everything. Here is his photograph.

“There was a fish I once helped to eat, which I was told was stewed in red wine. Its flesh was of a beautiful pink colour. Its outer husk a very disagreeable dirty brown.”

“Pray what fish was that?” I enquired.

“That was the tench, a very good fish, if you would catch him with care, and very good eating, if you don’t mind his hooks—for he has hooks as well as you—and you must beware of them, for his flesh is full of them; all his bones are after the character of hooks, and one or two of them down in your throat, would be more than dangerous.

“The tench is usually bred in ponds, and, it is said, the old monks in their steads and preserves attached to their abbeys and monasteries, took particular care to preserve the tench. He is fond of mud and of deep ponds or moats, where he will thrive and grow as fat as friar Tuck to be tucked in—so that you do not swallow his skin; for you may not be able to cast it as owls do the skins of mice in the form of a pellet.”

“How do you catch them?”

“Well, having proceeded to some lake or place of still water, perhaps by the side of some old manor-house or abbey, you may expect to find him under the weeds, or close in upon the shore, if it be full of great holes at the bottom of the water. To fish for him, your bait may be a marsh-worm, or a small red-worm, or a cad-worm, or he will bite at a lob-worm, or green gentle; but a paste made of brown bread and honey, with a little tar, is best to secure him.”

“How do you fish for eels?”

"There are many ways in which they are to be taken. I remember once getting one with a halter, that is a wire with a noose on it put at the end of a long rod. The noose is put gently over the head of the eel as he is taking his 'afternoon nap,'—as Hamlet's father did—his custom often of an afternoon. Well, there he lay dreaming of anything but a noose, although he was in a snoose. I drew the halter over his nose, and out I fished him; but alas, he was all dreaming, for he was dead, as a berry is that's red, or a book that isn't; and well he might, he, for he was half-way down the throat of a pike which, he had choked, from not allowing himself to be quietly immured in the stomach of this voracious fish, which was dead also from not being able to get rid of his ugly customer. They lay folded in each other's embraces, and caused much wonder and some laughter among those who viewed the dreadful spectacle—or rather, 'pair of spectacles.'

"There are other ways to catch eels; and a famous sportsman our way, who hunts, shoots, or hooks everything, from a hippopotamus to a sticklebat, whose name being Robert, and being a very worthy man, is shortened to Bob—is frequently seen in our river doing 'patience in a punt.' It was only the other day that some one remarked, seeing him in his this happy estate, 'That's Bob in for eels;' and so he was. The process is, long worms are strung on threads of worsted until a bunch as large as the fist is wound round a piece of lead. The whole is sunk nearly to the bottom of the pond or river, then raised a little, and then lowered a little (this is the bobbing), till at last the eels take a bite, and swallow some of the worms, and then you heave up, without hurry, and get a crop of eels. Radcot Bridge is a capital place for the bobbing of eels, and for angling

also. It is one of the best places I know of to enjoy the sport."

By this time our meal was over, and we were soon by the side of Radcot Bridge to enjoy the pleasures of a day's fish-



RADCOT BRIDGE.

ing. It was rare sport to the old man, as you see him there sitting on the bank. I made several attempts to throw in, and sat with all the patience I could command to get a bite. I thought I got a "nibble," and pulled up in a triumphant sort of manner, but brought up only a piece of weed. I tried again and again, and as I could not get a bite, I would have a look, and would talk and ask questions, till at last my old grandsire told me that I had better go up to a weir, about a mile distant, where I should see capital sport in the fishing for lampreys. Of course I was glad to be off, and got to the weir, and saw a man sitting quietly in a punt fishing away as

hard as he was able. I ventured to address him, by asking him if he had had any sport. The gentleman—for he was a gentleman—looked up to me with one eye, while he kept his other on the float. I called out again, “Any sport, sir.” He looked at me now with both his eyes, and said, “If you do not get off that weir, you shall be prosecuted, for I am



A WEIR.

the magistrate of this place, and all weirs are closed by the order of the magistrates.” He then puffed himself out, and looked very pompous, and I ran off as fast as I could.

After this, I rambled about among the fields and flowers, till at last I came to a most delicious spot, under some fine chestnut trees, and the water looked so inviting, that I determined to feel like a fish. So I stripped, and in I went; it was delicious. I swam about, floated on my back, kicked up the water with my feet, and enjoyed myself, till I was seized with

the cramp, and then I should have sunk, had not a man, seeing my extremity, ran into the water and pulled me out. I could not walk for some time, but I managed to hop to a cottage close by. I remained till the evening, and then sought my grandfather, who was sitting precisely on the same spot at which I had left him, with a large bag full of fish. How I rejoiced, and how I volunteered to carry the fish, and how we got to the Swan at Ditton, and had some fish for supper, I shall never forget, as I hope I shall not the information about fish which the old gentleman gave me, and which I have given to my readers.

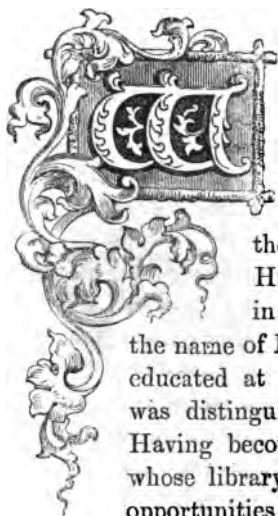


THE SWAN AT DITTON.



## JOHN HUSS LEAVING PRAGUE.

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**T**HAT is more interesting than the history of the struggles of Truth with Error! John Huss was one of the noble army of martyrs, who laid down their lives for the truth. He was born at Hussivey, near Brachatz, in Bohemia, in the year 1373, whence he acquired the name of Huss, or John of Hussivey. He was educated at the University of Prague, where he was distinguished for his talents and industry. Having become the servitor of a professor, to whose library he was given access, he had great opportunities of acquiring information. He became particularly acquainted with the writings of the English reformer Wycliffe, and his knowledge of the Scriptures soon made him sensible that there was no hope for the world but in a reformed religion. And so he became one of the boldest





## G. L. L.

John Wesley, more than the  
other great English preachers of Truth with  
the people, was one of the  
first to see the need of a total down-  
fall of the old religion for truth. He was born at  
Epworth, near Lincoln, in Bohemia,  
in the year 1703, where he acquired  
his education at the school of Mr. Hall. He was  
educated at the University of Prague, where he  
was distinguished for his talents and industry.  
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**JOHN HUSS RIDING INTO PRAGUE.**



advocates for restoring to a corrupt church the purity and simplicity of scriptural Christianity.

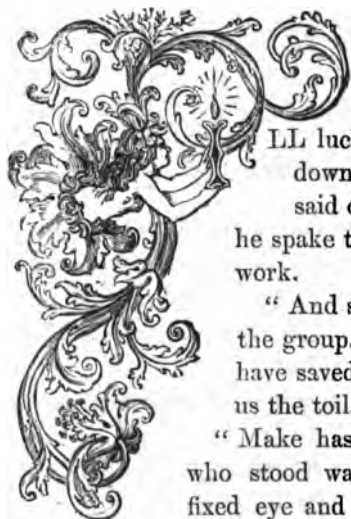
Huss went about from city to city censuring the loose morals of the clergy, and preaching against the sale of indulgences. You may not have heard or read of it, but an "indulgence" was a deed granted by the Pope to any one who could afford to pay for it, to commit what sins they pleased, for which they received absolution of the church. This was a sad system, and made people very wicked, while the priests reaped the advantage by the money they took of the silly creatures who believed in their power. Huss also preached against image worship, prayers for the dead, confession of sins to the priest, and other absurdities, and for this he was excommunicated by the Pope, and the city of Prague laid under an interdict so long as Huss should remain in it. An interdict is a very serious thing for a city, for when under it, marriages and baptisms, and the administration of the sacrament, and the burial of the dead, are prohibited, and even trade and all sociability of families is put a stop to, and everything seems dark and dead and melancholy. So Huss, rather than that the city should suffer for his acts, left it in company with Elathi, a venerable nobleman, constable of the place, and went to the feudal lord of his birth-place, Hussivey, and under his protection preached the truth more vehemently than ever. He was now summoned before the council of Constance to defend his opinions before the clergy of all nations. Wenceslaus gave him the Count of Chlau and two other Bohemians of rank for his escort. The Emperor Sigismund, by letters of safe conduct, became answerable for his personal safety. Notwithstanding this, he was thrown into prison, and after a private examination by some of the cardinals, he was kept in confinement and

most rigorously treated, being, although sick, denied an advocate to defend him. At his public examination on the 5th of June, 1415, the fathers of the council interrupted him by loud cries and vile abuse. Huss, however, remained firm in his belief, and his last examination ended in his sentence of death. He in vain urged the promise given him by the Emperor for his safety, which the recreant king could only hear with a blush in the face of the whole assembly. Huss was sentenced to be burnt alive, and his ashes were thrown into the Rhine; but a more bloody and terrible judgment afterwards fell upon the Emperor and the other enemies of Huss for this wicked murder, which produced one of the most terrible wars that ever desolated the continent of Europe.



## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY EDWARD WEST.



“All luck fall on the churl who forced down the stones in this fashion,” said one of the labourers, pausing as he spake to the rest, from his exhausting work.

“And so say I,” exclaimed another of the group. “By my faith, he might well have saved himself the trouble, and saved us the toil.”

“Make haste, ye loons,” said Sir James, who stood watching their exertions, with a fixed eye and pallid cheek. “This is a cold, cold night, and I would fain be back in my warm bed again.”

The three workmen united their efforts, and the huge stone was raised.

“Now, sirrahs,” cried Sir James, “hollow out a place; speed, speed, for your lives!”

Quickly was the hard mould shovelled away, and Sir James took no inactive part: he knelt down, and tore up handfuls of the earth as eagerly as if he had been seizing upon food for famishing lips. The space was cleared, and now the burden was to be put into the hole which had been made to receive it.

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"Raise that cover which you have thrown over them, and bring them near," said Sir James.

"Nay, master," answered the third dependant, who had hitherto remained silent. "Nay, master, let them go in as they are."

"Fool! *I must see* that they are dead: I must see it and know it. Raise the cloth."

"Somebody else must raise it, then," muttered the man; "*I* will not."

"Sirrah!" shouted the knight; "at your peril obey me."

"Nay, master," was the reply. "*I must see* them one day. *I must see* their meek sweet faces again. Let them be—let them be—TILL THEN."

Sir James Tyrrel tore off the garment, and there the children lay, as calm and as peaceful as the consciences of those who flee from the thought of cruelty and wrong. Sir James touched them: he pressed his rough cheek against theirs.

"Are they quite cold?" he inquired.

"Aye, master mine," was the response; "cold as the ice itself."

"And yet they do not feel colder than *I* do," said Tyrrel, drawing his thick mantle around him.

The princes were laid in their last bed, and the hired assassins were about to lower upon them the huge stone which they had lately raised.

"That is not half enough—not half heavy enough; bring heaps of stones—gather them from where you will—but let a mountain be heaped upon them," cried Sir James.

Materials were collected from every part, and placed upon those bodies which were lately so tender; and then the massive weight was thrust down—down—down—as if the little soft flesh had been iron and adamant.

"It is well," were the words of Sir James Tyrrel, as he saw the stone rammed equally flat with those adjoining.

"It is as flat as it can be," growled one of the villains.

"It would seem so," answered Tyrrel, walking backwards and forwards upon it, "and yet I can feel the projection: I can feel their bodies as plainly as if they had only a thin sheet over them."

"Do you crave pardon, then, young rebel?" asked the king; as, with an angry countenance, he regarded the stripling standing before him

"*Pardon!*" echoed the youth, proudly; "let *him* ask pardon who has wronged his brother's son; let *him* ask pardon who has deprived his nephew of his rightful inheritance."

The king answered not a word: a dreadful man was that monarch in his fury; a more dreadful man in his calmness; a fearful being in his hours of impetuous wrath; a more fearful being in his minutes of silence. He slowly left the room, and the prince stood alone—all quiet; only he thought he heard a thin, small, grating laugh from the king, as he passed down the corridor of the castle.

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Another castle—another castle; but a more secure and a more dismal one; close beside its lofty walls flows the river on its silent way.

The same slim youth sits within a cold and confined room at the very height of the lofty edifice. He hears a loud splash—splash—splash—of the troubled waters, and he wishes that he could see the person who thus, in the dead of night, nears that gloomy edifice. A boat arrives, and scarcely had a few moments elapsed when a step is heard without the door of



the stripling's chamber. How quickly the visitor approaches ! How fleetly he ascends the rough stone staircase ! Can this man, who enters the apartment with the agility of a chamois-hunter, when in pursuit of his prey, be the same person who was wont to walk so softly and so slowly ! The king says no word, but the prince perceives his errand. "Mercy! mercy!" he exclaims, flinging himself on his knees; "Mercy, for my dear father's sake—for the sake of heaven above us both."



"MERCY, FOR MY DEAR FATHER'S SAKE."

The answer, which had not been given when the youth was in the former castle, *is given now*—by the plunging of the sword of the king into the heart's depth of the stripling. The king motions to his attendants for the burden which they bear—the heavy stone is produced, it is fastened round the body; and the Seine receives the corpse, without the shroud, the coffin, or the words of prayer.



## JACK BROWN'S TRIP TO PARIS.

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URRAH, Tom! Such a spree! You know I am well up in French, know all the verbs by heart, and have gone through all the grammar, and had as many "sacres" from Monsieur Le Mallet as would fill a sack. You know I have "coup d'œil" to look into everything, if I see into nothing; am ready for a "coup de main," and have "courage sans peur," "coûte que coûte." So whereupon, having obtained the great prize at our castigatory for my French translation of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," and "Puss in Boots," I determined to see the country and the people about which and whom I have fagged so hard for the last seven years, and to go to Paris. It's only five pounds, you know; and that was given me by my best beloved and most magnanimous aunt Sally, whose idea of France was quite of the old school, and a long way before railways, which she thought *bad* ways; she did not like *raillery* nor anything of the kind; she was sentimental, and she went to Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" for her French notions. She often talked about his sitting



FRANCE, BEFORE RAILWAYS.

at the window of his hotel, and seeing the old soldier parent being chucked under the chin by his affectionate niece; and of the National Guards in their picturesque costumes; of the valises, and of the French cooks; and of "La Fleur," and the powder blown out of the window, and of the rue de Frapperie; and how she would weep over poor Maria and the little goat, and over the old man's ass, and so stain her best cambric pocket-handkerchief trimmed with Brussels lace. I have heard her talk of these things hundreds of times; and it is no wonder that she should tell me that if I went to France, I should find all its glory had departed since the fall of the Bastille; "for," said she, "you are a vast deal too rude and rumbustical, and want polish; and if you go to the emporium of manners, rough as you are, you will be sure to come home as polished as a darning needle;" so she dived into her "cul de sac," and fished up five golden opinions—no, sovereigns—and said, not in French—although she was mistress of that language—but in Latin, for she was mistress of that too, and would have taken a degree, only she was too old, they said. Well, her expression was, "*Dulce est desipere in loco*;" but she told me also, "*Dulcis amor patriæ dulce videre suos*;" and that I should never forget the snap-dragons, the plum-puddings of Christmas, the custards at Easter, and the whipsyllabubs at all seasons; and then she ended by a fine quotation from old Pliny: "*Ea sub oculis posita negligimus proximorum incuriosi longinqua sectamur.*" This she said as she gave me the sovereigns, which was a sovereign remedy for her Latin: and then she gave me her benediction, and prayed that I might come back with no monkey airs and no monkey tricks—for I had enow of both already—but that I should meet her longing eyes with an elegant step, a polite demeanour, and a new set of highly polished manners, which would make a man of me.

So I made my bow—English style—and packing up my leather bag—“put in your razors?”—no, I didn’t put in my razors, Mr. Sharp, but I did a comb. “Coxcombs wear their combs on their head.” Now will you be quiet? if you don’t, I will send a piece of Latin at your knowledge-box, for you are “*Feræ naturæ*.” Well, as I said, I packed up my box, and went straight down to the steamer at London Bridge, and shipped myself for Boulogne with a cargo of very odd fish, indeed, but all as lively as grigs. The ladies, especially, merry and talkative all the way, till we got to the “chops” of the Channel, when steam began to cast aside all the marine deities as we passed that very troublesome Boy at the Nore. Then, alas, a spirit came over our fond dream of delight, better imagined than described. The fun and the frolic suddenly ceased, the multiplicity of words without meaning suddenly capsized, the boat went thumping over the billows, and—oh, there was a sea, just as we sighted Boulogne. Up and down, up and down, smashing of crockery, odd swinging of lamps, topsiturviness of everything. How did I stand it? I could not stand it; I tried to sit it; that would not do; so then I was forced to lie down. What passed then, I can hardly remember. All I know is that I wished somebody would have taken me by the leg and thrown me overboard. I gave it up, and how I wished I had kept safe at Harrow-on-the-Hill, for I was *hill*, as the cockneys say, very——; but at last my ears were saluted with the joyful word, “Boulogne.” “So up I rose, and donned my clothes,” and joyfully leaped on shore.

BOULOGNE is a nice place, after you have been as I was crossing the Channel. Any “terra firma” is good then, and pleasant to look at. The most pleasant thing is to get up the heights, as I did, to see the other steamers going out and

coming in, and to imagine, or perhaps to behold through a glass, the wretched state of the passengers. "It's pleasant to behold," says the old poet—you know the rest, because you had to get the whole passage off before the last holiday.

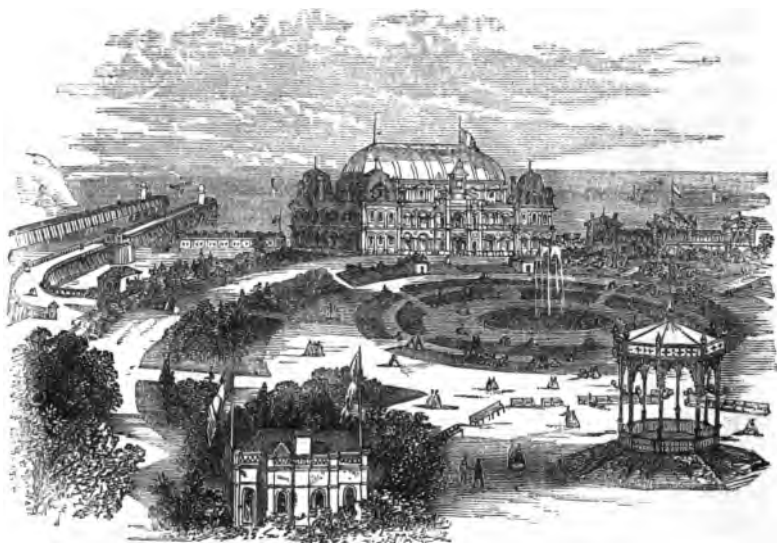


THE ARRIVAL AT BOULOGNE.

When I presented myself at the baggage place, I looked rather haggard and jagged, and out of trim, as you may suppose, with peaked nose and stringy hair, and a sort of woe-begone expression of face. Well, I soon began to feel different; and when I got up the heights, as I said, and saw the beautiful sea without feeling it, and the people on the sands having their fun in the water, better than any fun on it, I began to feel like a Briton, for I was very hungry,

and in the instinct of my stomach, found out that good lady, Sally Manger, who gave me a luncheon worthy the Emperor himself.

Boulogne is a row-de-dow sort of a place. Lots of school-boys in shoals, girls, and governesses, and all sorts of people, English folks turned into French, and French people all over

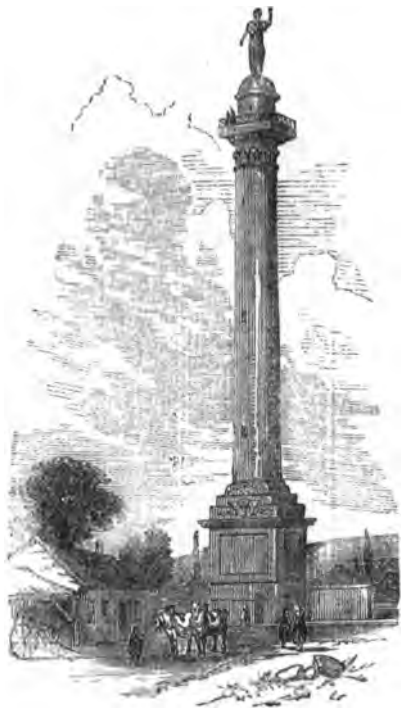


THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

English; a very great number who look as if they had seen better days, and a very great number who seemed as if fortune had done the worst for them, and they had come out of "Fallentis semita vitæ."

After I had paid my reckoning at the hotel, I went over the place. It consists of two towns, an upper and a lower. The upper is of course uppermost as upper tens will be. It is

on a hill, and there are ramparts, and walls, and arched gateways, and an old castle—all that sort of byegonery. Then there is the lower town, where all is bustle, hotels, markets, concert-rooms, and hotels without number; and what is very grand is the new bathing establishment; here is a picture of it, which is better than all the descriptions; and the sands, such as you see in the distance, are a wonder. They extend for miles, and are from two to three thousand feet broad at low water; the coast is a very amiable looking coast, except in stormy weather, but in the summer season it is delightful. Did I have a dip?—yes, I should think I did—and very jolly it was. I should have had another, but the train for Paris started early the next morning, and I was forced to be at my post. I ought to tell you, though, that there is at Boulogne a famous monument, almost as tall as the one near London Bridge. It was erected by Napoleon the First to commemorate the invasion of England—a thing which never happened,



NAPOLEON COLUMN.



and isn't likely while we have got such a splendid army of volunteers.

I got early to the railway station, and when the cab drew towards it, I thought that Jehu had made a mistake, and that



INTERIOR OF AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

he was going to drive me to the church or cathedral of the place, but I soon found out where I was from the hubbub and

lumbering of boxes and bales, and the whistling and ringing of bells from trains going off. It was not long before I was seated, and away we went exceedingly comfortable.

We soon came to Abbeville, one of the principal stations on the line, the principal attraction of which is the cathedral; of course I could see only the outside of it, but I was told that the interior was very fine. A gentleman said that the great charm of the church was its want of uniformity.

The next place we came to was Amiens. Here, as before, the cathedral is the place to go and look at. I saw the outside at a distance. The interior is very beautiful. Over the centre door the Last Judgment is represented. Above the portals are a line of French kings standing "at ease."

It was not long after this that Paris appeared in sight, at least we could see the Arc de Triomphe high over all the houses, shining bright in the evening sun-light. On we went, till at last the smell of Paris, so unlike the fresh country air through which we had been passing, regaled our olfactory nerves, and soon after we found ourselves in the terminus of the Great Northern Railway of France—a very fine station. Of course, being very tired, I soon made my way to the Bedford Hotel, which is handy for everything, and was not long before I fell into the arms of Orpheus, Morpheus, I mean, and dreamed—a dream.

Getting up next morning with the lark, only I did not see any lark, and before breakfast, I took a turn to see what I could see, and I turned down many rues, and up many more. Among other places, I came to the cathedral of "Nôtre Dame." I saw a good many people go in to say their prayers, some with their apple, and some with their fish-baskets, on their heads. While I was standing at the door, a man came and asked me if I should like to see the church;

of course I should like to see the church, so I followed my conductor, who introduced me to the church, and told me a good deal about it. He said it was one of the oldest churches in Paris, going back to about 700 years ago. Then he told me about the two towers, which, he said, were 240 feet high; that the tower on the south side contained the famous bell, whose name is "Bourdon," which, like our great bell of St. Paul's, is only tolled on important occasions. It weighs 32,000 pounds, and its clapper weighs 960.

The interior of the cathedral contains a great number of painted windows, chapels, altars, crosses, and tombs, which would take a long time to describe, and almost as long to see properly. But I was longing to see Paris, so I took the advice of my guide, and ascended to the top of the northern tower; and here I had a sight such as very few take the trouble of seeing. There was no smoke or haze to obscure the view, as there is when you get to the top of St. Paul's, in London, for here the air is beautifully light and clear. On surveying Paris from this central situation, the city presents, with its suburbs, a form nearly circular, while numerous domes and spires were displayed on all sides; the gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, the Great Arch, the Champs de Mars, and the river, with all its bridges, the Pont Neuf being most conspicuous. I looked this way and that way, to the right and to the left, to the north, to the south, to the east, and the west, taking the bearings, as well as I could, of the different public buildings, for my guide took great pains to point them out to me.

The air on the top of the tower gave me a prodigious appetite, and when I got to the bottom, I rushed like a tornado towards the breakfast-table at the hotel. After having made my toilette, as the French say, as the place was

close by, I went to the Louvre. What did I go there for? Why, of course to get out of the wet, and to see the pictures, and here are lots, of all sizes, but particularly of large ones, some of them as big as a London suburban garden. The Louvre is the Great Museum of France.

And it took me a hard day's work] to get through it. Gallery upon gallery succeeded each other, room after room, museum after museum, jewellery, sculpture, antiquities, Italian pictures, Spanish pictures, and Flemish, English, Dutch, and I know not what. The first room contained some of the English pictures of the middle-ages, which are very curious, and some so odd, as to make one laugh; comical saints and angels, funny martyrs, and excessively ridiculous old maids turned into saintesses. Then the Grand Gallery, as I said, was more to my mind; so was the Salle de Bijoux, which contains a great number of things. There is a silver statue of Henry IV. when a boy, the looking-glass of Mary de Medici, some beautiful cups in sardonyx, designed by that wonderful artist Benvenuto Cellini.

Next to these apartments, is the chamber of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and adjoining, is the bedroom of Henry IV., in which is the alcove in which his body was laid after his assassination by Ravailiac, which you know all about, as you used to read French History you know. Close by is the apartment of Henry II. In the centre is a glass-case, containing a beautiful suit of armour that belonged to him. You know how this monarch was killed by the spear of the Count de Montmorenci piercing his eye at a tournament.

The next apartments contain the Naval Museum. It is full of models of ships, forts, cities, and everything connected with the marine; and the rooms close to it form La Salle

des Sauvages, and is all about voyages of discovery, and the habits of savages. From these rooms, I went through the Sculpture Galleries, where there were more than a thousand pieces of ancient sculpture; then as many modern pieces, arranged in fine "salles" or halls. It contains many of the finest pieces of French sculpture. In the first room is a model of the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, and two statues, said to be by Michael Angelo, and the very best of his productions. There is also a beautiful Cupid and Psyche, by Canova. In the last room there is a fine statue of Milo, of Crotona, whose prodigious strength is said to have enabled him to cleave a large tree with his own hands, and he looks strong enough to have chopped it up for firewood. But this is not half what is to be seen at the Louvre; room succeeds room, to the amount of nearly a hundred. Your eyes get tired, and your poor feet tender, and worse than these, your neck and back get stiff by reaching up your head so much, so that you can hardly move the next morning. There is, indeed, too much to be seen; you get glutted, tired of it; and when you go to sleep, your dreams are of gold picture frames and other vanities, too numerous too mention—as we say at home.

Soon after I left the Louvre, and found myself in front of the Palais Royal. This splendid edifice was built in 1629, by Cardinal Richelieu, and passed from him to Louis XIV., who gave it to his nephew, Philip of Orleans, on his marriage, from which period, until the latter end of the last century, it remained the private, but magnificent residence of the Orleans family. In the centre, were hundreds of trees and plants, and orange trees in full bearing. Under the trees were chairs, and tables, and stools; and, seated here, all the gay people of Paris were drinking their coffee or sugar and water, and laughing and talking away at a great rate,

when every now and then you saw a very handsome, perhaps prodigious-looking man, something like an officer, but not quite so military. Not at all like a policeman, although that is the duty he has to perform, and to look out for any disturbance in the streets. They look very grand and magnificent, and I seemed afraid they would take me up for nothing—they looked so *feroce*.

On the next day after my "great go" at the Louvre, I made a series of "little goes." But it is not a very "little go," to see the Palace of the Tuileries. The word sounds little enough when you know the meaning of it, namely, a place for tile making—not hats, mind. At the time when it was built, this part of Paris was not enclosed within the walls. Nothing was to be seen in the neighbourhood but wild wastes of wood and plain, and the water of the Seine. The construction of this Palace was begun in May, 1564. Henry IV. enlarged the principal building, and in 1600 began the great gallery which unites it with the Louvre. Napoleon I. greatly embellished it, and the present Emperor has enlarged it very considerably and improved the approaches, especially on the north side. I went through all the public show rooms, and very fine they were, full of pictures, statues, and curiosities of one kind or other, and magnificent in the highest degree. I wish I could have seen the Emperor's private apartments, but as I did not happen to know a minister of state, and was only a boy, I stood no chance, so I contented myself by going into the Gardens of the Palace. It was very nice to walk among the orange trees, of which there were more than a thousand, and to repose one's eyes on the nice bits of green sward which the present Emperor has put down in various places among the flower beds. The extent of the Gardens being sixty acres, there was plenty of

room to walk ; but at the same time there was more than sixty acres of amusement.

Passing out of the Gardens I came to the Place de Concorde, without question the finest looking place in all the world—not that I have been all over the world, nor round it, nor much into it—but everybody says it is, and therefore it must be, because what everybody says must be true. In the middle of the "Place" is erected the Obelisk of Luxor, on each side of which is an elegant fountain. One of these fountains is dedicated to the sea, and the other to the rivers. And don't these fountains send up the water? our fountains in Trafalgar Square are no more than penny squirts to them, and the figures beneath, that take an everlasting shower-bath, look cool and comfortable enough.

Passing onwards, I now entered the Champs Elysees, or Elysian Fields. You know what the Elysian Fields are. It is where the ghosts of good sort of people wander about in a half-melancholy and half-sprightly manner. Well, here it is that all Paris comes out to air itself on fine days, and sometimes wet ones. It has something of the appearance of an English fair, booths, stalls, tents, and shows being scattered here and there and everywhere, all among the trees ; and it is here that the Emperor is now and then seen walking about as natural as any other man, and looking very good-tempered, not at all as if he had the world on his shoulders ; and what is almost as good a sight as even an Emperor, is to see the children, with their parents and playmates, amusing themselves ; and the next agreeable thing is to see the old people enjoying themselves under the shade of the trees, with their funny little dog—for funny little dogs are always seen. And here the poor people sit, happy as the ghosts in the Elysian Fields of Homer ; and with far more substantial comforts, for ghosts can't eat, you know, but the visitors to this place can ;

aye, and they carry whole bags full of provender, and stuff themselves to their hearts' content. I took care not to do anything of the kind, and so, not having anything but myself to carry, I walked all along through the avenue of trees, towards a huge, high triumphal arch, which I saw about three miles off, called the "Arc de Triomphe." It towers over the loftiest trees in the vicinity, and over all the houses, and you may see it a long way off, before you get to Paris, for it is as high as our Monument.

From the Rue de Triomphe, I went to St. Germain's to see one of my cousins, who is at school there. When I got there, the fellows were all at play on the lawn behind the house. But such play! Uncommon slow, I can tell you. None of your cricket, or leap-frog, or foot-ball, but all baby play, that did not suit me at all. My cousin is a good fellow, but very quiet. He showed me a long religious letter which he had received from an old friend of his mother's, living in Switzerland. Before I left Paris he copied it out, and gave it to me; and as it will be a capital exercise for you to translate, I give you the whole of it.

MON FILS,

"Fuis les désirs de la jeunesse et poursuis la justice, la foi, la charité, et la paix avec ceux qui invoquent la Seigneur d'un cœur pur."—2 Timothée ii. 22.

Un ami qui ne te connaît pas, mais qui t'aime, s'adresse à toi d'un pays lointain. Il t'écrit du pied des Alpes, en présence des glaces éternelles du Mont-Blanc et sur les bords du lac de cristal, d'où le Rhône précipite ses flots vers la France. La parole qu'il t'adresse est celle-ci : Sois à Dieu ; qu'il y ait une consécration de ta jeunesse à Celui qui sauve son peuple ; que la force de ta vie reçoive l'onction et le renouvellement de l'Esprit Saint !

Il y a une vie que tu dois *fuir*, il y a une vie que tu dois



*poursuivre.* Vis, poursuis, combats, recherche, emporte . . . mais en suivant une direction nouvelle, en ayant une vie transformée. Il y a dans le monde des apparences de liberté, de joie, de vérité. Fuis toutes les apparences et recherche la réalité.

Mon fils, peut-être poursuivras-tu le plaisir en te joignant aux bandes des mondains. Peut-être poursuivras-tu la richesse, en montant sur les navires de l'Angleterre et allant la chercher au bout du monde. Peut-être poursuivras-tu la gloire, en prenant les armes du soldat et cueillant ses couronnes dans les batailles, vers les fleuves majestueux des Indes. Peut-être poursuivras-tu le pouvoir, en parlant dans les assemblées populaires ou dans le sénat de ta nation. Si c'est là ton œuvre principale, . . . tu es perdu !

Mon fils, je viens te présenter quatre autres trésors que je t'invite à poursuivre. Ils s'appellent : *la Justice, la Foi, l'Amour, la Paix.*

### I.

Fuis les désirs de la jeunesse et poursuis la *Justice.*

Mon fils, n'attends pas que la justice te poursuive. N'attends pas ce jour où, terrible et inévitable, la justice divine te saisira, t'arrêtera, te contraindra à la suivre, et te précipitera dans le lieu où il y a des pleurs et des grincements de dents. Poursuis maintenant la justice avant que la justice ne t'atteigne. Recherche la justice qui vient de la foi. Christ est cette justice. Si tu te revêts de la justice de Christ, tu te seras couvert d'une cuirasse, (Ephes. vi.) qui te rendra invulnérable. Au jour des jugements de Dieu, quand l'ange exterminateur viendra rassembler et punir tous ceux qui font l'iniquité, si sa terrible épée venait à frapper sur toi, elle se briserait dans ses mains, parcequ'elle aurait rencontré la cuirasse de la justice de Christ. Et toi, entier et glorieux, tu

suivrais, avec toutes les armées du ciel, celui qui est assis sur un cheval blanc, qui a sur sa tête plusieurs diadèmes, et qui s'appelle la *Parole de Dieu*.—(Rével. xix. 11.) Tu marcherais, et tu entrerais avec lui, dans le tabernacle éternel.

Mon fils, deviens par cette justice un fils de Dieu ; que les lisières de l'enfance et de la crainte tombent, et que tu reçoives en toi l'esprit d'adoption. Au milieu de toutes les ordonnances humaines qui t'entourent, contemple la beauté des ordonnances de Dieu. Sache que Dieu—celui qui a fait les cieux et la terre, et qui a donné son Fils,—t'appelle, toi, ver de terre, à le connaître, à le contempler, à le croire, à l'imiter. Deviens un imitateur de Dieu. Que ta volonté se plonge dans la volonté du Seigneur, et devienne une avec elle. Avoir pour volonté la volonté de Dieu, c'est la liberté, c'est la gloire !

Revêtu de la justice de Christ, ne permets pas que rien te condamne ! Si le péché, si l'injustice t'atteignent, te surmontent, t'entraînent au mal, relève-toi aussitôt avec énergie, rappelle-toi que tu appartiens à Dieu, confesse hautement ta faute ; par cette confession sépare-toi de ton péché ; obtiens ainsi que Dieu le pardonne et l'efface, et par une nouvelle mesure de son Esprit te fasse porter en abondance des fruits de conversion et de vie !

## II.

Mon fils, fuis les désirs de la jeunesse et poursuis la *Foi*. J'entends par la foi une confiance inébranlable dans la vérité et la faveur de Dieu. Il faut *marcher par la foi et non par la vue*. *Le juste vivra de la foi*. (2 Cor. v. 7.) Que la foi soit ta vie. Poursuis la foi ; recherche son constant développement dans ton cœur et dans toutes tes actions.

Hélas ! mon fils, si tu recherches essentiellement la science, la science te desséchera et te refroidira. Tiens-toi par la foi

inébranlablement attaché aux sources d'eaux vives, au fleuve de l'amour éternel, dont on ne s'approche et où l'on ne se désaltère que par la foi en Jésus-Christ. Estime toujours et par dessus tout la vraie science, qui t'a été communiquée ; rappelle-toi que tu n'as pas vu Dieu, mais que tu l'as reconnu en son Fils, que par la foi tu l'honores et tu l'aimes par-dessus toutes choses, et que tu espères un jour le voir, en te purifiant toi-même, comme il est pur.

Mon fils, ne te livre pas aux rêves de ton imagination. L'imagination, avec ses ailes d'or, te fera parcourir des contrées tout pleines de magnificence. Mais si tu n'as pas pris la vérité pour ceinture, (Eph. vi.) le soleil fanera tes ailes, et ces rêves brillants deviendront un affreux abyme qui t'engloutira. Veux-tu empêcher que ton imagination ne t'égaré ? *Sanctifie-la par la vérité : la Parole de Dieu est la vérité.* (Jean xvii. 17.) Combien de jeunes gens qui se sont laissés entraîner par les rêves brillants de leur jeunesse, qui ont fait de la vie un séduisant poème, et puis qui n'ont pu le réaliser et sont au contraire tombés dans la boue et se sont perdus dans le désespoir. Poursuis la foi ; la foi ne te trompera jamais.

### III.

Mon fils, fuis les désirs de la jeunesse et poursuis l'*Amour*. Les désirs et les convoitises du jeune homme sont en grand nombre. Il y a en lui un amour naturel, charnel et mondain, qui engendre, hélas ! le péché et la mort. Cet amour parle de dévouement et de sacrifice, et il n'est au fond que le plus parfait égoïsme. Il semble vouloir faire ton bonheur, et si tu n'as pas un autre et plus saint amour, il te livrera à la puissance des remords et aux vengeances de l'enfer. Il semble te rendre heureux, animer ton visage des plus belles couleurs, et son souffle flétrira ta vie, pâlera tes joues, et te fera peut-être descendre sans consolation dans une tombe prématurée.

Qu'est-ce qui peut prévenir un si grand malheur ? *Le véritable amour*, mon fils.

Ce qui te sauvera des pièges et des désolations de l'amour charnel, ce ne seront pas les avertissements de tes amis, la voix de la conscience, la prédication des peines de l'enfer, la crainte de la mort, l'expérience des misères que cet amour entraîne. Toutes ces voix sont bonnes et saintes ; mais il te faut plus encore.

Ce qui te sauvera, ce sera le véritable amour ; l'amour que saint Jean prêche dans son Epître, et dont il dit : *Nous aimons Dieu, car il nous a aimé le premier* ; l'amour qui fera que, comme la pécheresse, tu te jetteras aux pieds de Jésus et les baiseras, parce qu'il t'a beaucoup pardonné ; l'amour qui, selon Saint Paul, vaut mieux que la puissance des miracles ou que la langue des anges. *Aime Dieu*, disait Saint Augustin, et alors fais ce que tu veux.

#### IV.

Enfin, mon fils, fuis les désirs de la jeunesse et poursuis la *Paix* avec tous ceux qui invoquent le Seigneur d'un cœur pur.

Le jeune homme aime à dominer, à opprimer, à faire sentir au faible sa force. Les querelles, les divisions, sont nombreuses dans le monde.

Mon fils, ne sois pas avec ceux qui sont pleins d'envie, de jalousie et de disputes ; mais recherche ceux qui invoquent le Seigneur d'un cœur pur. Il y a une société qu'il te faut fuir et une autre qu'il te faut rechercher. Hélas ! que de péchés, que de violences, qui n'attendent en toi que l'exemple et l'excitation des méchants pour se montrer avec force, et pour te perdre.

Sois donc avec les bons, et sois en paix avec eux. S'il y a quelque différend entre vous, ne te sers que des armes qui portent l'empreinte de la vérité et de la charité. Ne crains pas les hommes, mais crains le Seigneur, qui est aussi le Dieu

de tes frères ; crains le Seigneur, qui ne débat point, qui ne crie point, qui ne brise point le roseau cassé, et qui a dit : *Heureux les pacifiques, car ils seront appelés enfants de Dieu.*

Adieu, mon fils, acquiers ces quatre trésors, garde-les fidèlement, et tu seras riche éternellement ! C'est la richesse que te souhaite

TON AMI.\*

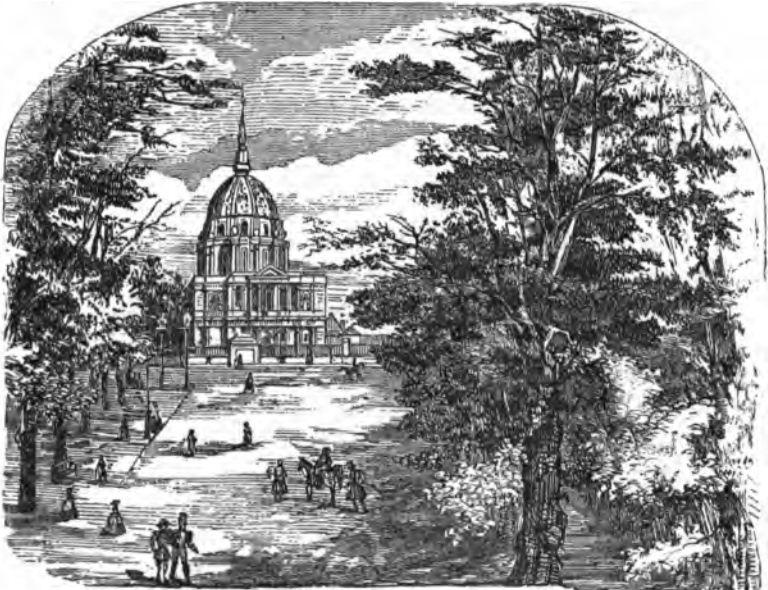
From St. Germain's I found my way back to the Place de Concorde, and, going to the Obelisk, stood to gaze again on the finest spot in the world. Then came the Palace of the Legislative Body on one side, and the Tuileries on the other. The great arch far in the distance is the beautiful church of the Madeleine. All was indeed grand and imposing, and I stood for some time overpowered with the grandeur of the place. The Church of the Madeleine drew my steps towards it, and I approached it with that feeling of reverence due to any place dedicated to the worship of God.

It contains many beautiful groups and pictures, the worthies and saints of the Eastern church, the Emperor Constantine, and others. Next come the crusaders ; Urban, St. Bernard, and Peter the Hermit, are urging on the expedition. Then came representations of many of the early martyrs, and above all, in the dim shadow, is the Wandering Jew. Then there is Napoleon I. receiving the imperial crown from the hands of Pius VII.

From the Madeleine, my next visit was to the Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. In it nearly 10,000

\* The above is introduced as an exercise in translating. Will some of Peter Parley's young readers forward to him a careful translation, addressed to G. S. M., care of the Publishers. The translation considered the best by the gentlemen who have kindly undertaken to act as adjudicators, will appear in the volume for 1866, and a prize of £10 awarded to the writer.

Every translation to bear only a *motto*, not the name and address.



veterans, who have fought and bled for the country to no purpose, are kept for curiosity, when age or wounds prevent their fighting any longer. Well, I went into the dining-rooms, and saw the old fellows spooning it away in good style, and the smell of the soup was good, not so the colour of the bread or of the floors. After I had stood looking at the old men, and longing for some of the soup, for I sadly wanted "my nosebag on," as that vulgar boy Jackson used to say, I went to see the curiosities of the place. I saw in one room the models of the principal strongholds of Europe. Then I went to the churches—there are two. In the first there are a great



number of flags taken by the French from other nations. There are some from Algiers, and some from Italy, taken in the last bit of a brush with Austria. Before the Hotel is an esplanade, furnished with guns, whose voices have spoken of many celebrated events. Whether they spoke the truth, that is, whether the events were worth so much noise, is, as they say at school, a question.

But the chief object of my visit was to see the tomb of the great Napoleon. I had Mr. George Measom's Official Illustrated Guide to Paris, and he has described what I went to see very graphically. On the two sides of the doors of the crypt are two colossal statues in bronze, of a very *grave* aspect, which is highly proper. One represents *civil force*, and the other *military force*—*brute force* is not represented. Leaving these, you find yourself in a vault, formed by the steps of the altar above, and you soon find yourself in the crypt, and here twelve colossal statues, which number are arranged round the portico, holding in their hands symbols of the principal victories of Napoleon. In the centre of the crypt is the tomb, four yards long, and two yards wide. He must have been a great man, you will say. From the foot of the sarcophagus extends a rich mosaic pavement, representing a vast laurel crown, and on them are inscribed the names of Napoleon's great victories. And here lies all that was mortal of the first Emperor; his body is enclosed in a cedar coffin, encompassed by a leaden one, and this again with one of mahogany. He is calm now; all the thunders of the Invalides he hears not, all the restoration of Paris he sees not, all the politics of the day he knows not, nor of the gaieties and conspiracies, the plots and the pantomimes of the gay city; but he rests on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom he loved so well.

I think one of the best things a fellow can do when he goes into a foreign city, is to go into the markets, for there, more than in any other place, will he see the real population. People in fine clothes, walking in fine streets, or in museums, or showing themselves at theatres, give you no idea of the people of a country, but if you go into the markets you will see them in the rough, in the free-and-easy, non-artificial style. And so I took good care to go to the markets in Paris, and generally early in the morning. One of the principal markets is the *Marché des Innocens*. In its centre is a fountain, in the middle of which is a beautiful vase, out of which the water falls in a cascade upon stone steps into a receptacle, with four lions at the corners.

As to the market itself, it was full of every kind of vegetables, flowers, fruit, melons, and pumpkins of enormous size, and snails sold by the peck, yams, little, short, pug-nosed carrots, and stacks of salad as big as hay-cocks. Some of the pumpkins made me think of the coach of Cinderella. Then there were grapes, plums, pears, and apples in profusion; and here and there were intermixed, for the benefit of the early riser, sorrel soup, hot boiled peas, roasted and boiled chestnuts, and some other condiments which I could not make out. Close by the market is the "*Marché des Herbes*," the market where medical herbs, leeches, tadpoles, worms, slugs, and other "dainty deer," are sold; and close by, going from the reptile department, we come to that of *Pisces*, the fishmarket, where there are plenty of fish, among which I saw several baskets of ugly-coloured, sandy, dead-eyed looking fish, which they told me were young sharks, and which made me shudder as I looked at them; and the gigantic conger eels were enough to frighten children. These are sold at so much the cut, and you may get a tolerably good slice for six sous. Not far from



this market is the Rue des Cordonnerie, the boot and shoe market, and close by, the Rue de Fripperie, the Rag-fair of Paris, and I assure you there are some very funny things to be seen there.

After the markets, one of the places with which I was most pleased was the Royal Library, formerly called la Bibliothèque du Roy—now Imperial. It has lately been enlarged, and almost entirely rebuilt. This Library is of great antiquity, dating as far back as the reign of King John, and it has been contributed to by many of the monarchs down to Napoleon III.

Beside the books, the celebrated MSS. here consist of above 80,000 volumes, in Greek, Latin, Oriental, and other languages, including 30,000 relating to the history of France. Among them are the MSS. of Galileo, some original letters of Henry IV., addressed to Gabrielle, the prayer book of St. Louis, the MS. of Telemachus, in Fenelon's own hand, a MS. of Josephus, and letters of Racine, Molière, Corneille, Bossuet, Rousseau, and other great authors.

When I left this "sight," I passed over the Bridge of Arcole, and soon reached the Mint. I took a glance at the coining going on, but was most pleased upon entering a magnificent saloon, which contains an immense collection of the coins of France and other countries, beginning with the reign of Childebert, who reigned in 520. A sight of these afforded me much pleasure, especially when I saw amongst them a medal struck in commemoration of the visit of our Queen to the present Empress.

After this I went to the palace of the Luxembourg, a beautiful place, indeed. All the rooms of Mary de Medieis, full of fine furniture and paintings, and in front of the palace are very fine gardens laid out in the hop-scotch style. I was

positively wearied in looking at the fine things in this palace but shall never forget my visit.



Nothing can surpass my next visit, I think. There is a place about six miles from Paris called St. Denis. It is a sort of Westminster Abbey to Paris, for a great many of the French kings are buried there. The cathe-

dral was founded by a lady named Catalla, who first built a chapel on the spot, in which to bury St. Denis and his companions, who had been barbarously martyred.

After seeing everything worth seeing above ground, I went underground, and suddenly came upon a hundred monuments of dead kings, once so famous for valour or for glory. The royal folks are too "numerous to mention," but there were Charlemagne, Charles Martel, Hugh Capet, Philip the Fair, Charles V., Charles VII., Louis I., Louis XVI., and his unfortunate queen. I hope you are well up in French history ; if you are not, it is of no use for you to go to St. Denis.

These vaults are faced with slabs of black marble, upon which the names of the kings and queens are written in gold.

I had seen almost enough of this sort of thing ; but when I got back to Paris, I had just time to pay a visit to the new Boulevard de Sebastopol. Close by, is the tower of St. Jacques, which may be seen from almost every part of Paris. The new Boulevard is the pet of the present Emperor, and is one of the finest streets in Paris.

After a while I found the way to my hotel, and slept away as soundly as a top, till the clock of the Hotel de Ville told me it was nine o'clock. I give you a picture of it on the next page, as it is a very handsome piece of mechanism.

The next day was Sunday, the day of rest and peace, and which I usually and almost without exception spent pleasantly at home between church and a walk in the fields, or in the company of my parents. I was not going to give up my church, although I was far from home, so I took the opportunity of going to the English church, where I found many more English people than I expected. It was pleasing to hear our beautiful church service in a foreign land, and I felt quite at home.

I had now been a week in Paris, and I had seen a great deal, and I began to feel pretty considerably "used up," but the excitement hung about me, and I felt very feverish by day and worse by night, for my dreams were a higgledy piggledy mass of gold and glitter, finery, and frippery, high houses, and low people, gorgeous churches, and very mean cafés, sometimes puppet shows and palaces, frescos, and funny men, and hotels, and hospices. Yet it was a treat; but, like the grocer's boys, you may eat French plums till



CLOCK OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

you are sick of them, as I was; and so, early on the Monday morning I took the train for Calais, so as to get back by a different route. I crossed the Channel on a "hazy day," and it was some time before I obtained a sight of the white cliffs of old England, but at last the heights of Dover appeared in all their milk-white majesty, and you can't think how my heart leaped up in my *chest*, as my trunk put its foot upon English ground. There is no place like old England, after all.



PICTURES OF THE MONTHS,  
WITH THEIR  
SCENES, PLAYS, SPORTS, AND  
GAMES,  
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.  
BY MARMADUKE MERRYWEATHER.

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JACK FROST is out for a game of play, and young Master Snow is flirting about by his side. The young Icicles, too, a numerous family, come *dropping* in, as one may say, to make merry in the sunshine (for there is sunshine), although Master Boreas is blowing the frosted leaves about like whirligigs. So, taking it altogether, although its nose be red and its face looks pale, and to say nothing of our going into Tartary, and of our heroic fights with the great monster snap-dragon, January is a jolly month. Granted it is a cold one, but we contrive to warm ourselves during its stay, both within doors and without doors. The frost sets our Victorian firesides sparkling, and with our feet



**BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**  
**THE DISCOVERY OF THE PORTRAIT.**

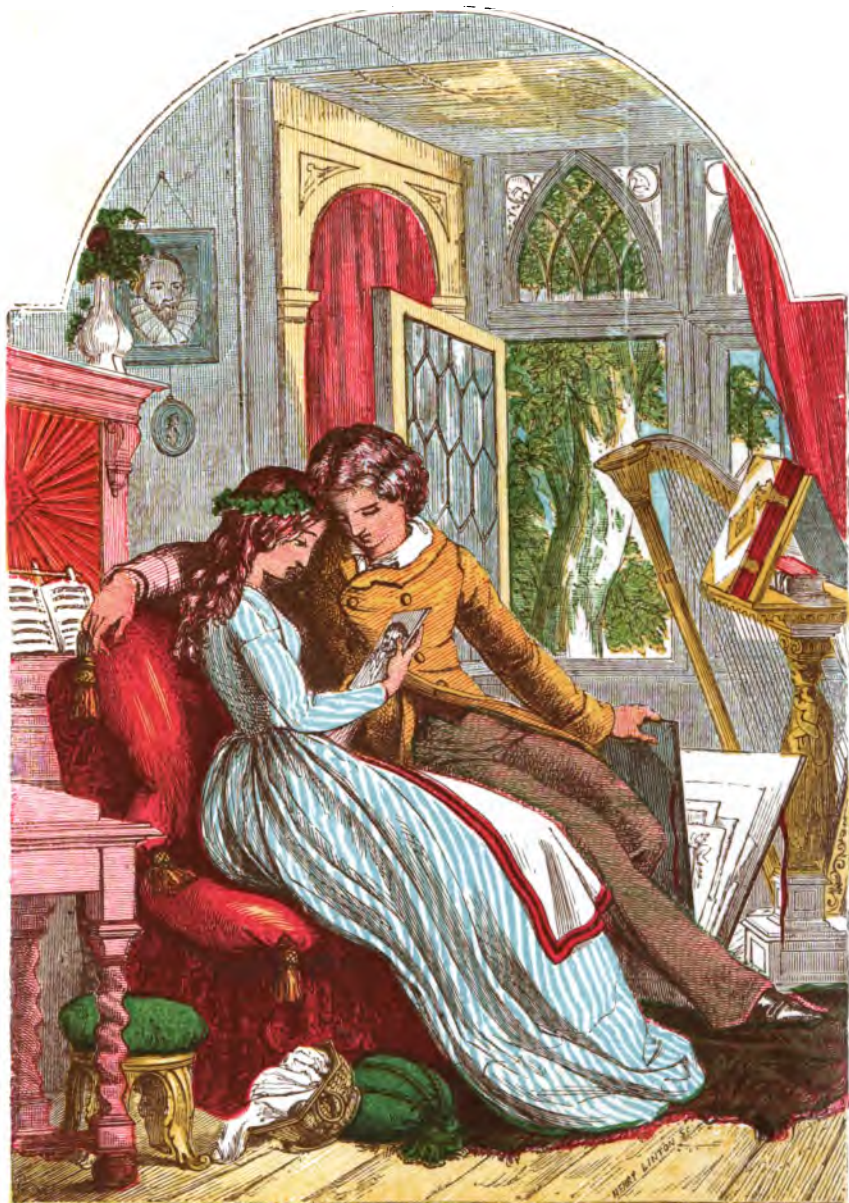
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**BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**  
**THE DISCOVERY OF THE PORTRAIT.**

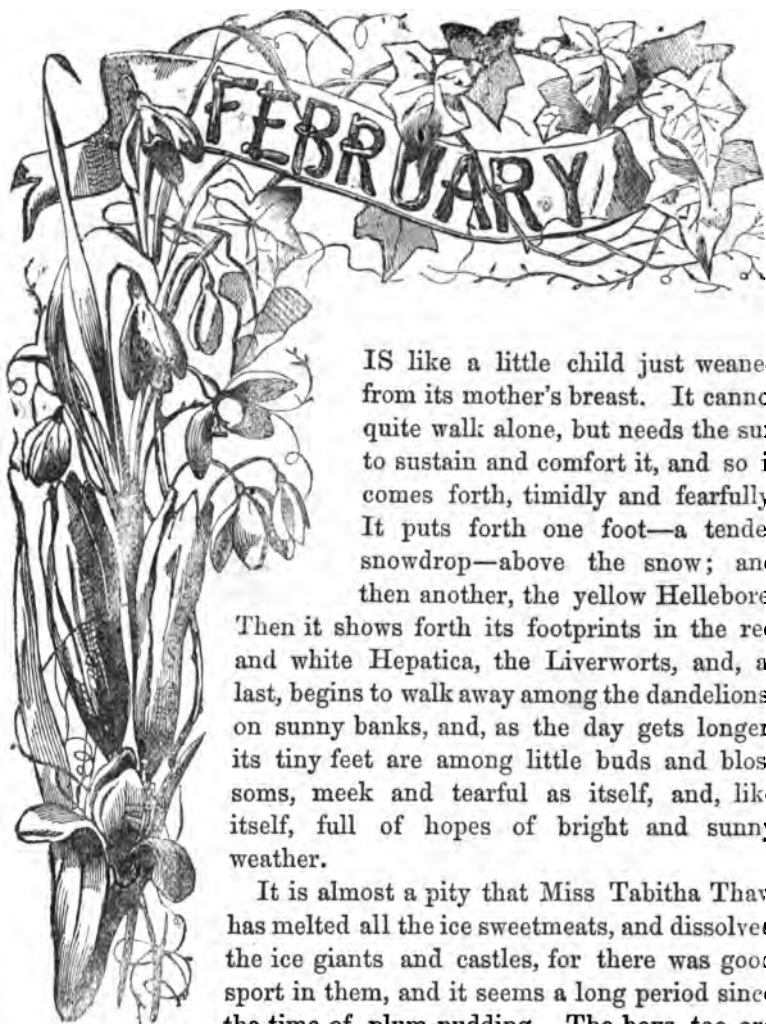




on a good warm rug, we may sit and read—that is, the old boys; but the young ones, which are we, ought to be up early, and out soon, while the sun shines; and even if it does not, it is fit we should be out. A good skate, or even a plebeian slide,—not on the pavement, mind, but on a pond—mill-pond, horse-pond, or any other pond—is good; and so is a game of bung-hockey on the ice anywhere. And so is it good to build snow castles and bombard them; and to make snowguys for the fun of setting them up and knocking them down with snowballs. And after all this, or interspersed with it from time to time, there is nothing like a ramble in the country, among the sparkles of the frosted grass, or the hard ruts of the frozen bye-lanes. There we may watch the doings of the fieldfares, thrushes, and blackbirds, or see the tit-mouse seeking its food through the straw thatch, the redwings and the titlarks upon the same errand; the sparrows and yellow-hammers, the chaffinches, and even the skylarks, still beautiful though mute, gleaning from the straw and chaff on good old Farmer Turner's straw-yard, and the ring-dove coming in for her meal of ivy-berries. About rapid streams we may see the various haunts of herons, woodcocks, wild ducks, and other water-fowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes to seek their food there.

Hark! the bells from the village-steeple tell us of the death of the Old Year, and the birth of the New one. It is a joyful sound, and our hearts leap up with the bells; and we think of many a bright day past, and many a one to come. To the boys, to the girls, to those who have few years behind them, and apparently many before them, smiling in their faces, we say, "Good cheer, and many a happy New Year." If the new years are to be happy, to my thinking, the old ones should be well spent.

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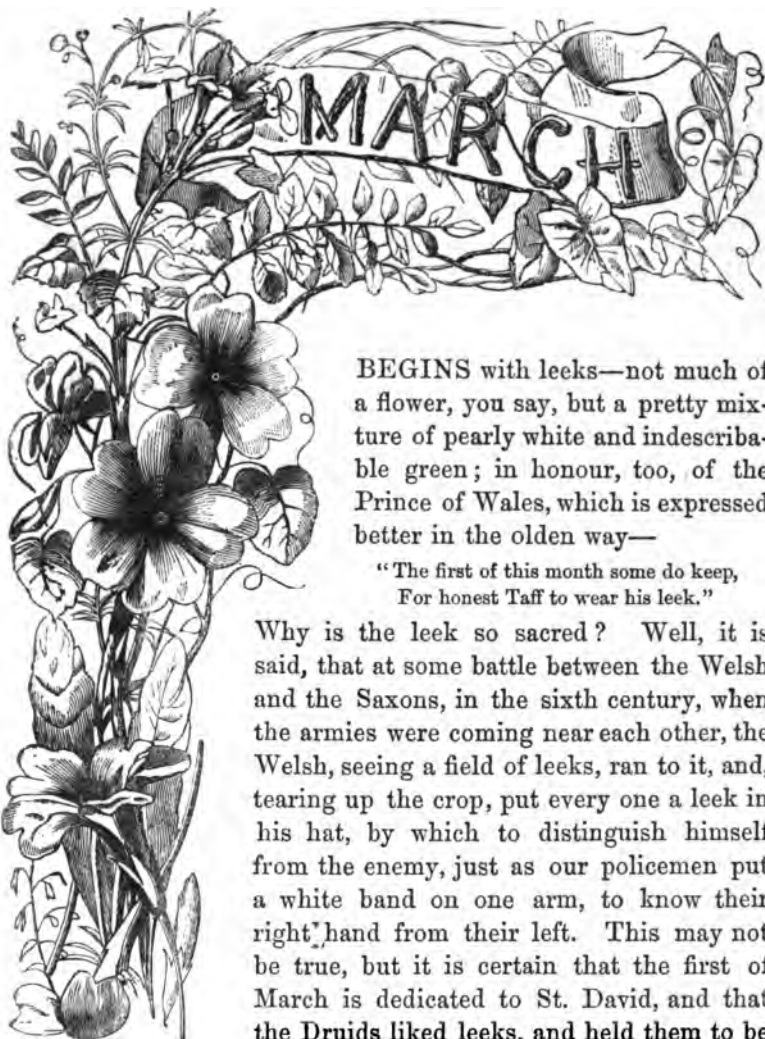
IS like a little child just weaned from its mother's breast. It cannot quite walk alone, but needs the sun to sustain and comfort it, and so it comes forth, timidly and fearfully. It puts forth one foot—a tender snowdrop—above the snow; and then another, the yellow Hellebore.

Then it shows forth its footprints in the red and white Hepatica, the Liverworts, and, at last, begins to walk away among the dandelions, on sunny banks, and, as the day gets longer, its tiny feet are among little buds and blossoms, meek and tearful as itself, and, like itself, full of hopes of bright and sunny weather.

It is almost a pity that Miss Tabitha Thaw has melted all the ice sweetmeats, and dissolved the ice giants and castles, for there was good sport in them, and it seems a long period since the time of plum-pudding. The boys, too, are all at school, and hard at it, fagging away at their tasks, like Trojans. But, take heart, take heart, my youngsters: although

mince-pies and pudding are out, yet pancakes are coming in. To eat pancakes and fritters on Shrove Tuesday, is a custom from time immemorial, and the great bell which used to be rung in all the parishes, and is now rung in some to call people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was, and is, called "pancake-bell;" and how this custom was once kept, Taylor, the water poet, may tell. "On Shrove Tuesday morning," says he, "the whole kingdom is unquiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which, by the help of a knavish sexton, is commonly before nine; then there is a bell rung, commonly called the 'pancake-bell,' the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful of both manners and humanities; and there is a thing called wheaten-flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, with eggs, spices, and other tragical magical enchantments; and then they put it, little by little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing, until at last, by the skill of the cook, it be transformed into the form of a flipjack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the people do devour very greedily."

After this, we opine that no boy in all England ought to be cheated of his pancake, and we would that every boy, whether at school or college, or under a private tutor at home, should make love to the cook, by proper and discreet behaviour, to induce her to hoist the standard of pancakes in the kitchen of hall, school, or homestead, and bring forth that delicious magical compound, with all due flavour and honour, on that beloved Shrove Tuesday.



BEGINS with leeks—not much of a flower, you say, but a pretty mixture of pearly white and indescribable green; in honour, too, of the Prince of Wales, which is expressed better in the olden way—

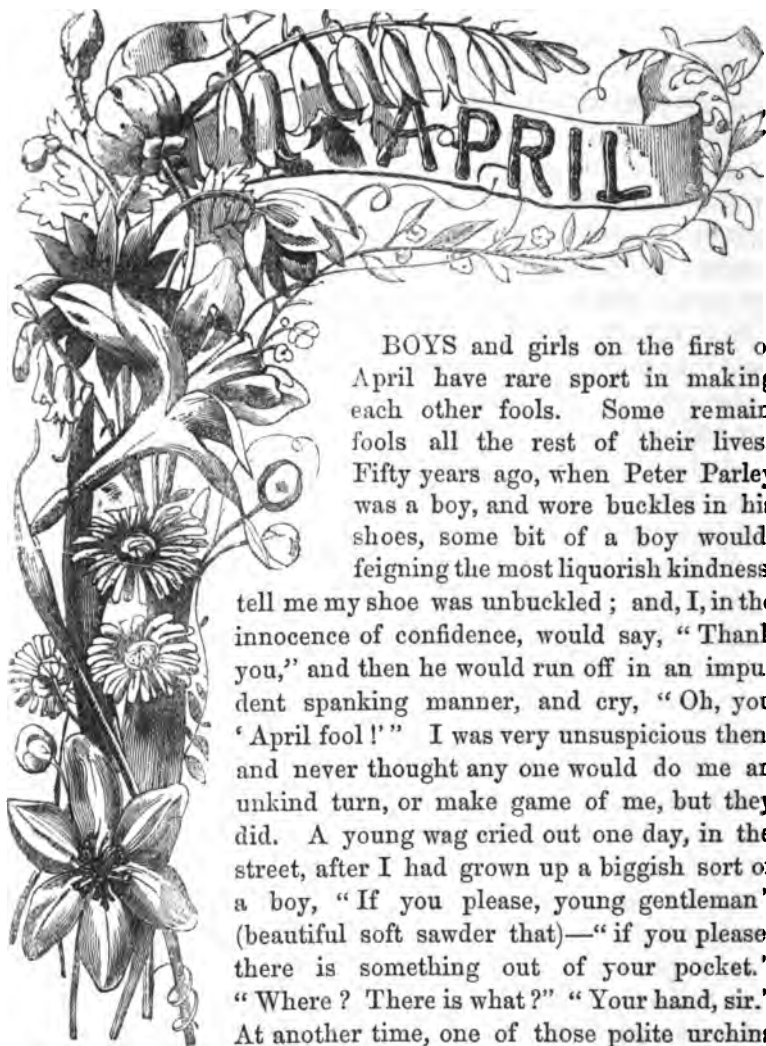
“The first of this month some do keep,  
For honest Taff to wear his leek.”

Why is the leek so sacred? Well, it is said, that at some battle between the Welsh and the Saxons, in the sixth century, when the armies were coming near each other, the Welsh, seeing a field of leeks, ran to it, and, tearing up the crop, put every one a leek in his hat, by which to distinguish himself from the enemy, just as our policemen put a white band on one arm, to know their right hand from their left. This may not be true, but it is certain that the first of March is dedicated to St. David, and that the Druids liked leeks, and held them to be

a sacred vegetable.

March, among boys, is the month for robust out-door

exercises. Howbeit, they should beware of the cruel March east wind which divideth, like a sword, flesh, muscle, and bones, even to the very marrow. A good game at stag out, or hunt the stag, may now be done to perfection, for the ground is dry for a good run. Leaping, with a long pole, over dykes, brooks, and ditches, is also a sport that has courage, agility, and fun in it; and this is a useful sport also, for many a man has saved his life, from being a good leaper, with or without a pole. There is a story of Sam Wilks, who went over to Australia, and got among the Quishgam tribe of natives. He was a fine youth, of about eighteen years of age, and had been at Toppin's school at Twickenham; he was a rare boy for running, and leaping, and climbing, and other gymnastics. Well, he was taken by a tribe of Quishgams, and he looked so plump and tender, that it was determined to put him to death, for the purpose of eating him. So the Indians made a great fire, and they tied Sam to a post close by it. They sharpened a piece of iron into a long spit, and prepared to truss him, as we do a fowl. But, just as the time came round for his roasting, and the savages were dancing about the fire like so many demons, and gnashing their teeth, to show how hungry they were for a slice of poor Sam's carcase, one of them, a very old man, who had lost his son in the savage warfare, looked with pity upon Sam, and prevailed upon the savages to set him loose for the purpose of having a chase. So Sam was taken about twenty yards in advance, and let loose. Away he shot, like a bullet from a rifle, and the young savages, eight in number, after him, yelling fearfully. But Sam could run, and soon distanced his pursuers. One after the other of the savages gave up the pursuit, and, at last, only three were in the chase, and were close to him. One of them threw his spear at Sam, but he escaped.



BOYS and girls on the first of April have rare sport in making each other fools. Some remain fools all the rest of their lives. Fifty years ago, when Peter Parley was a boy, and wore buckles in his shoes, some bit of a boy would, feigning the most liquorish kindness,

tell me my shoe was unbuckled ; and, I, in the innocence of confidence, would say, "Thank you," and then he would run off in an impudent spanking manner, and cry, "Oh, you 'April fool !'" I was very unsuspicious then, and never thought any one would do me an unkind turn, or make game of me, but they did. A young wag cried out one day, in the street, after I had grown up a biggish sort of a boy, "If you please, young gentleman" (beautiful soft sawder that)—"if you please, there is something out of your pocket." "Where ? There is what ?" "Your hand, sir." At another time, one of those polite urchins

would come up with a serious look : "I beg your pardon, sir, but there is something on your face." "Indeed," I

would reply, "I am much obliged," and then I would pull out my handkerchief, and say, "What is it? where is it?" "Your nose, sir, your nose." And then he would run away, and call me an "April fool." But this was not all. I was, in my boyish time, sent for "strap-oil" to the shoemaker's, and for "pigeons' milk" to the milkman's, and to the bookseller's—poor old Lodger—for the "History of Eve's Grandmother."

April commences with a day of folly. But the weather seems to be foolish day by day throughout the whole of the month. Now the sun rises in smiles, and looks pleasantly upon us; and then, in an instant, "down comes the rain"—men and women forget their umbrellas, till they are soaking. On the other hand, the same foolish people, finding the morning overcast, go out with their gingham, some almost too heavy to carry, and the sun comes out bright and warm, and therefore makes "April fools" of them. Oh, my youngsters, I am afraid it is April all the year round with some of us. We are continually being deceived in some way or other. There are many "takes in" worse than going to see the lions washed, and they surround us on all sides. And what is worse, the more amiable and innocent we are, the worse we are treated. Some of us are a long while before we can discover that we are done, and then only when we find ourselves undone. There is a fresh crop of fools every year, just as there is a fresh crop of flies, for the spiders to catch, and this ought to teach us to add to our virtues circumspection, and to our amiability experience; so that we may avoid, during life's journey, the snares, gins, traps, meshes, and pitfalls that surround us. To the gentleness of the dove, we should join the wisdom of the serpent, yet we should be gentle, kind hearted, loving, benevolent, and bountiful, and



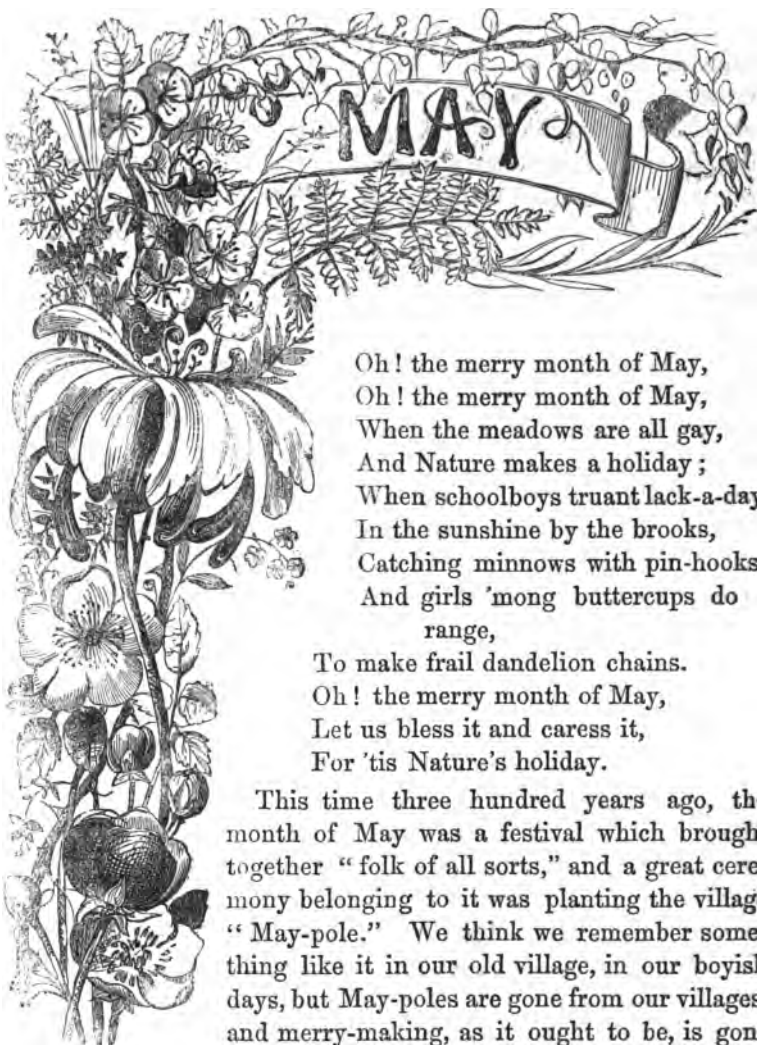


**THE ANNUNCIATION, BY GUIDO.**

forgiving even to our enemies, and it is better to be the wronged than the wronger ; for one is but an April shower, tearful and transient, dark often as an April cloud, but yet bearing a rainbow of mercy, and engendered by that Sun who is the Source of life, light, and glory. Youth is a season of hope and of joy, full of tears and smiles, like April ; full of its follies also, but yet it comprehends that time when wisdom can be best learned, and knowledge made extensively youthful.

It is in the month of April that we have the festival called "Lady Day," on which people have to pay their taxes and half-year's rents, fire-insurances, and the like. It is the day on which the Virgin Mary, according to the Roman Catholic Church, received the glad tidings from the angel Gabriel, that she was to be the mother of our Saviour. There is a beautiful picture of this event, by Guido, in the Colonna Palace, at Rome, of which a copy is here presented.





Oh ! the merry month of May,  
Oh ! the merry month of May,  
When the meadows are all gay,  
And Nature makes a holiday ;  
When schoolboys truant lack-a-day  
In the sunshine by the brooks,  
Catching minnows with pin-hooks ;  
And girls 'mong buttercups do  
range,

To make frail dandelion chains.  
Oh ! the merry month of May,  
Let us bless it and caress it,  
For 'tis Nature's holiday.

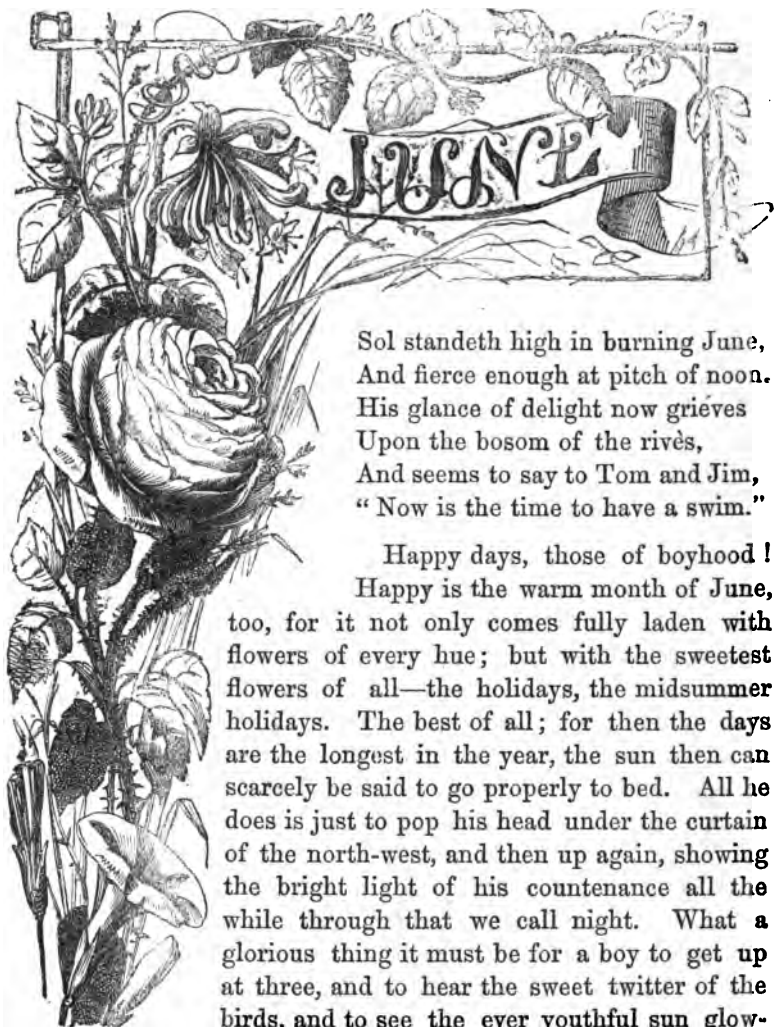
This time three hundred years ago, the month of May was a festival which brought together "folk of all sorts," and a great ceremony belonging to it was planting the village "May-pole." We think we remember something like it in our old village, in our boyish days, but May-poles are gone from our villages, and merry-making, as it ought to be, is gone too. There is none of the fun of haymaking that there used to be, nor of the good cheer at harvest time ; and as to

London, even the May fair is gone, and even the tinsel fluttering squalidness of the poor chimney-sweepers' paper gilded, dirt tramping finery, and Jack-in-the-green, is not as it used to be. The chimney-sweepers are going. Just as I said the chimney-sweepers' festival was going, a little boy, a nephew of mine, came running into my studio, and shouted, "Here they are; the chimney-sweepers are come." And sure enough here they were—the garland, the lord, and lady. The garland is a large cone of holly and ivy, framed upon hoops, with a kind of crown at top, and lots of ribbons, and oceans of flowers, and within it is an invisible one, some great unknown, and the garland moves along as if by magic. Then come the actors, their hats and jackets bedizened with gilt embossed paper, their black legs grotesquely coloured with Dutch pink, in stripes and blotches. Their shovels are also covered with the same pigment, interlaced with chalk, which is white. The lord and lady are magnificent. The lord is always the tallest of the party; he wears a high-cocked hat, fringed with yellow or red feathers, or lace, with gold paper. His coat is the laced coat of a footman of quality. In his breast he carries an enormous bunch of flowers, reaching to his nose; his frill comes almost up to his eyes and ears; his shorts are satin, with paste knee-buckles; his stockings with figured clocks; his shoes are dancing pumps, with large tawdry buckles; his hair is powdered, with a bow and rosette; he carries in his right hand a cane, with a shining metal knob; and in his left, a handkerchief held by one corner, and of a colour "once white." His lady is a strapping girl, or it may be, a boy, in female attire, very flaunty and gaudy; her head is in full dress; in her right hand is a brass ladle; in her left, a handkerchief like her lord's. When the garland stops, my



lord and lady exhibit their graces in a dance, and presently they whirl and twine in and about the garland. The dance concluded, my lord and lady interchange a bow and a curtesy, and then my lord walks about the crowd, with his hat, for the coppers. My lady presents the bowl of her ladle for the same thing; and the boys their shovels, with imploring intimations that the "smallest contributions are thankfully received." And so the scene ends, only to be repeated a little further down the street. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, St. George and the Dragon, the poetry and the fun, are all gone. Yet we should not cease to remember the poor little chimney-sweepers, for they do still go up chimneys, and all we can say is, that when our readers grow up into masters and mistresses, we hope they will take care that machines are used instead of boys.



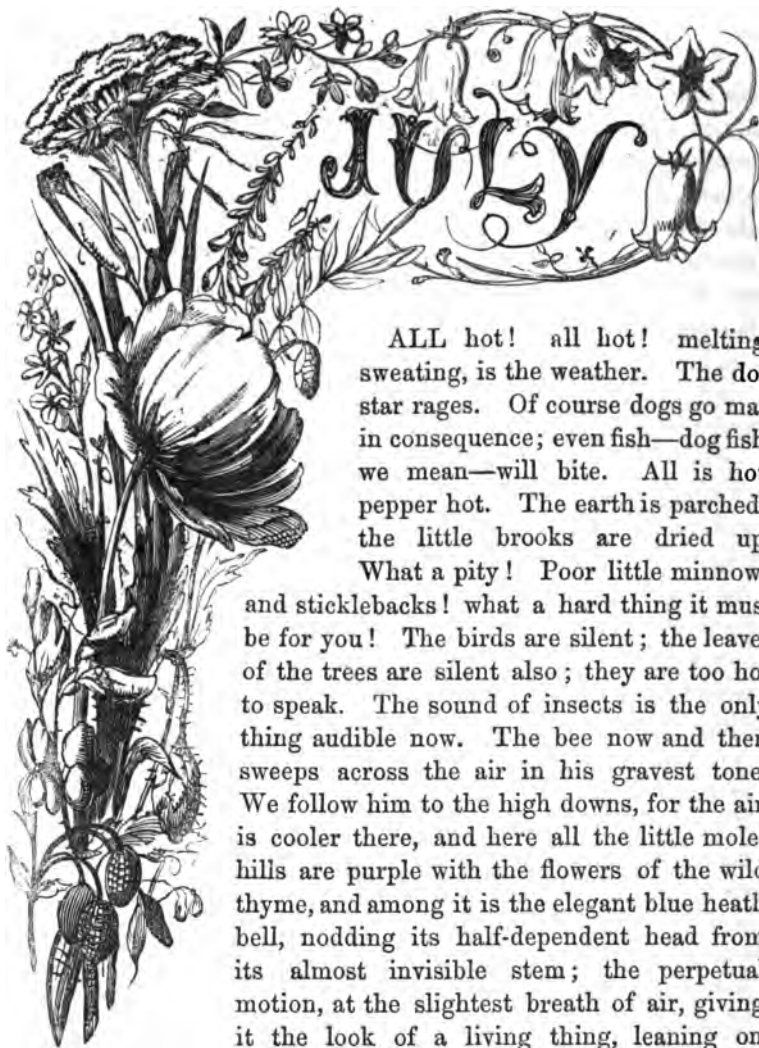


Sol standeth high in burning June,  
And fierce enough at pitch of noon.  
His glance of delight now grieves  
Upon the bosom of the rivèr,  
And seems to say to Tom and Jim,  
"Now is the time to have a swim."

Happy days, those of boyhood !  
Happy is the warm month of June,  
too, for it not only comes fully laden with  
flowers of every hue; but with the sweetest  
flowers of all—the holidays, the midsummer  
holidays. The best of all; for then the days  
are the longest in the year, the sun then can  
scarcely be said to go properly to bed. All he  
does is just to pop his head under the curtain  
of the north-west, and then up again, showing  
the bright light of his countenance all the  
while through that we call night. What a  
glorious thing it must be for a boy to get up  
at three, and to hear the sweet twitter of the  
birds, and to see the ever youthful sun glow-  
ing amid the groves as he rises above them, and from that  
hour to the time when he pillows his head on clouds of  
glory in the west,—a day of sixteen hours ! Don't "lay

a bed," my boys, one moment after the sun gets up. Out with him, and see the thousand beautiful sights to be seen only of a fine morning in June. Stepping forth into the open fields, what a bright pageant of summer beauty is now spread out before us ! Everywhere about our feet flocks of wild flowers do paint the meadows with delight. Look at the rose of the wild brier, the eglantine, not the blackberry rose, as it opens to the morning sun. The eglantine,—the vain, scented eglantine, to which, according to the Greek poet, the sun himself pays homage, by counting his dewy rosary on it every morning. If this is too poetical for you, Masters Smith and Brown, I am glad of it, for then I shall have faith in your making capital men of business. When you have left the eglantine, go to the woodbine. All the air is faint with its rich sweetness, and then go on revelling in the fields and woods, and among the hedge-rows and copses, and wild heaths ; above all, wade through the tall grass, and watch the waves of the standing corn, especially those of the barley-field, which seems like a beautiful level sea upon which no sad wrecks are ever seen ; and above which we hear the song of the lark instead of the cries of drowning men, and beneath which we hear the shrill cry of the cricket, speaking of peace and happiness in its own little home. Oh, boys and girls, there is much to see, and hear, and know, "abroad in the open," if we have hearts and spirits to respond to it ; and these we shall have, if we have been trained to a love of Nature, and of Nature's works. How much longer they interest us than balls, parties, and pantomimes ! These afford but short-timed ecstasies ; but the works of Nature seem never to clog, and to present day after day something fresh and beautiful.





ALL hot! all hot! melting, sweating, is the weather. The dog star rages. Of course dogs go mad in consequence; even fish—dog fish, we mean—will bite. All is hot, pepper hot. The earth is parched; the little brooks are dried up.

What a pity! Poor little minnows and sticklebacks! what a hard thing it must be for you! The birds are silent; the leaves of the trees are silent also; they are too hot to speak. The sound of insects is the only thing audible now. The bee now and then sweeps across the air in his gravest tone. We follow him to the high downs, for the air is cooler there, and here all the little mole-hills are purple with the flowers of the wild thyme, and among it is the elegant blue heath bell, nodding its half-dependent head from its almost invisible stem; the perpetual motion, at the slightest breath of air, giving it the look of a living thing, leaning on

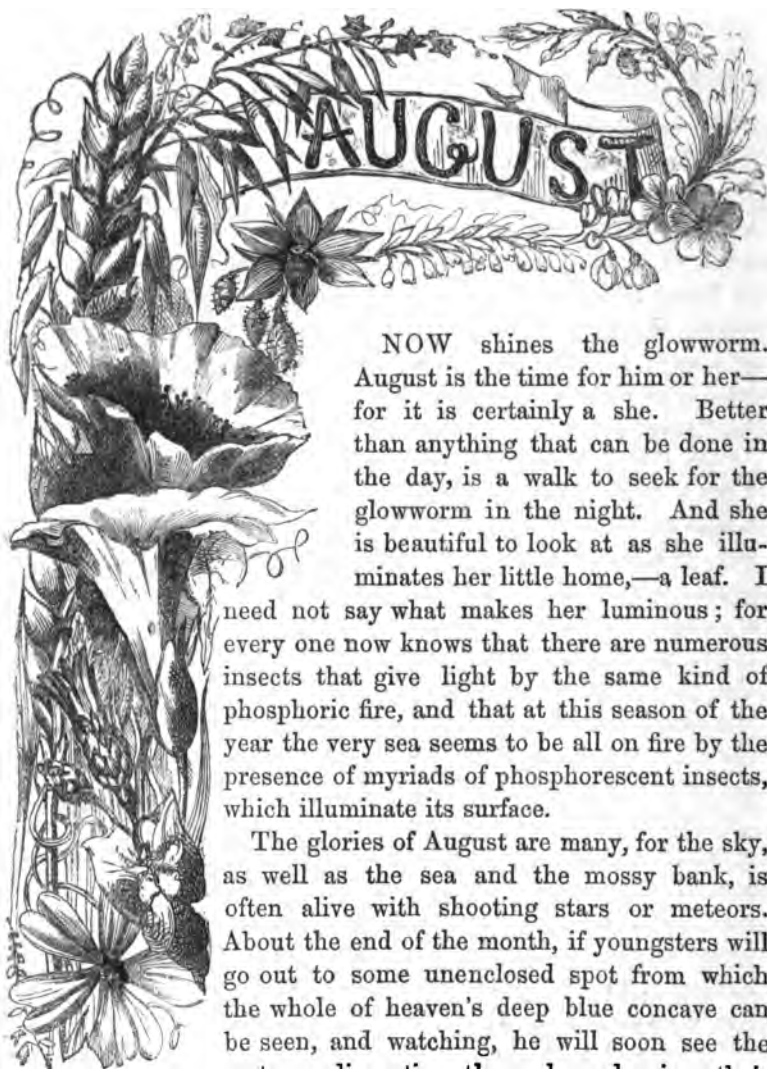
invisible wings just above the ground.

Well, after a wander in the cool air of the heath, we

descend the slope, and find ourselves among the cool shades of the valley; and here we find a "bit" of water, with the trees bending to it, as if to drink or to kiss the flowers of the great water lily; and we stoop too, and kiss and drink of the limpid lake, and perhaps get a sluice of the face and hands, or, doffing our shoes and stockings, we dabble above the knees and turned-up trousers in the pool—soft at the bottom, though; yes, and rather muddy too at times; but not always, for there may be a bottom of sand, and then the water is as clear as crystal, and delicious—some boys would say, "magnificent."

"Oh that I were a hippopotamus!" I think I hear one of my young friends shout. How delightful would it be to wander and frisk about at the bottom of some deep Asiatic river, where the stream is always fresh and cool; to get my dinner on the roots of trees beside the bank which grow far downwards, as on the river-wort, that grows at the very bottom, to feed like an ox on green pasturage twenty feet below the surface, making a parasol of the waters above. You must soon come up to blow. Well, and what if I did? I would only put the very tip of my square nose out. You would be sure to burn it. No, burn me if I would.

Well, if I can't be a hippopotamus, I can do what is next to it, I will bathe. I will strip, and go in head foremost, and swim about till I am as cool as a cucumber. Mind the holes. I never mind holes, I can swim them. Mind the cramp, which you will be likely to have if you keep in too long. Morning and evening is the best time for bathing, and not when the sun is hot. It is a bad time to bathe after a hearty meal, and bad to bathe too often; once a day is enough at all times.



NOW shines the glowworm. August is the time for him or her—for it is certainly a she. Better than anything that can be done in the day, is a walk to seek for the glowworm in the night. And she is beautiful to look at as she illuminates her little home,—a leaf. I

need not say what makes her luminous; for every one now knows that there are numerous insects that give light by the same kind of phosphoric fire, and that at this season of the year the very sea seems to be all on fire by the presence of myriads of phosphorescent insects, which illuminate its surface.

The glories of August are many, for the sky, as well as the sea and the mossy bank, is often alive with shooting stars or meteors. About the end of the month, if youngsters will go out to some unenclosed spot from which the whole of heaven's deep blue concave can be seen, and watching, he will soon see the meteors disporting themselves, leaving their fiery course far behind. In some parts of the world, at this

season of the year, these meteors are so numerous that more than seven hundred were counted passing to and fro in the heavens, in the space of about four hours. So what between the glowworms and the meteors, my young friends will find ample employment for a summer's evening.

The next, or perhaps the first glory of August, is the Harvest. What a joyous thing is it to walk through the corn fields and see the reapers, bronzed by the sun and melting at every pore, yet full of cheerfulness and strength ! Cheerfulness,—how can there be anything else in a farmer's happy household ? A godly feeling of cheerfulness is the child of gratitude, when we see God's abundant mercies so thickly spread around us. There is the bread and the beer, both of which our hearts do cheer ; for the bread is in the wheat, and the beer is in the barley,—the two *staples* by which we bar the door against poverty. Nor is this all, for the apples are rosy red, and hanging down in bushels to the earth ; and the grapes are looking luscious ; and the pears—Oh ! the mellow pears ; and the plums, to say nothing of the peach, apricot, and nectarine tribe. Oh ! how they all bring the tears into our mouths ; but don't be epicures, my boys, or you may find what is sweet to the palate may be very uncomfortable to the stomach.

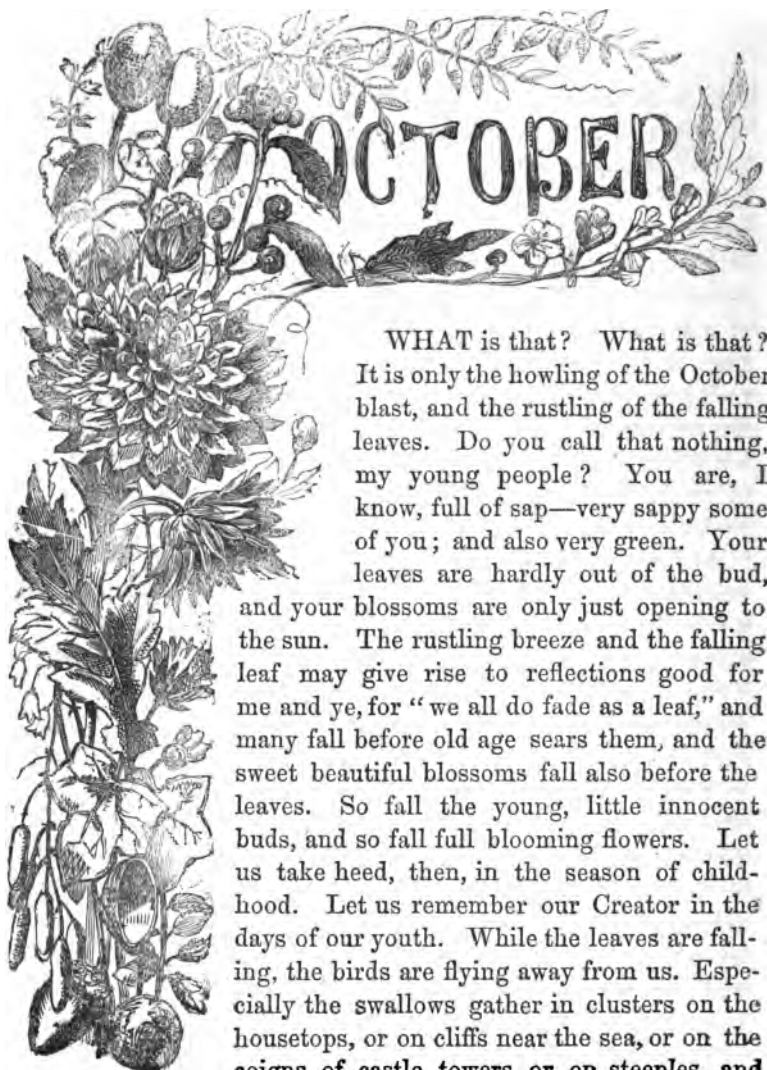




NOW is the time for going a nutting; and pretty pastime it is, for boys of venturesome spirit, and girls too, who don't wear large hoops, for hoops are bad things to get through nut bushes with. But in some of our English counties the days of nutting are all over. The woods are barred up, and notices placed upon boards, that "any one stealing nuts in these woods will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law." The dogs howl at such notices, and refuse to go into the coverts; but the boys, deeper dogs than the dogs, know where to find a gap, and in they go, fearless of man-traps, spring-guns, orders of session, and the like. I don't care what the Society for Promoting Misery among Youngsters may say, but going a nutting is a jolly thing. 'Tisn't for the nuts. No, it is not for the nuts, any more than going a fishing is for the sake of the fish. It is for the sake of the beautiful walks among the woodland trees; for the sake of the

scrimmage among the bushes ; for the sake of the nice tit-bits of nature peeping in here and there ; for the sake of the late flowers of the summer lingering beside the running brooks, loth to leave them. It is for the sake of sitting down under a hedge, or in the shade of some noble oak full of acorns, and eating our hunch of cake, and drinking a little home-brewed out of a stone bottle, by means of a horn ; and of romping with Julia and Caroline, and getting up very high in the boughs of a wild apple tree to gather them a rosy present. It is for the sake of the open air, and the chequered sunshine glowing through the trees, that we like going a nutting, and that even in our old age we refer to it as one of those bright spots in our existence that ought not to perish everlastingly.

And so it is with "Harvest home," which is generally celebrated now. The gathering in of God's bounties is a time for thanksgiving and merriment also, and these rural entertainments were formerly more general than they are now. They have degenerated from the cheerful festivity of our forefathers, into swilling at a beershop. But, thank God, they are likely to be revived again, with that proper union of religion and festivity which ought to belong to them. The antiquity of the custom is seen in the Bible. "The feast of harvest, the firstfruits of thy labour, which thou hast sown in thy field," shall be held in rejoicing. Among the Greeks, the same thing was done at the feast of Apollo, but upon the introduction of Christianity Apollo lost his divinity, and gave way to the Sun of Righteousness, and the Bread of Life. But we say, let the feasts, and the joys, and the fellowship, and the charity, all be kept up in the name of Him who is the true Lord of the harvest.



WHAT is that? What is that?

It is only the howling of the October blast, and the rustling of the falling leaves. Do you call that nothing, my young people? You are, I know, full of sap—very sappy some of you; and also very green. Your leaves are hardly out of the bud, and your blossoms are only just opening to the sun. The rustling breeze and the falling leaf may give rise to reflections good for me and ye, for “we all do fade as a leaf,” and many fall before old age sears them, and the sweet beautiful blossoms fall also before the leaves. So fall the young, little innocent buds, and so fall full blooming flowers. Let us take heed, then, in the season of childhood. Let us remember our Creator in the days of our youth. While the leaves are falling, the birds are flying away from us. Especially the swallows gather in clusters on the housetops, or on cliffs near the sea, or on the coigns of castle towers, or on steeples, and twitter and talk among themselves, ere they fly to brighter

climes. So it is that the spirit of man is ever on the wing to brighter climes, let us hope. But they will again return to gladden our summer sunlight, and to charm us with their songs. So we, coming from our Father's house, return thither, when the measure of our days is full, to live and be with Him for ever.

Woodcocks arrive during this month. In the autumn, and setting in of winter, they keep dropping in from the Baltic, singly or in pairs, till December. They always land in the night, or in dark misty weather, as they are never seen to arrive, but are frequently discovered the next morning in any place which affords them shelter. They do not remain near the sea-coast more than a day, and then, when recruited after their long sea-voyage, they visit the very same haunts which they left the preceding season. Is not this wonderful? All nature is wonderful; all is mystery; all is marvel. In temperate weather they return to mossy moors and high bleak mountainous places. But as soon as the frosts set in, and the snow begins to fall, they seek lower and warmer places, with boggy grounds and springs, and little cosy mossy rills, which are rarely frozen, and where they shelter in close bushes of holly and furze, and the brushes of woody glens, or in dells which are covered with underwood. Here they remain concealed during the day, removing to different haunts, and feeding only in the night. From the beginning of March to the end of that month, or sometimes to the middle of April, they all keep drawing towards the coast, and avail themselves of the first fair wind to return to their native woods.





# NOVEMBER

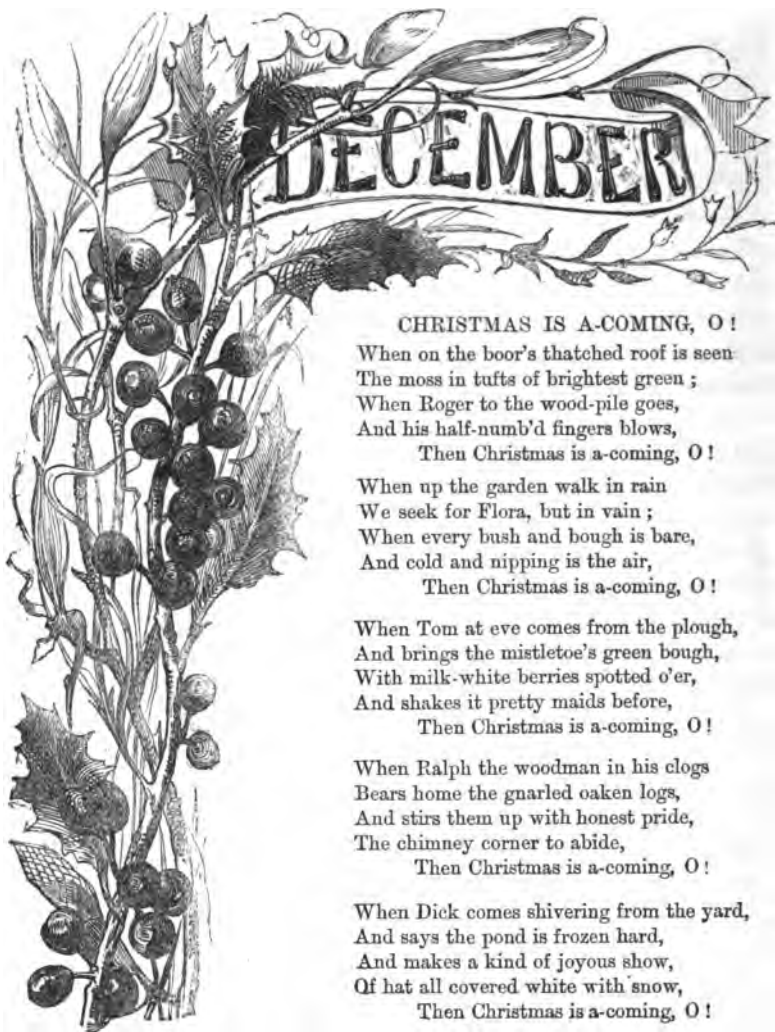
YES, in the midst of the veriest gloom, to those who look with right looking eyes, there will always be found something to cheer them. The world is full of misery of some kind or other. A great deal is there within it to sour us, to make us feel gloomy, to darken our road, to dull our spirits, and to make us melancholy. But as we see little children playing and shouting, in the rough winds, and hear little robins piping sweetly above the November's blast, and see robins' pin-cushions on the brambles, and the red hips and haws glowing about us, we may learn that every season of the year, and every season of life, even the dreariest, has its charms and meed of perpetual blessing.

November, with its bare trees and bushes, its fogs and its mists, its cold winds and raw nights and dingy days, is not at all a gloomy month except to the gloomy-minded; but to those who love the air and the sunshine, although they may view but little of it, and who have a conscience unclouded with

mists and fogs, there will always be something to turn their minds from "nature to nature's God." The birds are not all dumb: even the short sweet song of the sparrow on the housetop is grateful to us. It is a pleasant thing to meet the fine days of "St. Martin's little summer;" it is pleasant to see some primrose born four months before its time, among the sere leaves of the hoary wood. It is a pleasant thing to catch the whistle of the green plover, and to hear the coo-coo of the wood pigeons, who now come back again; and it is a pleasant thing to hear the deeper voice of the stags among the mighty trees of the ancient parks.

And so with schoolboys. From July to December is with them "hard work," fag, and fumus; but they don't mind the declensions of the hexameters and the extraction of the square and cube; for they look forth for the bright and glowing summer of Christmas and its holidays. They know, although dark days are around them, that bright ones are in the distance, and in their imagination, in the midst of their studies, the welcome of home shines around them; and that the kisses of brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, and perhaps dear old grandmothers, await them, all ripe and red as the hips and haws and Christmas berries, and so they go on under the arched rainbow of hope, looking forward and striving onwards, till the glorious "break up," about the middle of next month, leads off in the dance of the great festival of the year.

Now comes the time for indoor sports, for the winds blow and the rains descend and the floods come, and fogs also, —thick, heavy, sun-dimming fogs, and we can't get out, so we must amuse ourselves indoors; and for indoor amusements, there is nothing like a game of chess or draughts.



## DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS IS A-COMING, O !

When on the boor's thatched roof is seen  
The moss in tufts of brightest green ;  
When Roger to the wood-pile goes,  
And his half-numb'd fingers blows,  
Then Christmas is a-coming, O !

When up the garden walk in rain  
We seek for Flora, but in vain ;  
When every bush and bough is bare,  
And cold and nipping is the air,  
Then Christmas is a-coming, O !

When Tom at eve comes from the plough,  
And brings the mistletoe's green bough,  
With milk-white berries spotted o'er,  
And shakes it pretty maids before,  
Then Christmas is a-coming, O !

When Ralph the woodman in his clogs  
Bears home the gnarled oaken logs,  
And stirs them up with honest pride,  
The chimney corner to abide,  
Then Christmas is a-coming, O !

When Dick comes shivering from the yard,  
And says the pond is frozen hard,  
And makes a kind of joyous show,  
Of hat all covered white with snow,  
Then Christmas is a-coming, O !

**And what is Christmas ? Why should it be a day of  
thanksgiving, festivity, and merry-making ? I think that one**

thing should never be lost sight of, and that is, that it commemorates the birth of our Lord and Saviour, who came to declare glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill towards men. Nor should it be forgotten that He was, when only twelve years of age, seen in the Temple with the learned doctors of the law—not arguing with them, but *asking them questions*. Boys who ask questions are the boys for me. Then recollect, my boys and girls too, that when his mother found him and told him to return with them, He did so, and, as the Scriptures say, was obedient unto them. Aye ; you will find that obedience is the true test of the love you ought to bear to your parents, and that obedience is also a proof of the love you feel towards God. In your sports in the merry Christmas time, be sure to engender no ill-will, no spite, no malice, no tale-bearing, no envying, and no selfishness, but be full of love and peace and joy, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, and, above all, be active in those charities for the poor and the afflicted.



# BIRDS OF JANUARY.

THE Thrush is seen towards the end of the month under sunny hedges and southern walls, in search of snails and worms. Larks congregate. Sparrows and Chaffinches are seen in farm-yards. Hedge-sparrows twitter, and the Wren passes over the snow. Fullets begin to lay.

# JANUARY—(Aquarius).

Named by the Romans from the god Janus, to whom they dedicated this portion of the year. The Saxons called it "*Wolf-month*," because the wolves were more dangerous, in consequence of the inclemency of the season.

# FLOWERS OF JANUARY.

ROUND-HEADED Cyclamen—  
Snowdrop — Hydrangea —  
Christmas Rose—Winter Aconite—White-leaved Coltsfoot.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
1	S	Birth of 1865. <i>Sunday after Christmas.</i>	r 8 8
2	M	Rimes in season.	s 4 0
3	Tu	Snow castles bombarded.	r 8 8
4	W	☾ First Quarter, 43m. past 3 p.m.	s 4 2
5	Th	Edward the Confessor died, 1066.	r 8 7
6	F	Twelfth Day. N-Ice Cakes.	s 4 4
7	S	Skates in motion.	r 8 7
8	S	<i>1st Sunday after Epiphany.</i>	s 4 6
9	M	Icicles sharp and frequent.	r 8 5
10	Tu	Full Moon, 11h. p.m.	s 4 9
11	W		r 8 4
12	Th		s 4 11
13	F		r 8 3
14	S	Red noses in full blossom.	s 4 14
15	S	<i>2nd Sunday after Epiphany.</i>	r 8 2
16	M	Snow drops from the eaves.	s 4 17
17	Tu	Franklin born, 1706.	r 8 0
18	W	Robins quit country.	s 4 20
19	Th	Skylarking ends.	r 7 58
20	F	☾ Last Quarter, 36m. past 2 a.m.	s 4 24
21	S	Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793.	r 7 56
22	S	<i>3rd Sunday after Epiphany.</i>	s 4 27
23	M	J. O. C. born, 1859. <b>BLACK MONDAY.</b>	r 7 54
24	Tu	King Thwackum reigns.	s 4 31
25	W	Burns born, 1799.	r 7 51
26	Th	New South Wales colonised, 1799.	s 4 35
27	F	☉ New Moon, 30m. past 9 a.m.	r 7 49
28	S	Peter the Great died, 1725.	s 4 38
29	S	<i>4th Sunday after Epiphany.</i>	r 7 46
30	M	Charles I. beheaded, 1649.	s 4 42
31	Tu	Jack Frost and Miss Thaw united.	r 7 43

JAN.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	S	
2	M	
3	TU	
4	W	
5	TH	
6	F	
7	S	
8	S	
9	M	
10	TU	
11	W	
12	TH	
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	
16	M	
17	TU	
18	W	
19	TH	
20	F	
21	S	
22	S	
23	M	
24	TU	
25	W	
26	TH	
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	
30	M	
31	TU	

# BIRDS OF FEBRUARY.

WOODLARK is heard. Rooks begin to pair. Ravens build their nests. The Goose begins to lay. Early Bottle-flies seen. Hedge-sparrow begins to sing, as does the Titmouse.

# FEBRUARY—(Pisces).

Is derived either from the God Februarius, or Februa, a name of Juno. Numa placed it second in the year, as it remains with us, and dedicated it to Neptune, the God of Waters. The Saxons called it "*Sprout Kale*," or when cabbages sprout.

# FLOWERS OF FEBRUARY.

SNOWDROPS—CROCUS—Buttercups—The White Hepatica—Red Megereon—Polyanthus—Almond—Pilewort—Anemone.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
1	W	Nature revives from its sleep.	r 7 42
2	TH	Candlemas—Be light-hearted.	s 4 46
3	F	☽ First Quarter, 8m. past 1 a.m.	r 7 39
4	S	St. Linus. Nulla dies sine linea.	s 4 53
5	S	5th Sunday after Epiphany.	r 7 36
6	M	"Collop Monday."	s 4 56
7	TU	Turkey cocks gobble.	r 7 32
8	W	Ne puero gladium.	s 4 57
9	TH	Homer born.	r 7 29
10	F	Full Moon, 26m. past 4 p.m.	s 5 3
11	S	Hesiod died.	r 7 25
12	S	Septuagesima Sunday.	s 5 7
13	M	Hearts are fluttering.	r 7 22
14	TU	St. Valentine. [seria ludo.	s 5 10
15	W	Cupids are on the wing. Amato quæramus	r 7 18
16	TH	Love-sickness on the wane.	s 5 19
17	F	Michael Angelo born, 1563.	r 7 16
18	S	☾ Last Quarter, 37m. past 9 p.m.	s 5 19
19	S	Sexagesima Sunday.	r 7 10
20	M	Tops are in.	s 5 22
21	TU	Frost gives way to mud.	r 7 6
22	W	Brandy ball is recommended.	s 5 25
23	TH	Natural science is agreeable.	r 7 2
24	F	Nocturna versati manu, versati diurna.	s 5 23
25	S	New Moon, 3m. past 8 p.m.	r 6 57
26	S	Quinquagesima Sunday.	s 5 31
27	M	Pancakes are coming in.	r 6 53
28	TU	Shrove Tuesday.	s 5 34

FEB.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	W	
2	TH	
3	F	
4	S	
5	S	
6	M	
7	TU	
8	W	
9	TH	
10	F	
11	S	
12	S	
13	M	
14	TU	
15	W	
16	TH	
17	F	
18	S	
19	S	
20	M	
21	TU	
22	W	
23	TH	
24	F	
25	S	
26	S	
27	M	
28	TU	



# BIRDS OF MARCH.

THE notes of the Thrush are heard. Rooks are full of bustle. Ring Doves coo. Pheasants crow. The Redwing, Thrush, the Fieldfare, and the Woodcock go to Norway. Snakes, Toads, and Frogs appear.

# MARCH—(Arice).

Is named by the Romans after Mars, the God of War. The Saxons called it "*Lenet Monath*," or length month, for then the days exceeded the nights in length. *Lenet*, now called *Lent*, means spring time. March was the spring month.

# FLOWERS OF MARCH.

AURICULA—Black Hellebore—Tulip—Narcissus—Wall-flower—Primrose and Violet—Iris—Crown Imperial—the Blue Violet—the Celandine.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			h. m.
1	W	Taffy's day, Feast of Leeks.	r 6 48
2	TH	Boreas is like a lion.	s 5 41
3	F	Hoops and hooping coughs prevail.	r 6 43
4	S	▷ First Quarter.	s 5 44
5	S	1st Sunday in Lent.	r 6 38
6	M	Marbles come in. St. Taw.	s 5 48
7	TU	Prisoner's base is fair play.	r 6 35
8	W	Tip-cat is foul play.	s 5 51
9	TH	St. Gymnasia.	r 6 29
10	F	Simia quam similis.	s 5 55
11	S	Stans pede en uno (you know). [ a.m.	r 6 25
12	S	2nd Sunday in Lent. Full Moon, 4m. past 10	s 5 58
13	M	Blind man's buff.	r 6 20
14	TU	Beati monoculi en regione cæcorum.	s 6 1
15	W	Bear basting is bearable.	r 6 16
16	TH	Bear and forbear. Bear the staff.	s 6 5
17	F	St. Hopscotch. Lex legibus.	r 6 11
18	S	Che non ha testa abbia gomme.	s 6 8
19	S	3rd Sunday in Lent.	r 6 7
20	M	◁ Last Quarter, 36m. past 12 p.m.	s 6 12
21	TU	Bowls, not of wine, but of walnut.	r 6 2
22	W	Players at bowls may get rubbers.	s 6 15
23	TH	Stag out is in.	r 5 58
24	F	Football is not bootless.	s 6 18
25	S	Shins have a shin-day.	r 5 52
26	S	4th Sunday in Lent.	s 6 22
27	M	New Moon, 28m. past 5 a.m.	r 5 48
28	TU	Follow my leader.	s 6 25
29	W	Si sit prudentia.	r 5 44
30	TH	Hunt the stag.	s 6 28
31	F	March goes out like a baa-lamb.	r 5 40

MARCH.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	W	
2	TH	
3	F	
4	S	
5	S	
6	M	
7	TU	
8	W	
9	TH	
10	F	
11	S	
12	S	
13	M	
14	TU	
15	W	
16	TH	
17	F	
18	S	
19	S	
20	M	
21	TU	
22	W	
23	TH	
24	F	
25	S	
26	S	
27	M	
28	TU	
29	W	
30	TH	
31	F	

# BIRDS OF APRIL.

THE Cuckoo comes. Swallows arrive. Barn-owls are out at night. The Swift and Sandmartin appear. Redstarts and Wagtails migrate, and the Nightingale comes with his song.

# APRIL—(Taurus).

April is derived from "aperio," to open. It was by the Romans consecrated to Venus. The Saxons called it "*Easter*" or Easter month, in which month the feast of the Saxon Goddess Eastre or Eoster was celebrated.

# FLOWERS OF APRIL.

COLUMBINE—Flower-de-Luce  
—Hyacinth—Mallow—Daisy  
—Cowslip—Ranunculus—  
Campanula—Candy Tuft—  
Butterbirs—Buttercups and  
Dandelions turn the fields to gold.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			<small>a. m.</small>
1	S	All Fools, not including yourself.	r 5 36
2	S	5th Sunday in Lent.	s 6 33
3	M	☾ First Quarter, 19m. past 1 a.m.	r 5 32
4	TU	"Flap suckers" are stickers.	s 6 37
5	W	Stick to your subject.	r 5 28
6	TH	Walking on stilts begins.	s 6 40
7	F	Keep out of the mud.	r 5 23
8	S	Don't be above your schoolmates.	s 6 43
9	S	Palm Sunday.	r 5 19
10	M	Palman qui meruit ferat.	s 6 47
11	TU	Full Moon, 27m. past 4 a.m.	r 5 15
12	W	St. Juicy, the water cure.	s 6 50
13	TH	Pluvial precipitations.	r 5 10
14	F	GOOD FRIDAY.	s 6 53
15	S	Que fuit durum pati meminisse dulce est.	r 5 6
16	S	Easter Sunday.	s 6 57
17	M	Holiday fun begins.	r 5 2
18	TU	☾ Last Quarter, 19m. past 11 a.m.	s 7 0
19	W	Easter holidays end.	r 4 57
20	TH	St. Grim all day.	s 7 3
21	F	Fag.	r 4 53
22	S	Birch tree sprouts.	s 7 7
23	S	1st Sunday after Easter.	r 4 49
24	M	New Moon, 18m. past 2 p.m.	s 7 18
25	TU	Leap frog—tuck in your twopenny.	r 4 45
26	W	Take your degrees per saltem.	s 7 13
27	TH	Per fas et nefas.	r 4 41
28	F	Per angusta ad augusta.	s 7 16
29	S	Otium omnia vitia parit.	r 4 37
30	S	2nd Sunday after Easter.	s 7 19

APRIL.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	S	
2	S	
3	M	
4	TU	
5	W	
6	TH	
7	F	
8	S	
9	S	
10	M	
11	TU	
12	W	
13	TH	
14	F	
15	S	
16	S	
17	M	
18	TU	
19	W	
20	TH	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	
24	M	
25	TU	
26	W	
27	TH	
28	F	
29	S	
30	S	

# BIRDS OF MAY.

THE latest of our summer birds arrive in May. These are the Wren, Owl, Goat-sucker, the Sedge-bird, and Fly-catcher. Butterflies are numerous. Bees come out.

# MAY—(Gemini).

Maia the brightest of the Pleiades, is supposed to give its name to this month. The Anglo-Saxons called it "*Tremelki*," because in this month they began to milk their kine three times a day.

# FLOWERS OF MAY.

PINK and Carnation—Yellow Asphodil — Lotus — Cranes Bell — Catchfly—Canterbury Bells—Fuchsia.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			<small>h. m.</small>
1	M	May-day. Feli of sweeps.	r 4 33
2	TU	☾ First Quarter, 4m. past 4 p.m.	s 7 23
3	W	Jack in the green.	r 4 30
4	TH	Robin Hood.	s 7 26
5	F	Maid Marian.	r 4 26
6	S	Little John.	s 7 29
7	S	3rd Sunday after Easter.	r 4 23
8	M	Now is the time for cricket.	s 7 33
9	TU	Cricket in the field, not on the hearth.	r 4 19
10	W	Full Moon, 23m. past 8 p.m.	s 7 36
11	TH	Jack the Giant Killer born.	r 4 16
12	F	Take care of your pets.	s 7 39
13	S	Look to your gardens.	r 4 13
14	S	4th Sunday after Easter.	s 7 42
15	M	Ill weeds thrive apace.	r 4 10
16	TU	The dragon of Wantley curtailed.	s 7 45
17	W	Little Red Riding Hood devoured.	r 4 7
18	TH	☾ Last Quarter, 39m. past 6 a.m.	s 4 48
19	F	Exaltation of Mother Hubbard.	r 4 5
20	S	Death of Little Boo Peep.	s 7 50
21	S	Rogation Sunday.	r 4 2
22	M	Lawyers' Trinity Term begins.	s 7 53
23	TU	Fox and the goose game is played.	r 3 59
24	W	New Moon, 49m. past 10 p.m.	s 7 56
25	TH	Ascension Day.	r 3 57
26	F	X L I N X L N C.	s 7 58
27	S	Don't be Y Y S I N U R O W N I I S.	r 3 55
28	S	Sunday after Ascension Day.	s 8 1
29	M	Oak-apple Day.	r 3 53
30	TU	Blackthorns in bloom, beware back thorns.	s 8 3
31	W	Little Goody Two Shoes is shod.	r 3 51

MAY.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	M	
2	Tu	
3	W	
4	Th	
5	F	
6	S	
7	S	
8	M	
9	Tu	
10	W	
11	Th	
12	F	
13	S	
14	S	
15	M	
16	Tu	
17	W	
18	Th	
19	F	
20	S	
21	S	
22	M	
23	Tu	
24	W	
25	Th	
26	F	
27	S	
28	S	
29	M	
30	Tu	
31	W	

# BIRDS, &c., OF JUNE.

HERONS arrive. Pichards appear. Mackerel are abundant. The Glow-worm and Jays are busy. Roach and Dace, Salmon and Salmon Trout, tempt the hook or net, and sticklebacks the pin hook of boys.

# JUNE—(Crab).

June was by the Romans called Junius, in honour of the youth who served Regulus in the war. The Saxons gave it the name of "*Weyd-Monath*," because of the great growth of weeds, or from the cattle wading (wading) in the meadows.

# FLOWERS OF JUNE.

GLADIOLUS—Larkspur—Lily—Scarlet Lynchis—Star of Bethlehem—Sweet Sultan—Wheat Blossoms—the Garden Rose—Pink—Coper—Stock—Lupin—Valerian—Laburnum.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			h. m.
1	TH	☾ First Quarter, 21m. past 8 a.m.	r 3 52
2	F	Rivers begin to look inviting.	s 8 6
3	S	Swimming commences.	r 3 49
4	S	<i>Whit Sunday.</i>	s 8 8
5	M	Wit Monday.	r 3 48
6	TU	St. Reporter.	s 8 10
7	W	Conundrums are in blossom.	r 3 47
8	TH	Punch born, 1838.	s 8 12
9	F	Full Moon, 40m. past 9 a.m.	r 3 46
10	S	Cinderella born.	s 8 13
11	S	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i>	r 3 45
12	M	Minnow and stickleback fishing begins.	s 8 15
13	TU	Inest sua gratia parvis.	r 3 45
14	W	Gudgeon abound, as do flatfish.	s 8 16
15	TH	Tom Hickerthrift is born.	r 3 44
16	F	☾ Last Quarter, 53m. past 11 a.m.	s 8 17
17	S	The man in the moon disappears.	r 3 44
18	S	<i>1st Sunday after Trinity.</i>	s 8 18
19	M	Kites are in the ascendant.	r 3 45
20	TU	Kite flying is dangerous in the City.	s 8 18
21	W	Jingling, trussing, and slipper.	r 3 45
22	TH	Parley Annual for Midsummer.	s 8 19
23	F	New Moon 57m. past 7 a.m.	r 3 46
24	S	The man in the moon again appears.	s 8 19
25	S	<i>2nd Sunday after Trinity.</i>	r 3 46
26	M	Archery is the rage.	s 8 19
27	TU	Death of Cock Robin.	r 3 47
28	W	Apotheosis of Bob Sparrow.	s 8 18
29	TH	Robin Hood's birthday.	r 3 48
30	F	Jack and the bean-stalk separated.	s 8 18

JUNE.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1 TH  
2 F  
3 S  
4 S  
5 M  
6 TU  
7 W  
8 TH  
9 F  
10 S  
11 S  
12 M  
13 TU  
14 W  
15 TH  
16 F  
17 S  
18 S  
19 M  
20 TU  
21 W  
22 TH  
23 F  
24 S  
25 S  
26 M  
27 TU  
28 W  
29 TH  
30 F



# BIRDS OF JULY.

BIRDS are now silent. The Larks and Blackbirds only warble occasionally. Birds are now hatching their young. Insects swarm. Hornets and wasps appear. Poultry moult.

# JULY—(Leo).

Was named by Mark Antony in honour of Julius Caesar who was born in this month. It was by the Saxons called "*Hen-Monath*," from the German word "*Hain*." They called it hay month, which it usually is with us at the present time.

# FLOWERS OF JULY.

THE Bean and Pea in Flower  
Clover — Honeysuckle — The Wild Hedge Rose. — The Crane's Bill — Corn Poppy — Wood Spurge — Mallows — Foxglove.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			<small>h. m.</small>
1	S	▷ First Quarter, 40m. past 1 p.m.	r 3 50
2	S	3rd Sunday after Trinity.	s 8 17
3	M	Salmon leap to Billingsgate.	r 3 51
4	Tu	The dickey birds are mute.	s 8 17
5	W	Dickeys (donkeys) sing as usual.	r 3 52
6	Th	Seaside enjoyments begin (dirt pies).	s 8 16
7	F	Valentine and Orson born. O Gemini!	r 3 55
8	S	Full Moon, 27m. past 8 a.m.	s 8 14
9	S	4th Sunday after Trinity.	r 3 56
10	M	Peter Parley born.	s 8 14
11	Tu	Ova tenas.	r 3 58
12	W	His tales are in his head.	s 8 11
13	Th	Mirabile dictu.	r 4 1
14	F	Corn begins to turn rusty.	s 8 9
15	S	St. Swithin reigns (rains).	r 4 2
16	S	5th Sunday after Trinity.	s 8 7
17	M		r 4 5
18	Tu		s 8 5
19	W	Hot sausages at a discount in the City.	r 4 7
20	Th	Why is a chrysalis like a hot roll?	s 8 3
21	F	It is the <i>grub</i> that makes the <i>butter-fly</i> .	r 4 10
22	S	New Moon, 29m. past 6 p.m.	s 8 0
23	S	6th Sunday after Trinity.	r 4 12
24	M	Potatoes are blighted beings.	s 7 58
25	Tu	E.C. b., 1836. The boy at the Nore takes it cool.	r 4 15
26	W	Midsummer holidays flown.	s 7 55
27	Th	A dreadful dark day expected.	r 4 18
28	F	Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.	s 7 52
29	S	Dog days on the wane. Beware of puppies.	r 4 21
30	S	7th Sunday after Trinity. ▷ First Quarter,	s 7 49
31	M	Hedgerows in full feather. [7m. past 8 p.m.	r 4 24

JULY.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	S	
2	S	
3	M	
4	Tu	
5	W	
6	Th	
7	F	
8	S	
9	S	
10	M	
11	Tu	
12	W	
13	Th	
14	F	
15	S	
16	S	
17	M	
18	Tu	
19	W	
20	Th	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	
24	M	
25	Tu	
26	W	
27	Th	
28	F	
29	S	
30	S	
31	M	

# BIRDS OF AUGUST.

Young Martins and Swallows appear. The Swift migrates. Linnets congregate. Lapwings associate for flight. The Bat flies by night.

# AUGUST—(*Virgo*).

Was called Sextilis by the Romans from its being the sixth month in their calendar, until the Senate complimented Augustus by naming it after him. The Saxons called it "*Arn-Monath*," being the Saxon term for harvest.

# FLOWERS OF AUGUST.

SUNFLOWERS—Mary olds—Amaranths—Chrysanthemums—China Asters—Dahlias—Ferns in perfection—Holyhocks—Heaths—also Plums, Pears, Peaches in perfection.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			<small>h. m.</small>
1	TU	Augustus Sala once a little boy.	r 4 26
2	W	Who would not be a hippopotamus,	s 7 44
3	TH	To walk beneath the cooling streams?	r 4 28
4	F	Gnats have their gyrations.	s 7 41
5	S		r 4 31
6	S	8th Sunday after Trinity.	s 7 37
7	M	Full Moon, 25m. past 5 a.m.	r 4 35
8	TU	Hornets' nests are blown up.	s 7 34
9	W	Bees are lads of wax.	r 4 38
10	TH		s 7 30
11	F	Honey-combs.	r 4 41
12	S		s 7 26
13	S	9th Sunday after Trinity. ☾ Last Quarter.	r 4 44
14	M		s 7 22
15	TU		r 4 47
16	W	Mermaids.	s 7 18
17	TH		r 4 50
18	F	Dissolution of Parliament and the members.	s 7 14
19	S		r 4 53
20	S	10th Sunday after Trinity.	s 7 10
21	M	New Moon, 17m. past 7 a.m.	r 4 57
22	TU		s 7 6
23	W	Gipsies' holiday.	r 5 0
24	TH		s 7 2
25	F		r 5 3
26	S	Prince Albert born.	s 6 57
27	S	11th Sunday after Trinity	r 5 6
28	M	B. R. C. born, 1864.	s 6 53
29	TU		r 5 2
30	W	Thanksgiving for the harvest.	s 6 49
31	TH	Harvest home.	r 5 13

AUG.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	TU	
2	W	
3	TH	
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	
7	M	
8	TU	
9	W	
10	TH	
11	F	
12	S	
13	S	
14	M	
15	TU	
16	W	
17	TH	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	
21	M	
22	TU	
23	W	
24	TH	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	
28	M	
29	TU	
30	W	
31	TH	

## BIRDS OF SEPTEMBER.

SWALLOWS depart. Wood-cocks seek their winter haunts. The Thrush, Black-bird, and the Wood Lark renew their songs. The Stone Curlew is also heard at night. Partridges are shot.

SEPTEMBER—(*Libra*).

Derived from Septimus the seventh, as it was with the Romans. It is composed of *Septem*, and *tember*, a shower of rain, from the rainy period now commencing. It was called "*Gerst-Monath*" by the Saxons, *gerst* signifying barley, which ripens in this month.

## FLOWERS OF SEPTEMBER

MEADOW Saffron in blossom—Apples come in, and Quinces are ripe—the Ivy is in blossom—Golden Rod—Sapwort—Passion Flower—Sea Starwort—Michaelmas Daisy.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
1	F	Large numbers of English and Frenchmen	r 5 15
2	S	London in a blaze, 1666. [shot.]	s 6 42
3	S	12th Sunday after Trinity.	r 5 17
4	M		s 6 37
5	TU	Full Moon, 51m. past 1 p.m.	r 5 21
6	W	Papa sends a present.	s 6 33
7	TH		r 5 23
8	F		s 6 28
9	S		r 5 27
10	S	13th Sunday after Trinity.	s 6 24
11	M		r 5 30
12	TU	( Last Quarter, 57m. past 4 a.m.	s 6 19
13	W		r 5 33
14	TH		s 6 15
15	F	Mushrooms in the meadows spring.	r 5 37
16	S		s 6 10
17	S	14th Sunday after Trinity.	r 5 40
18	M		s 6 5
19	TU	New Moon, 45m. past 10 p.m.	r 5 42
20	W		s 6 1
21	TH	Somebody's birthday.	r 5 46
22	F		s 5 56
23	S		r 5 50
24	S	15th Sunday after Trinity.	s 5 52
25	M		r 5 53
26	TU		s 5 47
27	W		r 4 56
28	TH	☽ First Quarter, 46m. past 2 a.m.	s 5 42
29	F	Old Mother Goose deified.	r 5 59
30	S	F. Sam. C. born, 1860.	s 5 38

SEPT.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	F	
2	S	
3	S	
4	M	
5	Tu	
6	W	
7	Th	
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	
11	M	
12	Tu	
13	W	
14	Th	
15	F	
16	S	
17	S	
18	M	
19	Tu	
20	W	
21	Th	
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	
25	M	
26	Tu	
27	W	
28	Th	
29	F	
30	S	

## BIRDS OF OCTOBER.

PHEASANTS are in. Herrings appear on the coast. Squirrels, Field Mice, Dormice, and other four-footed animals store away corn, acorns, nuts, beech-nuts, and the like.

OCTOBER—(*Scorpio*).

Was the eighth month in the Calendar of Romulus, but the tenth in that of Numa or Julius Cæsar. The Saxons gave it the name of "*Wyn-Monath*" or wine month. They also called it winter falleth, or fall of the leaf.

## FLOWERS OF OCTOBER.

MIW — Dead Nettles — the Clematis — the Blackberry — Thistles — Burdocks — Wormwood — Mallows — Leaves begin to fall — Hips and Haws to appear — the Privet, the Elder, and the Briony in seed.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			h. m.
1	S	16th Sunday after Trinity.	r 6 2
2	M	Pheasants live an extra day this year.	s 5 33
3	TU	Fairy rings are toad stools.	r 6 6
4	W	Full Moon, 31m. past 10 p.m.	s 5 29
5	TH	Welch rarebits in season.	r 6 9
6	F	A noble pheasantry a country's pride.	s 5 24
7	S		r 6 13
8	S	17th Sunday after Trinity.	s 5 20
9	M	Nuts to crack.	r 6 16
10	TU		s 5 16
11	W	☾ Last Quarter, 22m. past 3 p.m.	r 6 19
12	TH	Wine and walnuts.	s 5 11
13	F	Woodland rambles.	r 6 23
14	S		s 5 7
15	S	18th Sunday after Trinity.	r 6 26
16	M		s 5 2
17	TU		r 6 29
18	W		s 4 58
19	TH	New Moon, 27m. past 4 p.m.	r 6 33
20	F		s 4 54
21	S		r 6 36
22	S	19th Sunday after Trinity.	s 4 50
23	M		r 6 40
24	TU		s 4 46
25	W		r 6 43
26	TH	St. Crispin, prince of snobs.	s 4 42
27	F	☽ First Quarter, 49m. past 3 p.m.	r 6 47
28	S	Peter Parley's Annual for 1866 comes out.	s 4 38
29	S	20th Sunday after Trinity.	r 6 51
30	M		s 4 34
31	TU	All Hallows' Eve.	r 6 54

OCT.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	S	
2	M	
3	Tu	
4	W	
5	Th	
6	F	
7	S	
8	S	
9	M	
10	Tu	
11	W	
12	Th	
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	
16	M	
17	Tu	
18	W	
19	Th	
20	F	
21	S	
22	S	
23	M	
24	Tu	
25	W	
26	Th	
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	
30	M	
31	S	



# BIRDS OF NOVEMBER.

FLOCKS of Water Fowl now appear. The Stock Dove returns. Salmon go up the rivers to spawn.

# NOVEMBER (*Sagittarius*).

Was the ninth month of the year of Romulus, hence its name, but it is the eleventh month of the Julian year. It was called by the Saxons "*Wint-Monath*" or wind month. They also called it "*Biot Monath*," from the quantity of cattle slain.

# FLOWERS OF NOVEMBER.

Ivy Berries ripen — Christmas Berries, those of the holly, growred — Dead Nettles still in blossom, and occasionally a Daisy is seen, and the Groundsel and Tansy are still in blossom.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			h. m.
1	W	No sun, no moon, no light, no fun.	r 6 56
2	TH	No t'other side of the street.	s 4 29
3	F	Full Moon, 3m. past 8 a.m.	r 7 0
4	S	S. A. M. b., 1819. That old fog-y fog prevails.	s 4 25
5	S	21st Sunday after Trinity.	r 7 3
6	M	Coughs and coffins abound.	s 4 22
7	TU	Sneezy, wheezy, and freezy.	r 7 7
8	W	St. Doldram has the face ache.	s 4 19
9	TH	Mrs. Gamp has the mumps.	r 7 10
10	F	( Last Quarter, 45m. past 5 a.m.	s 4 16
11	S	St. Martin's Day.	r 7 14
12	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.	s 4 13
13	M	Rheumatics are playful.	r 7 16
14	TU	London smoke is fascinating.	s 4 10
15	W	The blacks are going down.	r 7 21
16	TH	Old King Cole is going up.	s 4 7
17	F	Goloshes are a comfort.	r 7 24
18	S	New Moon, 11h a.m.	s 4 5
19	S	23rd Sunday after Trinity.	r 7 27
20	M	Popguns are fashionable.	s 4 2
21	TU	Puss in boots learns to dance.	r 7 31
22	W	Spectre of the Brocken breeched.	s 4 0
23	TH	F. S. C. born, 1862. Roasted chesnuts are ripe.	r 7 34
24	F	Dame Trot married.	s 3 58
25	S	Whittington and his cat canonized.	r 7 37
26	S	24th Sunday after Trinity. ) First Quarter.	s 3 56
27	M	Beauty and the Beast separated.	r 7 40
28	TU	Sally Lunn born.	s 3 54
29	W	Hardbake is in flower.	r 7 43
30	TH	Horehound is in blossom.	s 3 53

Nov.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	W	
2	TH	
3	F	
4	S	
5	S	
6	M	
7	TU	
8	W	
9	TH	
10	F	
11	S	
12	S	
13	M	
14	TU	
15	W	
16	TH	
17	F	
18	S	
19	S	
20	M	
21	TU	
22	W	
23	TH	
24	F	
25	S	
26	S	
27	M	
28	TU	
29	W	
30	TH	

# BIRDS OF DECEMBER.

In this month great numbers of birds of passage—such as the Woodcock, the Wild Duck, the Snipe—visit this country and support themselves on hips and haws, berries, and grubs. Dormice, Bats, and many other animals are buried in their winter sleep.

# DECEMBER.

(*Capricornus*).

Was the tenth month by Romulus, *Decem* being ten, but with us it is the twelfth. By the Saxons it was named "*Winter Monath*," and *Holy Month* in honour of the birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

# FLOWERS OF DECEMBER.

At this season nature seems dead, and the earth is covered with a winding sheet of snow—a table-cloth spread for the Christmas cheer, when plum-puddings are as roses, and mince-pies as lilies, and snap-dragons as daisies, to enliven the dull season of the year.

Day of M.	Day of W.	Calendar.	Sun rises or sets.
			h. m.
1	F	Dark days before Christmas begin.	r 7 45
2	S	Full Moon, 44m. past 6 p.m.	s 3 52
3	S	<i>Advent Sunday</i> . G. S. M. born, 1819.	r 7 49
4	M	The holly is <i>redolent</i> with berries.	s 3 51
5	TU	Lady Snow has a sad fall,	r 7 52
6	W	At which the winds howl.	s 3 50
7	TH	Antipodes of the dog days.	r 7 54
8	F	Greek is stale, Latin is flat, and school tedious.	s 3 49
9	S	Holidays ought to commence now (nonsense).	r 7 56
10	S	<i>2nd Sunday in Advent</i> . ☾ Last Quarter.	s 3 49
11	M	Boys collect the mistletoe.	r 7 58
12	TU	The girls dress up the churches.	s 3 49
13	W	The mothers dress the dinners.	r 8 0
14	TH	And the fathers feed the pewter.	s 3 49
15	F	Sir John Barleycorn is awake.	r 8 2
16	S	British claret, elder wine, gets bouncible.	s 3 49
17	S	<i>3rd Sunday in Advent</i> .	r 8 4
18	M	Holidays and plum picking commence.	s 3 50
19	TU	Commencement of the currant year.	r 8 5
20	W	St. Suetonius. Fat geese and ducks.	s 3 50
21	TH	Candied peel and spicery <i>in excelsis</i> .	r 8 6
22	F	Turkeys come from the country.	s 3 51
23	S	The aldermen in chains.	r 8 7
24	S	<i>4th Sunday in Advent</i> .	s 3 53
25	M	CHRISTMAS DAY. ☽ First Quarter.	r 8 8
26	TU	Sir Sirloin is dished.	s 3 54
27	W	Baron Beef cuts a great figure.	r 8 8
28	TH	The beef-eaters installed under	s 3 56
29	F	The mistletoe bough.	r 8 8
30	S	Sir Roger de Coverley dances.	s 3 58
31	S	The belles sing and the bells ring, "The Old Year out, and the New Year in."	r 8 8

DEC.

ENGAGEMENTS.

1865.

1	F	
2	S	
3	S	
4	M	
5	TU	
6	W	
7	TH	
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	
11	M	
12	TU	
13	W	
14	TH	
15	F	
16	S	
17	S	
18	M	
19	TU	
20	W	
21	TH	
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	
25	M	
26	TU	
27	W	
28	TH	
29	F	
30	S	
31	S	

# PARLEY'S ANNUAL

## COMMERCIAL ADDENDA

### A SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF COSTUME FROM THE EARLIEST TIME TO THE PRESENT PERIOD.

COSTUME is the standard of civilization. It holds a prominent place in the arts and commerce of a country; its changes are ever a fruitful source of interest and conversation, and its phases exhibit progress from barbarism to the highest refinement, it being always one of the staple trades of a kingdom.

Reflected upon as mere covering, dress needs no detailed explanation; it is, and it ever will be, a necessity. From leaves, feathers, and the untanned skin, we have progressed to the leather, the cloth, the silk, the flax, and the cotton, rich in colour, marvellous in texture, gorgeous in ever-changing tints. The rage for dress and every kind of outward adornment has spread more rapidly through the world than any other passion. Fashion's law is now, as it was centuries ago, and will be through all time, omnipotent. The *toga*, or sleeveless gown, was introduced into England by the *Romans*. It was generally white, and, gracefully thrown over the shoulders, was an attractive article of clothing. A purple trimming or border was the mark of noble rank, and the total absence of the *toga*—the tunic being alone worn—indicated the poor man. The *Anglo-Saxon* first used the long drawers or *trousers*. Matthew of Paris describes the costume of the inhabitants of Great Britain at this period thus:—"The dress of a gentleman was a long, loose robe, which reached to the ankles, and over that a long robe fastened over the shoulders or the middle of the breast by a clasp or buckle. These cloaks or robes were occasionally lined with fur, and bordered with gold embroidery. The soldiers and common people wore close coats reaching to the knee, and short cloaks hanging over the left shoulder and buckled on the right." The costume of the *Danes* differed little from that of the people they conquered. An old writer says, "They were most effeminate, for they bathed once a week, and often changed their attire."

With the accession of William the Conqueror the *Norman* dress came into common use, but not the Norman fashion of shaving the head. William of Poitou says, "When William returned to Normandy, accompanied by several of his new subjects, the courtiers were astonished at the beauty of the long-haired English, and their rich embroidered costume." The Normans always selected the most gaudy colours for their clothes, yellow excepted, this being by royal edict the colour of infamy. In the reign of *Henry the Third* velvet was first introduced into England, and was after a little time used for garments. The curious party-coloured habits came into existence in the time of the *Second Edward*. In old paintings we see *Edward the Third* attired in a mantle of velvet, ornamented with gold; but it was in the reign of the *Second Richard* that fashion took its stand. Now came the materials and patterns from Bohemia, Poland, and Spain, and for the first time was seen in England the *vest* coat, or *côte-hardie*. It was in favour with all to whom Nature had been bountiful, for it, fitting close to the body, displayed the shape of the wearer. It extended to the hips, and among the higher classes was elaborately decorated with gold and silver embroidery. Holinshed, a trustworthy writer, informs us, that the king wore upon state occasions a *côte*, valued at thirty thousand marks. At this time *tight* sleeves disappeared, and loose ones took their place. *Double vests* also came into vogue, and laws were passed by the king in council, respecting "costly articles of clothing," an effort being made to stay the "sinful waste" indulged in by the excessive cost of the several garments worn by gentlemen. Cloth of velvet and gold was to be worn only by the nobles. *Henry* was more severe than his predecessors in restricting the outlay upon dress, and it was in the reign of *Henry the Second* that *buckskin*—real buckskin—was used for short trousers or *breeches*. Great changes in dress were made in the time of *Henry the Sixth*, and Granger, in his "Biographical History of England," introduced a portrait of the poet Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," having under it the date 1433, and the following lines—

"His stature was not very tall,  
Lean he was, his legs were small;  
*Hosed* within a stock of red,  
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

These caps or "bonnets" were made of cloth peculiarly fine in quality and texture. *The fourth Henry* introduced the short garments, and boys first appeared in "*pourpoints*" or *jackets*. The collar was in the case of the wealthy used to partly conceal a chain of gold.

Walpole, the well-known master of Strawberry Hill, speaking of the unhappy *Edward the Fifth*, says, "his overcoat or short gowne was made of two yards of cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet." The wonderfully rich dress of *Henry the Seventh* is spoken of by several historians. Strutt, the author of the *Pastimes*, says, "At the end of the

fifteenth century the dress of the English was exceedingly grotesque and absurd." But the most costly dress up to that period was the one worn by *Henry the Eighth* at his coronation; the coat being covered with real gold in thin plates, fastened on with thread, the upper part of the breeches being studded with precious stones. In the continuation of Stowe's "*Chronicle*" by Howe, it is stated that Henry wore hose of *cloth*. Our space will not allow us to go into this to the extent it deserves, but it is well known that *Queen Elizabeth* made strict laws respecting the clothing of the people. Charles the Second, assisted by his council, arranged a particular style of dress for all classes, that of the nobles being ornamented with gold and silver lace, and large gilt buttons. We cannot remember where, but we have seen a good portrait of Sir Francis Drake, painted 1695. The good knight is dressed in a *doublet*, very much like the *frock-coat* of the present day. The gloomy misanthrope *James the First* upon occasions wore the *trousers* of the present day. The attire of the period of the unfortunate *Charles the First*, and the more severe dress of the *Commonwealth*, are familiar to most of our readers from the many pictures painted to illustrate the political events of the times. The memoirs and diary of Samuel Pepys contain elaborate accounts of the dresses at the time he wrote—1659 to 1666. Evelyn in his diary speaks with indignation of the *cost* of the clothing of his day. Walpole, "*Anecdotes of Painting*," says, "The habits of the time have shrunk into awkward coats and waistcoats." From this period may be dated the modern costume, or something approaching thereto. Gentlemen did not then as now confine themselves to black; blue and green being the favourite colours.

Thus have we briefly, but most truthfully and with much care, sketched the *costume* of England from the toga of the Romans to the present time, our object being to call attention to the clothing establishment of the *Messrs. Samuel Brothers*, of Ludgate-hill, whose ready-money system of business, buying with and selling for ready money, is the secret of their giving the greatest amount of value possible to the customer. We have thought it advisable to *interest* the reader, within whose recollection will be the season of 1854, when the covered walls displayed a good representation of a huge pair of trousers, marked 17s. 6d.—the Sydenham Trousers, 17s. 6d.—this startling advertisement being, perhaps, the first of the kind in England. This advertisement was the acorn from which has sprung the giant oak of success, the firm now being one of the *largest* of its kind in this or any other country, showing that the public are ever ready to appreciate *excellence* with economy of charges. At the premises, 29, *Ludgate-hill*, every article of clothing for *boys* and adults may be procured, except boots and shoes. The overcoats invite public attention for cheapness, the beauty of the cloths, the graceful style, quality of the work, and the perfection of finish. Messrs. Samuel Brothers have beautiful specimens in this class of the mountain beavers, moss wintneys, crapelaines, Roman ribs, curled wintneys, granite,

ILLUSTRATED BY

BOYS GAMES

ENGLISH SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOY GAMES



YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S SUITS  
OF ANY STYLE  
24 SHILLINGS

SAMUEL BROTHERS

29 LUDGATE HILL



and various plain cloths in stock for immediate use, or made to measure. The Firm maintains a staff of cutters whose scientific attainments and great experience enable them to carry out to perfection the special ideas of a customer who may require variations from the fashion of the day. Boys' Clothing at Samuel Brothers' is a speciality. The convenience of being able at a moment's notice, to clothe a youth in perfect taste and at a moderate price is fully appreciated by the public. A new room has been added, exclusively for this department, so that ladies may have the advantages of privacy and quiet while making their selections. All the popular styles, known by University and school titles, are kept in stock for immediate use. Economy, quality, perfect and tasteful fitting are guaranteed by this very respectable firm.

*Mourning.*—The outward marking of sorrow for the death of one dear to us, has in most nations been demonstrated by wearing dark coloured clothing. The Romans under the republic wore black dresses; those under the empire were by imperial ordinance changed to *white*. In Greece, black was and still is the colour for mourning; but the Siamese, Japanese, and the Chinese use white. The people of Ethiopia, *grey*. The Peruvians, mouse colour. In Armenia and Syria the mourning costume is blue. In Italy, brown. In Egypt, yellow. In France the mourning colour was white till the year 1705, when it was changed to black. In England it is, and since the Heptarchy, has been black. The black cloths used by the Messrs. Samuel are peculiar for their beautiful texture and finish, as for their extraordinary durability.

*Riding Habits* are of ancient date, but came *generally* into use only so recently as 1789. They were first introduced into England by Queen *Anne, wife of Richard the Second*. Evelyn speaks of them in his diary as "the fashion much to be censured." Addison speaks of them thus: "Among the extravagancies of the day none are to be more condemned than the riding coat and periwig used by the ladies." A long account, did our space permit, might be written concerning this graceful article of clothing; its history will be found in Planché and Fairholt. Those supplied by the Messrs. Samuel are in *all respects* the newest and *best* that can be made.

And now, in conclusion, a word in season to parents, guardians, and others having the care of boys. If you wish your son to be healthy in body, study his costume. Messrs. Samuel Brothers have perfected the construction of their clothing under the advice of professional gentlemen who have made the symmetrical development of the frame the study of their lives; and boys wearing clothing so made can jump, run, boat, cricket, and enjoy all the sports suitable to their years, without fear of distorted limbs, contracted chests, round shoulders, and the many other ills springing from imperfectly constructed clothing.—G. S. M.

MR. CHARLES NOSOTTI, LOOKING-GLASS, CARVING, GILDING, AND INTERIOR DECORATING MANUFACTORY, 398, 399, 399A, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1822.

THE wonderful stride made in England during the last few years, say dating from 1851, has been as remarkable as satisfactory, and to our neighbours across the channel anything but pleasing, for English decorative goods have superseded French importations.

The recognition of property in ornamental design by the several copy-right acts; the Government grants to our many schools of design; the exhibitions, local and international, and the general diffusion of *Art* manufactures are to be taken as evidence on the part of the public of a desire for the beautiful—(Well said Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness.")—

whilst the *commercial* value of ornamental design now comes home, practically, to hundreds of thousands of our well-to-do middle class; and it is a duty incumbent upon all who possess the means to add to the important knowledge of existing decorative manufactures, to foster ornamental art in all ways, and to call special attention to the works of firms similar to the highly respectable one under notice. The visitor to the Great International Exhibition of 1862 could not fail to notice the beautiful collection of carving and gilding sent by Mr. Nosotti, and thus described by the *Daily News*, of May 29, 1862:—

"Mr. Nosotti's collection of carving and gilding (5,787) is one of the most attractive displays in this part of the Exhibition.

"The exhibitor, who also supplies the handsome mirrors and gilt clock cases for Mr. White's clocks, to the western area refreshment department, here produces a superb specimen of gilt furniture and interior decoration in fine gold, representing the side of a drawing-room in the Louis Seize style. The limited space allotted has necessarily curtailed his original design, which is now somewhat in miniature. The great feature in this decoration is its modest yet charming simplicity, as contrasted with ordinary decoration. The association of violet and peach colours with white and gold produces a happy effect. The wall is lined with peach-coloured silk, and panelled with enriched ornamentation in gold. The principal wall-decoration consists of a highly wrought panel, having for its centre a painting of 'Cupid's Protecting Innocence,' after Watteau; and the upper and lower part is fitted with cameo paintings. The centre and most attractive part of this exhibitor's works is a magnificent cabinet and looking-glass, elaborately finished in pure gold. The cabinet is elegantly fitted with medallion cameo paintings *vacante*, and a statuary marble slab, the ends forming open recesses richly gilt and fitted with silvered plate glass to contain articles of *vertu*. The looking-glass above the cabinet is divided into three parts, and enriched with cameo paintings, while the branches for lights with crystal lustre drops are curiously fitted to burn gas. To the left of this is exhibited a portion of

a gilt window cornice with pendants containing medallion paintings, draped with violet, velvet, and white curtains elegantly trimmed with gold. The limited space will not admit of an entire cornice and double draperies, but the exhibitor has ingeniously devised a plan by introducing a mirror at right angles with each end of this decoration, so that the effect of an entire cornice and double decoration is produced by reflection—a hint which will prove useful in decorating a small apartment. Beneath the cornice stands a beautiful *Jardinière* in gold, containing flowers, and on the opposite side beneath the panel decoration is placed a specimen of a carved and gilt chair covered with violet velvet. The whole forms a novel and tasteful display of gilt furniture and decoration, and is illustrative of the perfection to which this particular branch of art manufacture has arrived.”—*Daily News*, May 29, 1862.

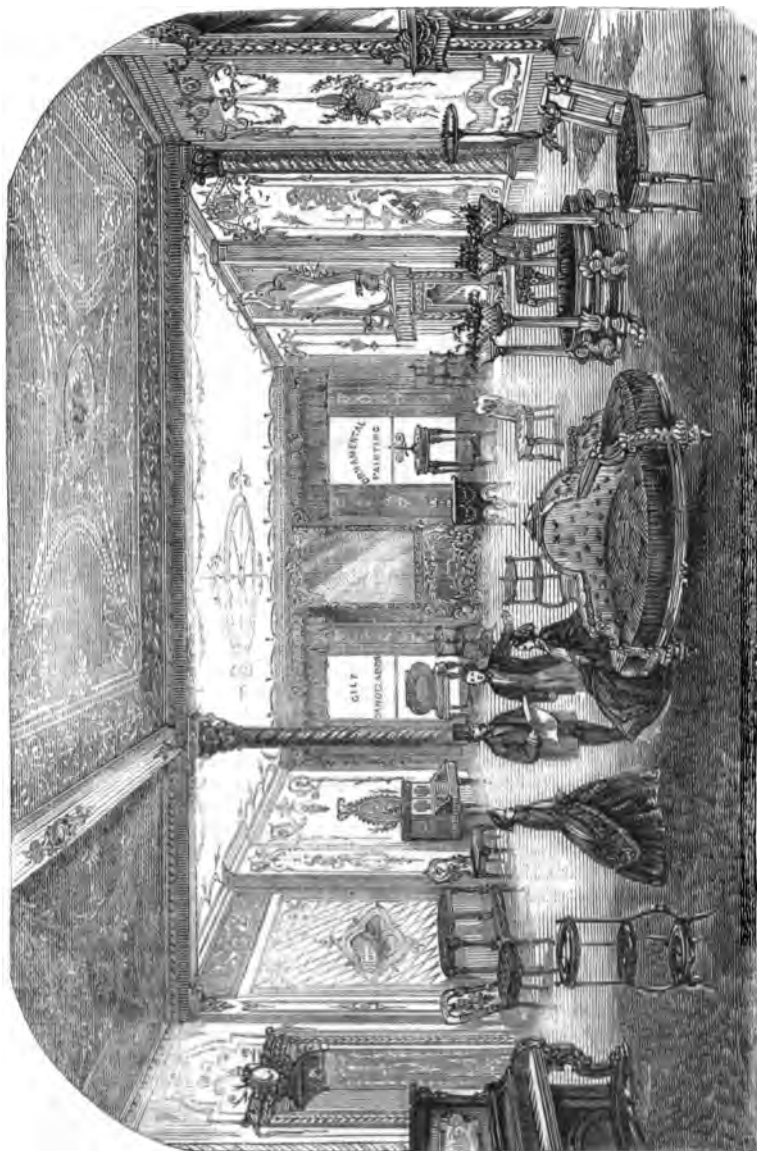
And the testimony of the *Illustrated London News* (July 5, 1862) renders scant justice to this most remarkable collection:—

“As a whole, our painted decorations are a display of great talent and artistic power, and in execution are inimitable; indeed, our progress in a correct knowledge of this art is both marked and satisfactory, and, if our earnest endeavour be to elicit the teachings of the past and the still more welcome instructions of Nature, our greatness in the art will soon be acknowledged by all nations, and even now our works of this character shown in the exhibition are infinitely before those of any other country. These remarks will be further confirmed by an inspection of the decorative arrangement shown by Mr. C. Nosotti at the west end of the Furniture Court, the medallions of which are exquisitely painted.”—*Illustrated London News*, July 5, 1862.

The *Art Journal*, a great authority in matters of taste and design, said:—

“We engrave a superb cabinet, carved and gilt, the production of Nosotti, of Oxford-street, a carver and gilder of high and established repute. This very elegant work was executed by him for the Countess of Waldegrave, and graces her drawing-room at Strawberry Hill. Four painted ‘gems’ are let into panels. The design for a cornice is meant to fill up the page. The contributions of Mr. Nosotti (in the several departments of his art) to the Exhibition were numerous, and of great excellence.”—*The Art-Journal Catalogue of the International Exhibition*, 1862.

We would, however, suggest to the reader of this article, the advisability of visiting the new show rooms, recently opened by Mr. Nosotti, at 398, Oxford-street, where may be seen the most tasteful, charming, and artistic series of panellings, ceilings, and general decorative furniture, perhaps ever shown in this or any other country; including cabinets, girandoles, mirrors, toilets, console and cheval glasses—and all praise be to Mr. Nosotti—the prices are so moderate as to render these marvellous accessories to our comfort within the reach of thousands, who a very few years since had never so much as looked at, much less possessed, decorative furniture and works from the art studios of manufacturers:



ONE OF MR. NOBOTT'S NEW SHOW-ROOMS, 808, 809, AND 809A, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

and here we would impress upon the reader the fact that *design* is two-fold—a *strict* reference to *utility*, and to the *beautifying that utility*. With many, design has become but another word for ornament, apart from, and often in opposition to utility, and thus have arisen many great errors in ornamental art. At Mr. Nosotti's all is pure in design, and bears evidence of perfect knowledge of the ideas we have here endeavoured to enumerate; and the truth of our position may be tested by a reference to other arts, since in them also we shall find ornament pleasing to us only when it is sparingly used. When, however good in itself, it is allowed to rival the true end of the art, it becomes distasteful and debasing. This is the case both in poetry and music, in both of which ornament should be, and in all fine compositions will be found to be, merely used to give sparkle and brilliancy to the pervading theme; and in both these arts the florid and the ornamented are but other names for the bad in style. Let any one with this principle in view test those designs which he considers vulgar and in bad taste, and there is very little doubt but that he will find them encumbered with excess of ornament, coarse perhaps in character, either of form or colour, and inappropriate to the utility of the work ornamented. So entirely is this the case, that it has become good taste to choose things from their very plainness, and from the absence of ornament, the *redundancy* of which, with the select few, is felt to be vulgarity. We find that the era of the greatest refinement was the most severe and simple in its ornament; and the Doric age of Greece, which implies the age of the highest mental cultivation, may also be used to denote the period of the most severe ornamentation. The lighter and more voluptuous period which followed, produced the more decorated and florid. Afterwards Rome, while she received her arts from Greece, debased them by a still more florid ornamentation; commoner, coarser curves supplanted the place of the refined and varied ones of the Greek; the circle took the place of the ellipse and the parabola; bolder impostes, coarser foliage and quantity, increased as the arts declined, until ornament, in a barbarous age, lost entirely its original sentiment, with its simplicity and its refinement. Again, passing over the *rise* of the Gothic period—the best age is the simplest—the *decline* is marked by the increase of ornament, until, in the time of the seventh Henry and the Tudors, ornament became almost the primary consideration; and the result, notwithstanding all its wonderful labour and apparent richness, is but a gewgaw and a toy,—as the tattooed savage loses the glorious “likeness” in which he was created by the very means he pursues to improve and beautify it.

The *Frames*, both for pictures and silvered glass, manufactured by Mr. Nosotti, are distinguishable for great judgment and excellence. Artists themselves are not aware how much they suffer by inappropriate framing; *toilet-glass* frames should be graceful in the curves and novel in arrangement; those made by Mr. Nosotti possess these advantages, and are clever and poetic in conception, giving clear evidence of the importance of making the arrangement of the ornament secondary to the design;

if for no other service, Mr. Nosotti is entitled to the approbation of the public, and to a considerable portion of the substantial encouragement that the public has to bestow.

Our space is limited or we could, with propriety, give a detailed description of Mr. Nosotti's new show-rooms, and their artistically lovely contents; but we feel that sufficient has been said to induce many, to whom he was before but imperfectly known, to visit his establishment and judge for themselves as to the truth of our well-deserved, but certainly eulogistic remarks.—G. S. M.

THE GLASS AND CHINA SHOW-ROOMS OF MR. JOHN WILLIAM SHARPUS,  
49 AND 50, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1770.

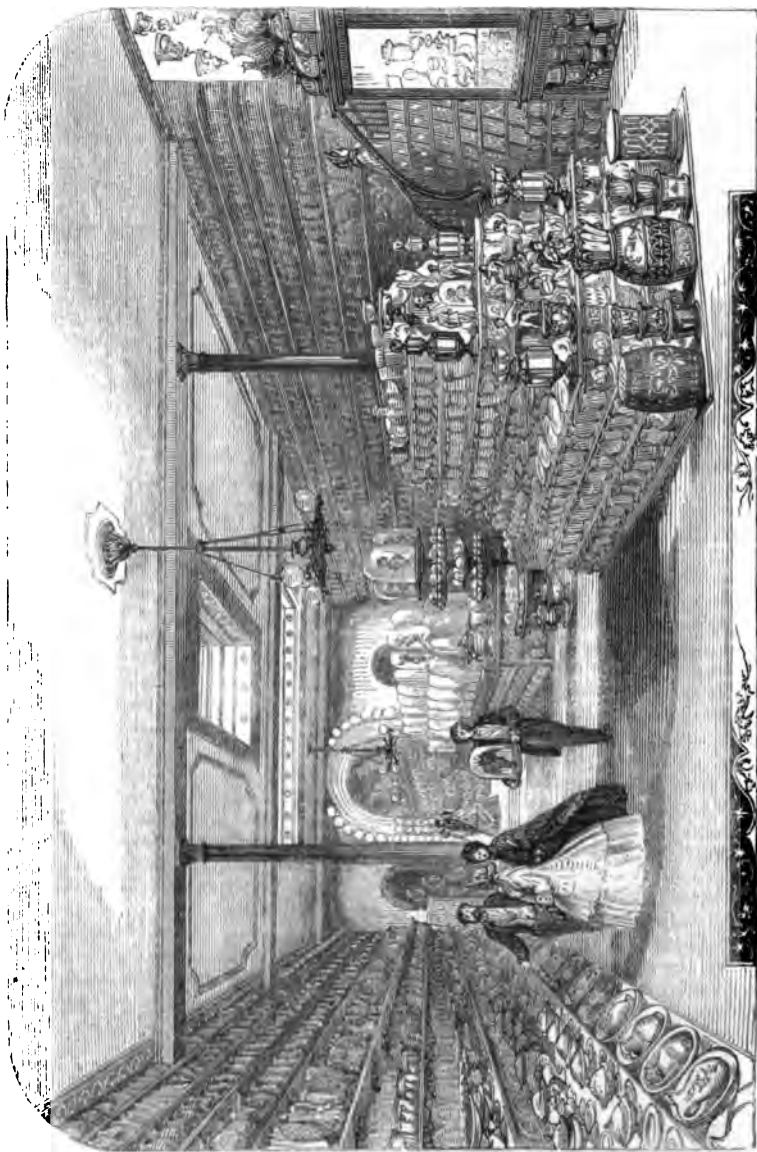
It is not our intention to enter into a *detailed* description of the various processes by which the crude materials for glass and china are converted into articles among the most useful to mankind, and not only so, but forming as they do the chief objects of beauty in the ornamental decoration of our homes, for these processes are fully described in the Cyclopædias of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures; by Beckman in his History of Inventions; by Dod in his British Manufactures; and by George Measom in the clever "Official Railway Guides," in his descriptions of the premises of our large China and Glass manufactories in Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other of the hives of industry. It will for our present purpose be sufficient to glance at the subject of Glass and China making, as connected with the well known and old established firm mentioned at the head of this article.

Sir J. G. Wilkinson ("Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians") produces clear evidence that glass working was known and practised in Egypt before the Exodus of the Israelites from that land, 3,500 years ago. At Beni Hassan, and at Thebes, are paintings representing in a rude form glass-blowers at work, and in the hieroglyphics accompanying them it is discovered that the period was also that of the Exodus. Images of glazed pottery were common at the time we mention, the vitrified quality of which is the same as that of glass; therefore the mode of fusing must have been known at this early period of the world's history. This knowledge doubtless travelled from Egypt to Greece, thence to Rome and modern Europe.

In the British Museum, among the Roman antiquities, may be observed in case 94, a curious small earthen jar, at least 3,000 years old, used to hold the Lycian Eye Ointment, and bearing the name of the physician Paramonsæus, and in the same department may be seen a necklace of glass beads of great age and value; but the antiquity of the manufacture of Glass, China, and Earthenware, is more clearly shown in the vase-room, where may be seen fine specimens from Vulci, Chiusa, and Cervetri. The figures upon them are mostly those of lions and sphinxes. Pliny informs us that these were brought to Etruria from Corinth, by Demaratus. Some of the vases have upon them black

figures upon orange back-grounds—and several are from their size fine specimens of pottery. At Cervetri were found the first examples ever seen in this country of the well-known Red Etruscan ware; and in some tombs in this town were discovered a few specimens of the early Græco-Italian vases, with painted groups, not too decent in conception upon them, unlike the majestic figures of Hector and Achilles, armed with swords and spears, wearing the Corinthian helmets and the Argolic buckler, to be seen upon *one* of the Etruscan vases. Enough has been said to show that both Earthenware and Glass may be ranked among the earliest manufactures of the world, and doubtless will maintain a prominent position till the end of time. Still to make our article interesting, and to carry the attention of the reader to the superb collection of Mr. Sharpus. We will give a few particulars respecting Table and Ornamental Glass, and especially *Gemmed* Glass, now one of the most beautiful ornaments in our drawing-rooms. It is more than probable that there was little interval between the discovery of the art of making glass, and that of giving it colours; in fact the art of making *colourless* glass is now a secret known to few. And here we may remark that all the table glass sold by Mr. Sharpus possesses this peculiar and desirable quality. In Pliny's time the *valuable* glass was that entirely free from colour.

Space will not permit us to enter into the various processes of glass manufacture; it will be enough to bear in mind that silicic acid, (and the names silica, sand, flint, rock crystal, are designations of the same chemical compound, occurring in different physical conditions,) in combining with the oxides of some of the light metals, as potassium and sodium, as well as with those of some of the heavy metals, as lead and bismuth, forms compounds or salts, which on the application of heat fuse into colourless transparent liquids, and solidify, on cooling, into hard, brittle solids, having a non-crystalline character. Boracic acid forms similar compounds, and it is to such compounds that the appellation *glass* is restricted. When in a semi-fused state, glass presents a range of properties which are in the highest degree important to the workman; it is so plastic that it may be moulded into any form, and forced into the minutest impressions of a die or mould; it has a tenacity unapproached by that of any other substance; it may be drawn into threads, or extended into leaves, finer and thinner than those into which any other solid can be drawn or extended. The mass, when fused, is rendered so liquid that the bubbles of gas which are evolved, rise readily to the surface of the glass and escape. After many hours, exposure to the heat, the whole of the gaseous matter has escaped, and the glass is fit for use; it is, however, first necessary to skim from the surface the fused layer of glass gall, or sandiver, which has collected there, and which consists of chlorides and sulphates contained as impurities in the alkali employed. If the silicic acid and bases employed were pure, the glass obtained would be colourless; but as these are nearly impossible conditions, the glass is seldom colourless,—the



ONE OF THE SHOW-ROOMS IN THE PREMISES OF MR. J. W. SHARPES, 49 AND 50, OLDFORD-STREET, LONDON.



universally contaminating ingredient being protoxide of iron, which imparts a green tint to the glass. The neutralizing of the colour constitutes one of the nicest operations in the manufacture of the finest kinds of glass: it is effected by the use of the peroxide of manganese.

It is unquestionably in the ornamental branch of glass manufacture that the most highly skilled labour is required; the fashioning of the various articles of table glass by the simple tools which the workman employs, never fails to excite astonishment.

Let us take, for instance, a claret jug, and trace the progress of its manufacture. The workman with a tube gathers a considerable quantity of *metal*, whirls it twice or thrice round his head to elongate the mass, rolls it on a flat iron plate to give it a regular shape, and blows through the tube at the other end to make the glass hollow. The rolling and blowing having been repeated two or three times, another workman receives it, and sits down in a chair having two parallel arms sloping downwards. Then, resting the tube on these arms, he rolls it backwards and forwards to keep the glass from bending, and a boy, stooping down at the other end, blows through the tube, whereby the mass of glass is maintained hollow. By the aid of an elastic instrument shaped nearly like a sugar-tongs, a man called a "Seroster" brings the mass into form, rolling the tube continually, and heating the glass frequently, to preserve the proper consistence. Another workman, called the "foot-blower," then brings a little melted glass on the end of a rod, and applies it to the end of the blown mass, to which it instantly adheres. This is soon shaped into a foot, and the whole is transferred from the tube to a rod called the "puity," the latter being made to adhere to the foot of the vessel by a little melted glass, and the tube being detached by a touch with a piece of cold iron at its junction with the glass. The glass thus transferred, the making of the upper part of the vessel proceeds. With the aid of scissors a piece of glowing glass is cut off, so as to allow of a depression for the lip of the jug, and the edge is bent and curved with a dexterity that cannot be described. Sometimes one prong, sometimes both prongs of the tongs are inserted in the mouth of the jug; and the internal cavity, as well as the external surface of the jug, are gradually modelled into shape. A handle is added by a few delicate manœuvres. This transformation is made in the space of ten or twelve minutes.

Glass is *coloured* with various metallic oxides. Green is produced by the oxides of iron and copper; yellow, by iron; blue by cobalt; purple, by manganese; rose and ruby, by gold or copper; topaz, by uranium; emerald green, by uranium and copper. Glass is rendered opaque by arsenic, and opal is produced by phosphate of lime. We have briefly explained how the bulb of glass is collected at the end of the blowing-rod,—how it is "marved" on an iron plate,—how the rod is blown through to swell the glass at its end into a globular or oval mass,—how this, again, is pressed upon by tools while revolving on arms attached to the workman's chair, to give the requisite form,—

how, again, it is opened up with the "procellos," cut with scissors, and is manipulated into a decanter, water-jug, wine-glass, or lamp-shade,—how, after the article is made, it is annealed to prevent breakage in after working or in use; after annealing it is passed into the cutting-shop, where wheels of iron, with sand dropping upon them, cut away the surface, while stone wheels smooth, and finally wheels of wood, with rotten-stone or oxide of tin, polish and give the final brilliancy to every groove or bead, fawcet or cutting. The engraver, with small wheels of copper, with emery or diamond-powder engraves on the surface designs the most minute, graceful, and beautiful; and if ornamentation in colours be required, the enamel colours are applied with delicate care and burned in. Gilding is produced by the brown oxide of gold, ground in oil, being subjected to the heat of a muffle,—the gold comes out dull, and it is burnished by means of stone burnishers, until it arrives at its true brilliancy. These, and a thousand other of the details we must leave untold, are most interesting. We fancy we have said sufficient to create an interest in this beautiful manufacture; and we know that at the show-rooms of Mr. Sharpus may be seen the finest examples of glass in every form and shape,—suited for the palace of the Queen, the mansion of the noble, the residence of the well-to-do middle class of this wealthy country, and likewise for the numerous SCHOLASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS throughout the same. Every article is pure in material, graceful in form, exquisite in workmanship, perfect in every part, and matchless as a whole—is the honest testimony we give to the marvellous collection of Mr. Sharpus; the very window of whose premises with its well-arranged objects being one of the sights in Oxford-street.

Seneca in one of his Epistles, we think the eighteenth, tells us how Democritus practised the art of making *gems* from coloured glass—emeralds, topazes, &c.; and Beckman informs us that in the last century, some artists in Germany were constantly employed in mounting gems for insertion in glass. The method here spoken of was the dissolving gold in aqua regia, and to precipitate it by a solution of tin, which, when dry, assumed the form of a purple coloured powder; this was mixed with the best "frit." The method was clearly known two centuries earlier, for Libarius speaks of it in his Alchemy, 1606; and later, but in the same century, John Christian Orschal, in his clever "*Sol sine Veste*," alludes to it. The "*Gems*" are now largely manufactured by fusing a base with various metallic oxides: say silica with carbonate of potash, carbonate of lead, and borax.

We have left little space for a sketch of *Porcelain*, a peculiar and beautiful translucent fictile production which is universally admired and valued. The earliest efforts in this country were confined to the imitation of the Chinese willow pattern; and in 1770, when the business of Mr. Sharpus was begun by Mr. Pinchback, this pattern was one or the only two attempted in this country; and Mr. Pinchback's success of the father of Mr. Sharpus, charged one shilling for each plate of this now almost obsolete design.

"The Potteries" are in Staffordshire, and *Stoke* may be considered the chief town.

STOKE contains a population of above 90,000 inhabitants. The parliamentary limits comprise Burslem, Tunstall, Hanley, Stretton, Loughton, and Lane End. The town is in the centre of the Potteries, and its chief manufacture is china, earthenware, ornamental and encaustic tiles. The Town Hall is a handsome building; the large room is occupied by the Government School of Design, and the Museum.

It was in the seventeenth century that a small work, for making earthenware of a coarse description, coated with a common lead glaze, was formed at Burslem, which may be considered as the germ of the vast potteries now established in Staffordshire. The manufacture was improved about the year 1690, by two Dutchmen, the brothers Elers, who introduced the mode of glazing ware by the vapour of salt, which they threw by handfuls, at a certain period, among the ignited goods in the kiln. But these were rude, unscientific, and desultory efforts. It is to the late Josiah Wedgwood that this country, and the world at large, are mainly indebted for the great modern advancement of the *ceramic* art. It was he who first erected magnificent factories, where every resource of mechanical and chemical science was made to co-operate with the arts of painting, sculpture, and statuary, in perfecting this valuable department of the industry of nations. So sound were his principles, so judicious his plans of procedure, and so ably have they been prosecuted by his successors in Staffordshire, that an enormous population of operatives now derive a subsistence within a district formerly bleak and barren, of ten miles long by two or three miles broad, which is significantly called the POTTERIES.

In this trifling strip of Staffordshire are manufactured nineteenth-tenths of the crockery, coarse and fine, porcelain and earthenware, used in England. The Pottery consists mainly of a chain of large



THE "POTTERY" DISTRICT.

villages, or small towns; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, neither villages nor towns, in the ordinary acceptation of the terms, but straggling districts, more or less built over; the streets here clustering thickly together, there spreading out in long arms, which just extend far enough to connect the main groups of buildings; the intervening patches of country sometimes consisting of pleasant fields and undulating pastures, sometimes chequered with isolated manufactories and



HANLEY, SHELTON, AND ETRURIA (POTTERIES).

detached rows of smoky houses, surrounded by plots of waste ground, heaped with cinders, scorïæ, and fragments of broken pots which have not stood the fire, the whole being diversified, here and there, by those black mounds and grimy buildings, which denote that a coal shaft is sunk beneath them. The North Staffordshire Railway binds together the range of the Pottery towns, like a thread stringing beads. As for the Pottery towns, there is hardly more distinctive individuality between them, than between the plates and saucers of the well-known willow pattern, which they produce in such abundance. In Hanley alone, a view of which, with Shelton and Etruria, we have given, there is a market-place, distinguished by some new and handsome ranges of buildings.

Mr. Sharpus senior, the father of Mr. J. W. Sharpus, was appointed

by George IV. to supply Carlton Palace with porcelain, china, and glass; he was the agent for Wedgwood, who, with the assistance of Flaxman, did so much to make the manufacture known at the present time. The court and the aristocracy are largely supplied by Mr. J. W. Sharpus, who is alike celebrated for porcelain as for glass, and to whom we now present the reader.—G. S. M.

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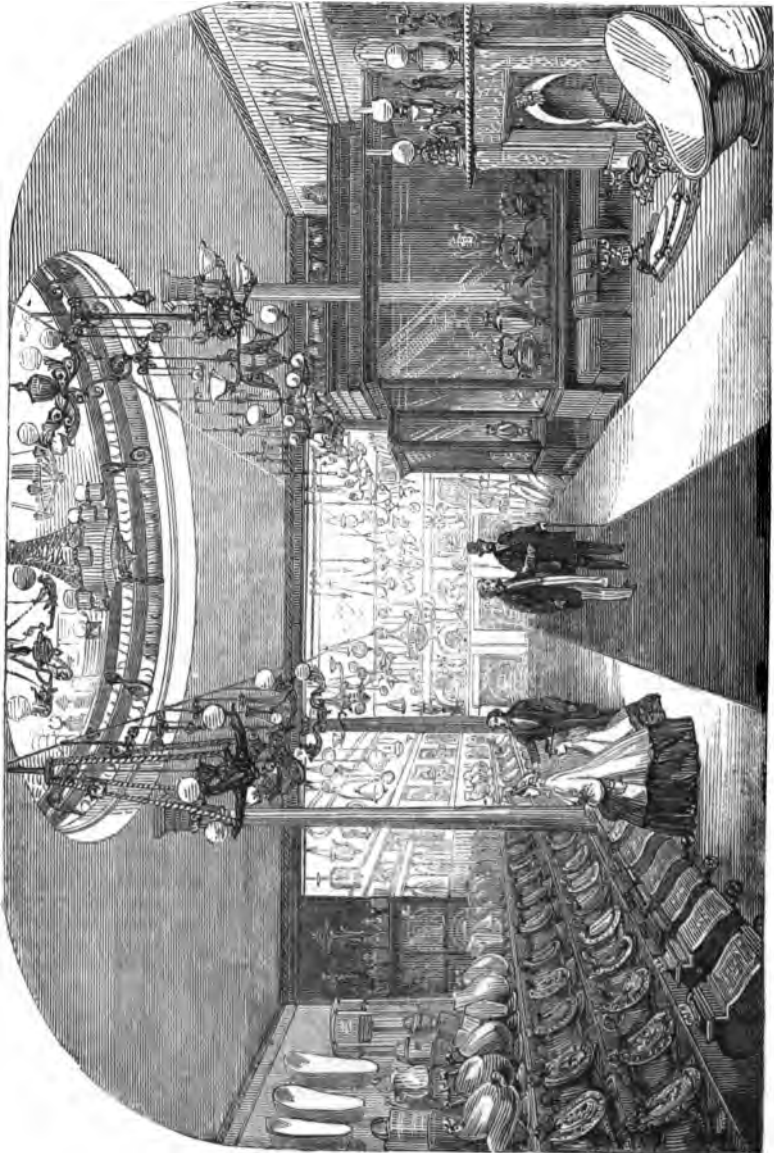
MR. SWAN NASH, IRONFOUNDER, SMITH, STOVE AND RANGE MANUFACTURER, FURNISHING IRONMONGER, GAS AND HOT WATER ENGINEER, 253, OXFORD-STREET; 28, LEINSTER-TERRACE, BAYSWATER; CITY DEPOT, 119, NEWGATE-STREET. ESTABLISHED 1760.

OUR Artist has in his sketch given an accurate representation of *one* of the show-rooms in the premises of the well-known establishment of Mr. Swan Nash, and which may fairly be considered among the most important in London. Our desire is to direct the attention of the heads of *Scholastic Establishments* specially, and that of the public generally, to the *Stoves and Ranges* MANUFACTURED by Mr. Nash, as well as to his large stock of Fenders, Ironmongery, Table Cutlery, &c. &c., that they may *gain* by the knowledge imparted to them.

The *Kitchen Range* is the most important piece of *useful* and necessary furniture in one's house, but it should be efficient at any cost; and we know that those made by Mr. Swan Nash *are* efficient, and are sold by him at the lowest prices compatible with good workmanship: they are elegant too in design, and in all respects desirable.

Perhaps there are few articles of domestic manufacture so perfect at the present day as the Modern range. It was almost unknown previous to the Exhibition of 1851, when examples were shown by Hoole of Sheffield, Yates, Haywood, and Co. of Rotherham, Flavel of Leamington and others, in the Cinque Cento, Renaissance, and other styles, and were so good a combination of the ornamental and useful as to attract a large amount of public attention. Those now manufactured by Mr. Swan Nash have all the modern improvements and may be considered perfect.

Mr. Nash keeps also a large stock of Pyro-Pneumatic Stove-Grates, the construction of which is based upon the application of using the fire-lumps as the best and purest medium for the radiation and distribution of heat. The principle being that of applying the cheerful open fire to an interior body, the whole of the heating surfaces of which are formed of masses of the purest fire loam, and rendered perfectly free from any admixture of iron, as the medium of transmitting heat; and in these masses of fire loam are various passages and tubes into which the external atmospheric air is introduced and constantly circulating; it thus becomes heated and rarified, producing a delightful, warm, salubrious, and healthful temperature. The external casing of the Pyro-Pneumatic Stove-Grate is the only portion that is formed of metal



SHOW-ROOMS OF MR. SWAN NASH, OXFORD STREET.

(with the exception of the bars at bottom), and is so arranged, that in no case does the metal partake of any degree of warmth that can possibly affect the purity of the air. The large size Pyro-Pneumatic Stove-Grate, suitable for a small church or large entrance-hall, warms and distributes upwards of 20,000 feet of air within the hour, and the consumption of coals for that period does not exceed four pounds weight; thus in twelve hours, or an entire day, less than half a hundredweight of coals is sufficient to keep this stove-grate in full operation, the cost barely exceeding sixpence per day, or at the rate of one halfpenny per hour,—a fact demonstrated in numerous instances and tested for many months, whilst warming the large model room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi.

Mr. Nash is also a learned man on the subject of VENTILATION, and exhibits in his show-rooms some interesting experiments illustrative of the efficacy of his plan; and we, being guided by the evidence of our senses, are free to admit that he appears to have entirely mastered a difficult problem, for by his method all the carbon from gas used in our homes is carried away directly it is made, and each room rendered comfortable in consequence.

In the front show-room at 253, Oxford-street, may be seen a choice collection of modern bronzes on fine iron castings. Iron! when shall we know all its uses? This most valuable metal may, indeed, be called almost the direct agent of man in whatever he undertakes. In agriculture, manufacture, the building of ships, &c., this was early seen; and therefore its use is of very high antiquity, although not so remote, we have reason to believe, as that of either gold, silver, or copper. The inferior brilliancy of its colour may, perhaps, in some degree, account for this circumstance, as well as the greater skill required to obtain it from its ores and apply it to purposes of art. While gold and silver glitter often in their native state, and the ores of copper are of brilliant colour, the less apparent but more useful iron in its ore or native state holds out few of these lures to the finder. The native colour is still gray, and it is found in masses sometimes of meteoric origin; it also occurs in the state of pyrites, magnetic ironstone, ochry ironstone, &c., &c. It is, as shown at the premises of Mr. Nash, a malleable and ductile metal, susceptible of very high polish, especially when united in a peculiar manner with carbon, in which state it is called steel; and this most useful combination must, we suppose, be of remote origin, for iron is mentioned repeatedly in the Pentateuch as employed for the fabrication of swords, knives, and various other sharp-edged instruments. We may estimate in some degree the value that was then attached to it from an expression in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, where Moses tells the Israelites, in his descriptive eulogy of the land of promise, that it is "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills they may dig brass." An illustration of the same fact, at a later date, occurs in the *Iliad*, where Achilles proposes a ball of iron as one of the prizes to be distributed at the games instituted in honour of Patroclus.

Within a few centuries after this, the working of this metal seems to have arrived at much perfection, as Herodotus speaks of a saucer of iron, very curiously inlaid, that was presented by a king of Lydia to the Delphic oracle, and adds, that "it is of surprising workmanship, and as worthy of observation as any of the offerings preserved at Delphi."

Homer represents Hephæstus as throwing the materials from which the shield of Achilles was to be forged into a furnace urged by twenty pairs of bellows (*φῦσαι*). The inhabitants of Madagascar smelt iron in much the same way, their blowing apparatus, however, consisting of hollow trunks of trees, with loosely fitting pistons worked by hand.

Were we asked to name the chief elements in modern civilization, we should without hesitation reply, coal, lime, and *iron*—a trinity of natural products raised out of the earth by the hands of man, aided by appliances resulting from the application of the materials themselves. The whole history of our country's progress is to be found in our mines of coal, lime, and iron; written legibly in that district of country known as South Staffordshire. Into it was poured, countless ages ere man was creation's lord, vast stores of ironstone, and here garnered up lay entombed the gigantic vegetation of a primeval world, as the fuel with which to release the metal from the stony embrace of the elements which surround it; while in close proximity is also found the flux, *i.e.* lime, which aids in liquefying and purifying the metallic iron (also formed from the elements of an earlier world), but in this instance not from the vegetable, but from the animal kingdom, *viz.*, the shell coverings, corallines, and extinct lower organizations which existed ere the earth was fitted for the habitation of man.

The fine iron castings sold by Mr. Nash have been carefully selected by him from the workshops of the Coalbrooke Dale Company and other leading manufacturers in the kingdom.

Mr. Swan Nash is the sole proprietor of *the only stove without a flue*.

JOYCE'S PATENT APPARATUS, FOR HEATING SCHOOLS, DRAWING-ROOMS, PARLOURS, CHAPELS, WAREHOUSES, SHOPS, FACTORIES, GREENHOUSES, CARRIAGES, CABINS, WATER-CLOSETS, AND HALLS.

*For which Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent have been granted.*

The Improved Patent Fuel to be used therewith is sold with the Apparatus at the Manufactory and Warehouse, No. 253, OXFORD-STREET; and at the branch establishments, No. 29, LEINSTER-TERRACE, BAYSWATER, and 119, NEWGATE-STREET.

THIS apparatus is simple and economical, and possesses the following advantages over all other stoves:—1. It feeds itself. 2. It does not emit either smell or smoke. 3. It is perfectly portable, and can be placed on a table or sideboard, or may be suspended, as most convenient.



4. It throws out no dust whatever. 5. It will continue burning from twelve to forty-eight hours, if required. 6. During that time it does not require any attention whatever.

A few years since, the well-known William Thomas Brande sent to Mr. Nash the following:—

"Having been present at the experiments made at Mr. Cooper's house, with a view of determining the degree of deterioration which the air suffers by the employment of Joyce's stoves in close rooms, and having examined, in conjunction with him, the composition of the atmosphere under such circumstances, I can certify, that after burning for twelve hours in a close room of the dimensions above stated, that less than one per cent. of carbonic acid was, in all cases, found in the air of the room: that such proportion of carbonic acid cannot be considered as deleterious, or in the least degree dangerous, in reference to respiration; that it falls short of the relative quantity of carbonic acid found in crowded and illuminated rooms, or in buildings in which many persons are congregated, such as churches, theatres, and assembly rooms, in which ventilation is generally imperfect, and in which, as far as my experience goes, the relative proportion of carbonic acid always considerably exceeds one per cent. I am, therefore, of opinion that the said stoves, which are so constructed as to consume only a limited quantity of pure charcoal in a given time, may be employed with perfect security for all the purposes for which they have been proposed; and I consider the grounds of this opinion sufficiently detailed by the experiments above given."

This letter may be considered conclusive evidence of the excellence of the apparatus.

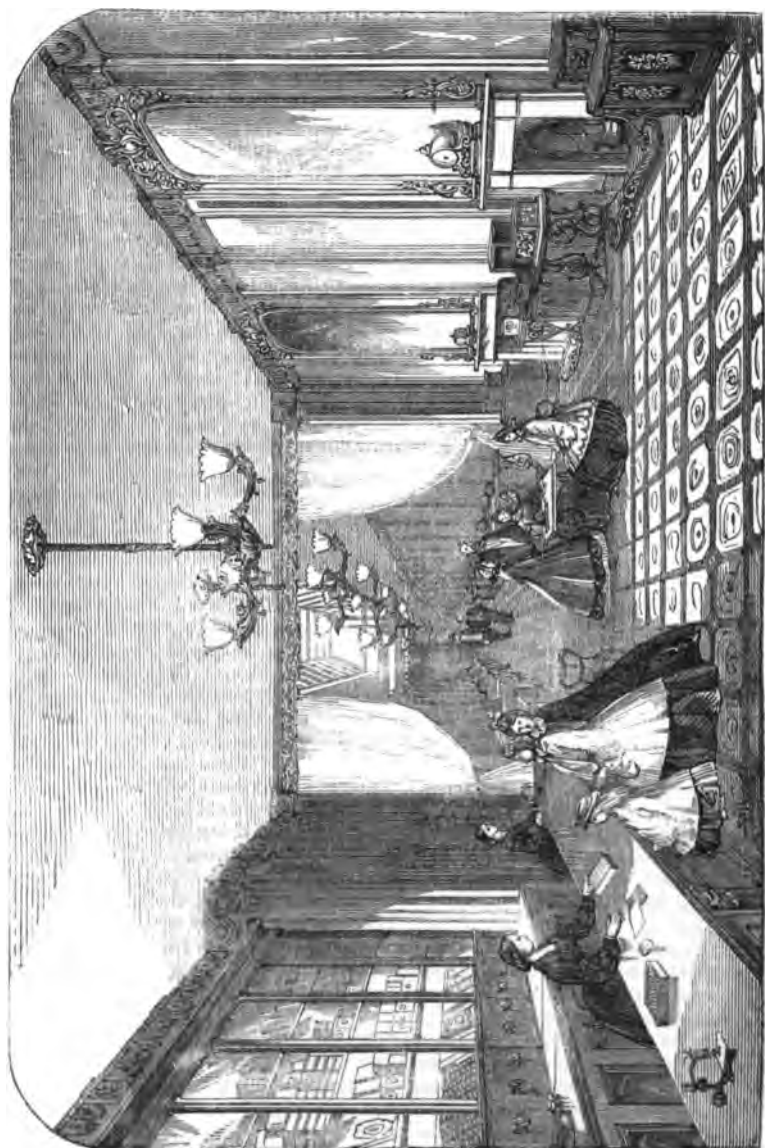
*Cutlery, Plated, and Japanned Goods, Vapour and Hot Air-baths*, are with Mr. Nash important portions of his great and increasing business; but our space is exhausted, and we can but urge upon the reader to copy the address of this old-established and highly respectable house, which in 1804 supplied the Bank of England with safes to the amount of £2,954 14s., the patent locks for the same being made at 253, Oxford-street.—G. S. M.

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MESSRS. WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 135  
REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

RAILWAY progress in the metropolis, which alters the character as well as the features of the districts intersected, has compelled the removal of this Company from their City premises to the elegant and extensive new establishment they now occupy in Regent-street, where their simple, durable, and noiseless Machines are displayed in a great variety of tasteful and elegant styles of mounting, in rosewood, oak, mahogany, Italian and American walnut, marqueterie, &c., and some of which may always be seen in operation.

Being of more recent date than the other leading Sewing Machines



**SHOW-ROOMS OF MESSRS. WILCOX AND GIBBS, REGENT STREET.**

in the market, opportunity has been afforded to improve upon earlier inventions. In thorough harmony with the progressive spirit of the age, commanding inventive and practical mechanical talent of the highest order, the proprietors have devoted themselves to the production of "THE MACHINE FOR THE MILLION," simple, compact, efficient, durable, and cheap. That their success is complete, an inspection of this truly clever invention will fully demonstrate; and as evidence of public appreciation, we may mention the fact that, although comparatively a short time in the market, upwards of 32,000 have already been sold (which would have been doubled ere this but for the existing civil war in America), and we are assured that not an instance has come to the knowledge of the proprietors where their Machine has failed to give satisfaction. The result is mainly attributable to its *simple and consistent construction*, proficiency in its use being attainable *without* the gift of mechanical tact, or "the necessity of serving an apprenticeship to learn to operate the same." On the whole it must be owned that this Machine is none the worse for its cheapness, and none the less efficient and perfect for its simplicity.

Although the WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE is *pre-eminently a family machine*, it must not be supposed that its usefulness is thus limited. It has already found its way into many large manufacturing establishments in the various departments of industry—clothing, shirt, and collar makers, mantilla makers, &c., and its introduction must be largely extended in this direction when its merits become further known and appreciated. We learn that it has been adopted by nearly all the large manufacturers of hosiery and other knitted fabrics in America, on account of its peculiar fitness—viz., *the strength and elasticity of its stitch*. Their speediness and durability is illustrated by the fact that in the manufacture of tape trimmings, crimped ruffling, &c., a prominent firm in our own city (Messrs. Heugh, Wight, & Co., 55, Friday-street, Cheapside) employ upwards of one hundred of these machines, at a speed of more than 3,000 stitches per minute—of course by steam-power—in the production of "Arnold's Patent Stitched Ruffles," an article of great beauty and utility; and it is really astonishing to witness the facility and exactness with which the work is performed.

The firm under notice may be considered the first of its class in the United Kingdom, and the class is becoming an important one in the commercial world, though but of yesterday, for it is certainly within the last ten years that this wonderful instrument has been known in this country.

The importance of the Sewing Machine, in its hygienic not less than its commercial aspect, is so generally conceded, that it is superfluous to occupy space in discussing it. In America, where early attention was given to their adaptation to household purposes, Sewing Machines are found not only in shops and manufactories, where the competition of trade compels their use, but in private families, and should be especially seen in all Scholastic Establishments. Persons who can ill afford the outlay, wisely consider that it is better to do without articles of orna-

ment or luxury than the Sewing Machine that renders so much service. The WILLCOX AND GIBBS MACHINE stands *pre-eminent* as *simple* and *compact* in its construction, efficient in its operation, and the most *durable* and *economical* in use, therefore *the best* in England.

The press has been lavish of well-deserved encomiums respecting the excellence of the productions of this distinguished firm; the following being a fair specimen of criticism:—

"The WILLCOX AND GIBBS Sewing Machine belongs to that class of instruments working with a single thread, and is, beyond all comparison, the best of its kind. The stitch made by it is the twisted loop-stitch, producing a firm and durable seam, which will permit the work to be cut into half-inch pieces, and yet withstand any effort to pull it asunder. The noiselessness of its action, and the simplicity of its mechanism, are strong recommendations in its favour as an instrument for family use. The driving-wheel has annexed to it a most ingenious contrivance, by which it is rendered impossible to turn it the wrong way, and so break the needles, and derange the work—an unpleasant accident that not unfrequently happens with other machines.

"With regard to the capabilities of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS Machine, we consider it admirably adapted for family use. The entire mechanism is evidently of the simplest kind; hence, it is not liable to derangement, and, being exquisitely made, cannot, with fair usage, get out of order. It is also easily learned and managed; and we can answer from experience that it does its work, which is most durable, in a neat and substantial manner. We know of some that have been constantly used for two years without any stoppage for repair, having done the hard work of a dressmaker's establishment during the whole of that time: all that we have seen in families, have, without a single exception, given the greatest satisfaction."—*The Queen*, January 20, 1864.

We cannot pass from our subject without giving the following elegant effusion from an American pen:—

"OUR 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS.'—We have a 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS' up at our house. It is a wonderful Machine—not on account of curious springs and pulleys, and complicated machinery—but wonderful from the absence of all these. It stands in our front chamber, between two windows: the earliest beams of the morning gild the black walnut casket which encloses it, and the red shadows of sunset linger among its bright and tiny parts. We have no skill in mechanics, yet we have come to see its rapid wheels and hear its busy melodious hum, and gone to reflect on it, and returned to admire it without being able to understand more than these two facts—that it does our family sewing, and saves much in our household economy. We only see that here is a wheel that revolves, and parts that vibrate and go up and down, and a needle that glances—and there is a shirt, or a pillow-case, or a dress for the baby, or what not, skilfully compacted and put together in every seam and gusset, and deftly made as by fingers expert in needlework. We look at results—and in the light of results we have sat and con-

templated our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS.' Content to admire the faculty, we leave to longer wits and sharper heads the contrivance and the philosophy.

"Pleasant to the eye is our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS.' Its surroundings are of black walnut—gorgeous wood—carved in handsome devices, with grooves and panels, and an ornamented cover like the topmost story of a bureau. Pleasant to the eye—for its angles are not too sharp, and its curves and motions are full of grace, bending and swaying in the line of beauty. Gently turns the great wheel, rousing up the smaller members, and sending its impulse throughout like the instinct of life.

"Pleasant to the ear is our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS.' We hear its musical hum at noon as we draw near to our peaceful threshold, and we think of the hum of bees, and the singing of birds, and all the sounds of the voluptuous summer. Let the winter frown, and the east wind blow—a warm breeze from the south floats into our dream—there is a gurgling brook, and an odour of flowers—around are bright-plumed songsters, and in the sky are white clouds, and everywhere it is June in its prime and beauty. Magical 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS,' singing madrigals that change the seasons, transforming icicles into blossoms, filling the air with odours, pencilling the grey shadow with fresh sunshine, and softening the howl of the gale to the whisper of a zephyr.

"Pleasant to the mind is our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS.' It suggests contemplations and economical calculations, which are a delight to the head of a family; and its statistics, combining the achievements of mind over matter, and of steel wires over mortal sinews, are full of saving health and abundant leisure. Pleasant to the mind, too, as it excites its curiosity, and fills it with admiration of a new triumph of human genius. Tell us not of the Pyramids—here is a little wonder of art which in its curious skill overtops Pyramid and Sphinx, Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and all the monuments of ancient Thebes.

"And what more shall we say of our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS'—ornament of the dwelling—sweet singer in the house of labour—the housewife's solace—brilliant achievement of mechanical genius—wonder of human art? It sews and stitches; it hems and fells; it quilts and tucks; it binds and braids; it runs up the regular seam and down the eccentric gusset, and performs all those mystical evolutions which once belonged to traditionary sempstresses of the past. And that delicate needle, controlled by curious mechanism, is an artist's pencil, working in lights and shades with various cunning. Beneath the magic of its touch, the soberest fabric is changed to brodered tissue—the slipper blooms into roses—waistcoats turn to flowering vines, and the maiden's kerchief becomes a charmed web of unimagined beauty. To speak plainly, our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS' gives something to beauty as well as to use—embroiders as well as sews.

"Reader, are you the head of a family? You may possess yourself of one of these magical Machines—for it can be purchased at moderate cost—and use it, and contemplate it as we have done, drawing morals

from it, and philosophical reflections. You may bestow it as a token of affection on wife or daughter; or, if you are an unmarried man, on some fair friend (who, like Byron's Maid of Athens, insists upon your heart), and the gift will be one of pleasant memories. 'No home should be without one,' for we may certify and aver from our experience, that it enters the domestic precincts as an angel of peace, diffusing over piano, and hearth-rug, and noon-day table, an atmosphere most comfortable and balmy. It scatters by its presence those shadows of multiplying labours which at times settle down over the best-regulated households. Clouds of unfinished garments, both inner and outer, and spectral mists of unsewed calico and muslin, dissolve before it into satisfactory rainbows and golden glimpses of ease; and, like Prospero's unsubstantial visions,

'Leave not a wreck behind.'

"Our 'WILLCOX AND GIBBS' is full of sweet and swift surprises; it deals with a flannel shirt as a trifle, and with a hooped skirt as a matter of small moment; it topples over old monuments of hard work; it cheers up fainting hearts like a tonic, and invigorates weary arms like an elixir; it grapples with the stern necessities and stout facts of every day; and, serene yet earnest in purpose, it goes into the battle of life clad in an armour of iron and steel."

A well-arranged pamphlet has been compiled by Mr. Avery, the talented London manager of the Company, which contains some valuable information, and is sent post free.—G. S. M.

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ROBERT HORNE, PAPER STAINER, HOUSE PAINTER, AND DECORATOR,  
41, GRACECHURCH-STREET, LONDON.

THIS business was commenced in the year 1839, when the present approaches to London-bridge were formed; the subject of our present notice being a member of the original firm. As regards the every-day comfort of the educated man, the house decorator is an important minister for evil or good; and we may venture to add, that it is so as regards the peace of the uneducated, it being now understood that colour—the colour of walls—possesses an irritating or opposite effect upon the mind: for example, a *white*-washed wall in a prison cell will irritate the occupant to the verge of lunacy, while a toned wall will quiet a disturbed mind. The same feeling obtains in, of course, a lesser degree with every living being. Nature is all harmony. We see it in the rainbow, the tints on the mountain side, the reflection of the sun-reflecting cloud; it is ever present, having like music, a subtle but positive influence upon the human mind. It is pretty well known that we, the English people, have not, until very recently, been the happy possessors of "eyes to see" as regards colour, which is the prominent object in house decoration. Suitability is the first requirement, and we agree with Mr. Crace, the decorator of the late International Exhi-

bition building, that it is right to "decorate upon the principle of developing construction," and it is rarely, if ever, an æsthetic blunder to adopt this course. It is certain that harmony of colour is always shown negatively by the decoration not interfering with or "killing" the furniture of the room or building. Mr. Horne perfectly understands house decoration, and is competent in all the various details of information necessary for the successful performance of contracts connected with the several branches of his business. We are old enough to remember the Council of the Society of Arts forwarding an application to Mr. Horne for a specimen of paper-printing for wall-hangings, for which he received, from the late Prince Consort, the Society's large medal, this being the only instance of its being granted for a similar purpose, and that without competition or any kind of solicitation. The subject of our notice exhibited in 1851 some extraordinary specimens of imitations of wood on paper, painted by hand in oil. They attracted considerable attention, and have since been applied for from many distant parts of the world. These hangings are desirable not only for their great beauty, but also for the moderate price at which they are sold. And here a few words concerning *Paper-hangings*.

The invaluable substitute for the ancient "hangings" of tapestry or cloth came into use about two centuries ago. The manufacture has undergone a gradual succession of improvements, and has now reached a high state of beauty and perfection. They may be divided into three kinds: the *flock*, the *metal*, and the *coloured*; and each of these seems to have been invented at a different time, as an imitation of a distinct material; the flock, to imitate the figured tapestries and stuffs, the metal in imitation of the gilt-leather hangings, and the coloured as a substitute for painted decoration. Paper-hangings form a manufacture of importance, employing many artists and operatives; consuming also vast quantities of paper, colours, wool, and metal: also, because they may be made the means of diffusing taste for art; and from their low price enabling the humblest mechanic to give to his home an air of elegance and comfort.

At the works of Mr. Horne every description of paper-hangings are manufactured, from the costliest flock, gold, and satin patterns, to the more homely and less expensive kinds. In making flock-paper, the pattern is first printed in size, and then with a preparation of varnish or Japan gold-size. When this is partly dry, coloured flock, prepared from wools, is sifted on the varnish pattern, to which it adheres. Great improvements have been made of late years in this manipulation: Where gilding is introduced, the preparation is much in the same manner as for flock; the leaf metal or bronze powder being laid on the varnish pattern. English manufacturers have obtained great perfection in the preparation of *metal* papers. The gilding, having to encounter our variable climate, is severely tested; but by means of good material, careful manipulation, and a preparation washed over it, it remains unchangeable.





The process of manufacturing ordinary paper-hangings may be thus briefly described :—

The pattern being first carefully drawn, the outlines of the various tints are traced upon separate wood-blocks, made of sycamore or pear-tree mounted on pine, and then engraved. These blocks are pressed on a surface charged or spread with colouring matter, and are then applied to the paper, each block following the other on guide-marks left by the previous impression.

As regards the originator of paper-hangings, we are in the dark. By some, M. Breitkopf, a Saxon, was the inventor; but several French writers assert that it was an Englishman named Lanyer, who lived in the time of Charles I.; while M. Tierce, a Belgian, states that the whole credit is due to an inhabitant of Rouen, named François, who made and vended printed paper-hangings in the year 1620. He states that several of his workmen travelled into the Netherlands and Germany, where they sold their art. Nemeitz ascribes the invention of wax cloth hangings, with wool chopped and beat fine, to a Frenchman named Andrau, who in the beginning of the last century had a manufactory in Paris. Equally uncertain and defective is the information of Von Heinecken, that one Eccard invented the art of printing on paper for hangings gold and silver figures.

One thing, however, is pretty certain, viz., that the art was unknown in Germany before 1670, when a pamphlet upon the subject was written and issued by Glorez Von Mahren, who speaks of it as being practised by women. He says:—"I shall give an account of a beautiful art, by which one may cover chairs, screens, and other articles of a like kind, with a substance of various colours made of wool, cut or chopped very fine, and cleaned by being made to pass through a hair sieve. The same material *on paper* is applicable for covering the walls." It is certain that a century since artists began to colour paper-hangings with silver dross or gold foil, but the dearness of the material induced inquiries for a cheaper substitute, which was introduced by John Hautsch, whose descendants to the present day manufacture and import from Nuremberg enormous quantities of metallic dust for paper-hangings.

Upon a future occasion we intend to go more fully into the subject of PAPER-HANGINGS and HOUSE DECORATION, contenting ourselves in conclusion with observing that should either or any of our readers be desirous of "doing-up" his house, be it mansion, school, villa, or cottage, it would be well to *profit* by the integrity and unquestionable taste of Mr. Robert Horne, of Gracechurch-street, City.—G. S. M.



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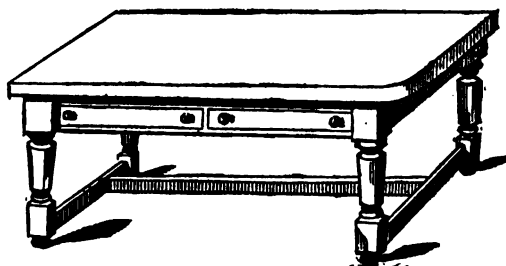
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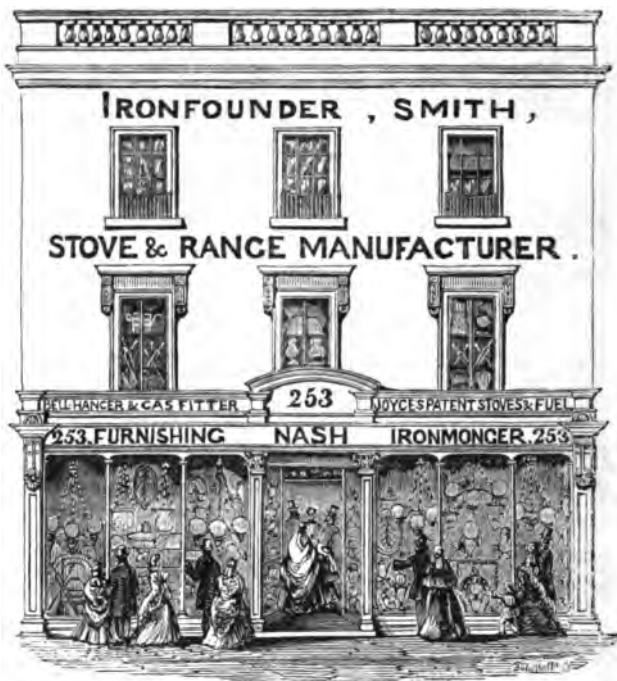
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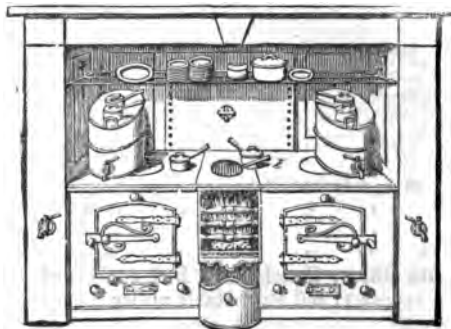
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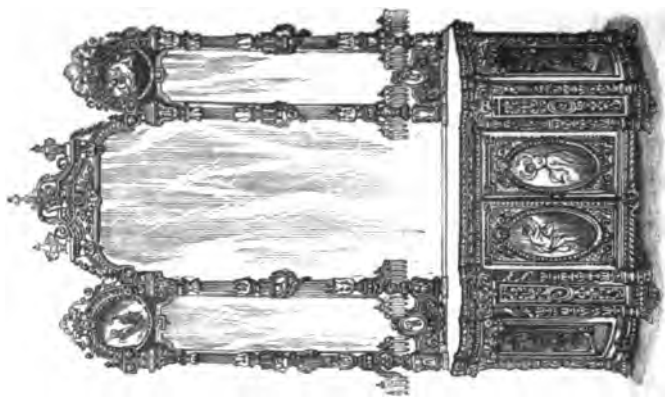
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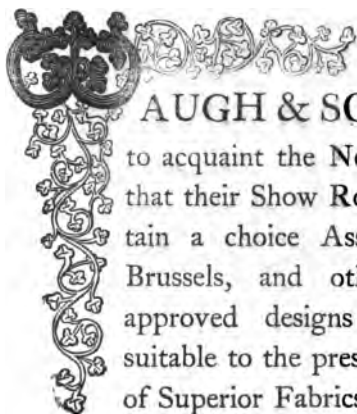
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